

THE
ROYAL
MILITARY CHRONICLE;

OR
BRITISH OFFICER'S

MONTHLY REGISTER, CHRONICLE, AND MILITARY
MENTOR.

VOL. IV.
A NEW SERIES.
FROM DECEMBER 1815 TO APRIL 1816.

London :

PRINTED BY AND FOR J. DAVIS. MILITARY CHRONICLE AND MILITARY
CLASSICS OFFICE, 14, CHARLOTTE-STREET BLOOMSBURY, AND
TO BE HAD OF ALL THE BOOKSELLERS.—1816.

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CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL DIARY of the Conveyance of Napoleon Buonaparte to England and thence to St. Helena, 3	The HISTORY of the WAR from the year 1792 to 1814—Campaign of 1793 continued, 44
OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS of the Conveyance and Deportation of Napoleon Buonaparte, 11	The LIVES of the GREAT CAPTAINS of MODERN HISTORY—The Life of John Duke of Marlborough continued, 52
ORIGINAL Narrative of My Services, in the Year 1813, translated from the French, 17	OFFICIAL NARRATIVES of the Campaigns of Buonaparte,—Campaign in Germany of 1809:—Eighth Bulletin continued, 59: 9th, 60; 10th, 61; 11th, 64; 12th, 65; Battle of Ular, 63; 13th Bulletin, 66
ORIGINAL LETTERS written by Officers during the several Campaigns in Portugal and Spain, arranged according to the Campaigns:—Letters during the Campaigns of 1808, and 1809, 25	MEMORIALS of the public and private Life of Frederic of Prussia, 67
HISTORY of the WAR in SPAIN and PORTUGAL. Translated from the French of General Sarrasin, continued, 33	The London Gazettes, 74

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NOTICE.

QUARTERLY SUPPLEMENT.

On the first of next month (December) will be published, price 2s. 6d.

THE NARRATIVE OF MY EMBASSY AND PERSONAL ATTENDANCE ON THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON, during the disastrous Campaign in Russia, and the Retreat from Moscow. Translated from the French of the Archbishop of Mecklin. This work, being by a man of the first consequence in the court of Napoleon, and who was an eye witness of the scenes he describes, abounds in the most various anecdote. By means of the small type (the same type as used in the body of the Chronicle) the whole of the French octavo volume is comprehended without abridgement in a half-crown number.

The plan of the Quarterly Supplements of the Chronicle is as follows :—The French press is daily publishing some most important historical works ; these are usually translated into English, as soon as they arrive, by the London booksellers, and are published in London in expensive volumes, at Twelve Shillings and One Guinea each. Now by adopting the plan of giving a Quarterly Supplement to our Military Chronicle, which only puts our subscribers to the expence of Half a Guinea in the year, we are enabled to give these books as they come out ; and thus to give them, by means of our small type, and a large page, a 12s. book in a 2s. 6d. number. It is our intention in this way to give all the most valuable books of the French press, (Histories, Memoirs, Voyages, and Travels), as they come out, and invariably to give them without abridgement, and at the rate of 2s. 6d. for an octavo volume of four hundred pages, which is exactly one fifth of the London trade price. One of our pages, in the same type as the Military Chronicle, contains four pages of an ordinary octavo volume, and of course one of our numbers of 30 pages contains a volume of 320 pages, and by the omission of the wide spaces 400.

THE ROYAL MILITARY CHRONICLE.

No. 19.]

NEW SERIES, NOV. 1815.

[Vol. IV.]

ORIGINAL DIARY

OF THE CONVEYANCE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE TO ENGLAND AND THENCE TO ST. HELENA.

July 7th.—NAPOLEON arrived at Rochefort the 3d of this month. He immediately proceeded to the hotel of the Maritime Prefecture. It was understood by his suite that he had fixed his purposes upon the one of two projects; he indulged an expectation that the Chambers would recal him, and give the required aids in men and money, in which case he would have taken the command of the army of the Loire, and would doubtless have renewed the contest with the Allies. In the event of the failure of these hopes, but only in that event, he proposed his embarkation. He was evidently not informed, *that his Excellency the Duke of Otranto, by due arrangements with his Excellency the Duke of Wellington, had prepared the English Government for his arrival at Rochefort, and that English vessels were accordingly stationed there to intercept him.* He had yet to learn that the provident ability of the Duke of Otranto at the same time supplied every thing; and that it was the Duke of Otranto who, for the sake of establishing the rights of Louis the 18th, at the same time persuaded Napoleon to proceed to Rochefort for *the purpose of embarking thence to America*, and by a secret contract with the Duke of Wellington had prepared the English upon that station to intercept him.

July 8th.—General Becker, and the Maritime Prefect, M. C. Baron de Bonnevoix, represented without ceasing to Napoleon, that he was losing very valuable time in delaying at Rochefort; that the sea *was open, and the wind favourable*; that he had made an engagement with the Duke of Otranto to embark without delay; and that his continuance in France prevented the due settlement of affairs; that it was therefore expected that he would embark without loss of time; and Napoleon, thus solicited according to the commands of the Duke of Otranto, replied, that he would embark the same evening; and accordingly at ten o'clock of this day, he repaired on board the *Saul*, and ordered his suite to be distributed on board this frigate and the *Medusa*.

July 9th.—On the morning of this day, he disembarked on the Isle of Aix, and visited its fortifications.

July 10th.—The winds were favourable for getting out, but the English cruizers and the moonlight left the frigate but little hope of escaping. General the Duke of Rovigo, and Count Las Cases, were now sent by him to the British Commodore, requiring of him permission to pass safely, and with a menace that he would otherwise force a passage.

July 11th.—The Duke of Rovigo and Count Las Cases returned this day. The English Captain, Captain Maitland, replied, that he would accede to no such safe conduct; that his instructions were in conformity to the state of war between the two countries; and that of course he should resist such passage with all his force. This day, Napoleon learned that the Chambers were dissolved, and that the King had made his entry into Paris. He had hitherto indulged the hope that the Chambers would support the pretensions of his son, the young Prince Napoleon of Austria, and that they would have recalled himself to the command of the armies. These hopes were now terminated, and he began to perceive the snare into which the Duke of Otranto had driven him; that he was to become his peace offering; and that he had in fact been all along surrounded by his spies and emissaries. He now became extremely indignant at the discovery of this artifice; and spoke of it as the most consummate villainy.

July 12th.—On the 12th he descended with his suite and baggage on the Isle of Aix. He now mentioned his resolution either to force a passage, or to endeavour to escape on board some small vessels which he had purchased for this purpose.

July 13th.—The small vessels, above mentioned, arrived in the Isle of Aix. But upon consultation with his suite he abandoned this purpose. He now repaired on board the brig *Epervier*, and it was understood to be his intention to surrender to the English Commodore.

July 14th.—As dangers of every kind were now thickening around him, and all the towns, forts, &c. had already hoisted the white flag, he again sent Count Las Cases and Lieutenant-General Allemand to treat for his reception on board the *Bellerophon*. Captain Maitland agreed to receive him upon the condition of safely conveying him to England, but declined all farther stipulation. The Gentlemen left the ship with this answer. In the evening, General Gourgaud, Aid-de-Camp to Napoleon, arrived with a letter addressed by him to the Prince Regent, which was immediately forwarded to England in the *Slaney*. Count Las Cases, and some servants, arrived in the same boat, and began to prepare for the arrival of Napoleon on the following day.

July 15th.—Napoleon made sail for the English vessel, very early in the morning of this day. The state of the sea did not permit him to approach rapidly; the English Commodore perceiving him (this account is translated from the French), dispatched the boats of his ship to assist. Buonaparte and suite entered the barge upon its arrival, and reached the English vessel, the *Bellerophon*, Captain Maitland, at seven o'clock in the morning. Marshal Bertrand entered the ship first, and informed Captain Maitland that "the Emperor was in the boat." Napoleon immediately followed. When he came on the quarter-deck, he said with much grace and dignity, "Sir,—I am come to claim the protection of your Prince and laws."

Captain Maitland received him as a General in Chief (or according to his instructions, as a man of the first dignity, but not Royal). The

marines of the ship were drawn up, but did not pay him any honours, except what are usual to Military Commanders in Chief. But the natural feelings of English gentlemen, and of the seamen, suggested that respect which belonged to his condition; every one remembered that he was in presence of one, who with the sole exception of England, had been the acknowledged master of Europe; every one in their own sympathy felt and gave what was his due.

Buonaparte had scarcely reached the cabin, before he sent his compliments to Captain Maitland, and requested that the officers of the ship might be introduced to him. The Captain and officers immediately attended him, and the Captain introduced them severally. Napoleon received them with much grace and manliness, and it was impossible not to acknowledge that he was no ordinary man. Upon their being about to leave the cabin, "You have the honour, Gentlemen," said he, "to belong to the most brave and most fortunate nation in the universe."

July 16th.—It has always been the habit with Napoleon, to rise very early in the morning,—six o'clock is his usual hour, and he rose this morning at this time. He takes coffee immediately upon rising; then reads, and at ten generally breakfasts. His reading is history, mathematics, and the military art; he is himself one of the most eloquent and energetic speakers and writers; and employs even in his conversation words of the most lively imagery. He reads, likewise as I understand, with great taste and judgment; but is grievously annoyed at any verbiage;—his frequent expression is what is equivalent to our term,—"To the point, good friend. Every thing about him, in short, speaks the extraordinary character; every thing about him excites the wish of the good Lewis,—that his virtues were equal to his talents. "I would have a little Napoleon in gold," said the Count d'Artois, "if he were only decently moral. He has embellished our country, Gentlemen,—but has he not likewise destroyed it." This is an anecdote I know to be true; and it is honourable to Monsieur. Mr. Burke used to say of Monsieur himself, "that Prince has the elegance of mind and manners which belong to a descendant of Francis the first. Why is he so debauched?—He strips his women in a room panellled with looking-glasses."

To return to Napoleon. He appeared on the deck at ten in the morning, and accompanied Captain Maitland to breakfast with Admiral Hotham on board the *Superb*. The Admiral considered himself as receiving him in his own house, and manned the yards, &c. Captain Maitland had not felt with the same justice till the example had been set him, but is one of those minds, which knows what becomes it when it sees it. He had the yards similarly manned to receive him on his return. Is it not the interest of brave men to honour each other. Why should every thing be granted to rank, and nothing to those qualities which in other ages have made Princes. This it not the feeling which belongs to English gentlemen.

As Buonaparte rises early, he retires early. Nine o'clock,—ten at farthest is his usual hour.

July 17th.—At breakfast this day the conversation was Egypt. "I should have been Emperor of the East," said he, "had it not been for you English; but you are sure to be found wherever there is water to float you."

He had all the officers to dine with him in turn. Every one acknowledged him to be the most complete gentleman they had ever seen; and he gained so much even with the sailors, that their common salutation in passing him was,—“Glad to see your Honour; hope your Honour’s well.” He was frequently on deck, and endeavoured, as would appear, to occupy his mind by asking questions, as to the management of the ship. He expressed an anxious wish to arrive in England, and appeared to anticipate an honourable reception.

July 21st.—The siege of Acre was mentioned this day at supper. His suite related an anecdote of much force. Sir Sidney Smith published a proclamation personally abusing Buonaparte; Buonaparte replied to it in another in which he represented Sir Sidney as insane. Sir Sidney in consequence sent him a personal challenge. “Tell Sir Sidney, that when the Duke of Marlborough arrives, I will meet him.”

July 22d.—The wind having become fair and freshening, it was expected to reach Torbay on the morrow of this day. The Duke of Rovigo spoke in great contempt of the Prussians. They gave the whole merit of the battle of Waterloo to the Duke of Wellington; they said Marshal Grouchy occasioned its loss by not being upon the ground in due time, and that the Emperor had mistaken the Prussians for this Marshal.

July 23d.—The Bellerophon passed Ushant this day. Napoleon looked with the greatest curiosity at the land. He frequently exclaimed, “What a beautiful country.”

* *Monday, July 24th.*—Early this morning we were close in with the land running into Torbay. Between five and six A. M. Buonaparte made his appearance on deck, and continued there until we anchored. He appeared delighted with the prospect, and his approach to England. Looking through his glass, he frequently exclaimed in French, “What a beautiful country!” As we rounded the Berry Head, he took notice that the barracks were deserted. At eight A. M. we anchored, and were immediately surrounded with boats. Towards noon several thousand people were collected in hopes of getting a glimpse of our curiosity. He occasionally showed himself through the stern windows: and about three o’clock came upon deck, viewing the crowd through his glass. He seemed struck with the beauty of the women, repeatedly crying out, “*What charming girls! what beautiful women!*” and bowing to them.

The conjectures, contained in the several newspapers which now reached us, of the probability of his being sent to St. Helena, cast a sudden gloom over the whole party. Madame Bertrand appeared greatly hurt, and appealed to

* What follows we owe to an excellent Pamphlet just published, and which we most warmly recommend to our readers. It is written with as much ability as modesty, and will find the praise it so well deserves. It is entitled “Extract of a Journal.”

me against the opinions delivered, and the abusive expressions vented in them. I answered, that the sending of Napoleon to St Helena, could as yet be merely a surmise of the editors; and that, as to any abuse the papers might contain, I was afraid they must prepare themselves to support a considerable portion of it. She said that the paragraphs in question had been read to Buonaparte, who solemnly declared he never would go there.

General Gourgaud returned to us from the Slaney, not having been permitted to land.

Tuesday, July 24th.—Soon after daylight, the Bellerophon, was surrounded by boats, crammed with visitors of every description. Napoleon occasionally bowed to them from the stern windows. The newspapers again teemed with abuse, and spoke confidently of his being sent to St. Helena. All were dismayed and disconcerted. The Duke of Rovigo avowed most decidedly his determination to die rather than submit to be sent there. In the afternoon, Buonaparte showed himself to the swarming spectators, frequently bowing; this was returned by those in the nearest boats. He appeared pleased with their eagerness to see him, repeating, as did his officers, "*How very curious these English are!*" I was indeed surprised at not hearing a disrespectful or abusive word escape from any one; on the contrary, the spectators generally took off their hats when he bowed. I have reason to believe that he himself expected, and most justly, a very different reception. He was therefore induced to gratify their curiosity to the utmost, remaining fully exposed to view for nearly an hour.

In a conversation I had this afternoon with Madame Bertrand, she informed me that the murder of the Duc d'Enghien was entirely owing to the machinations of Talleyrand: that when Napoleon* was made acquainted with the horrid fact, it had such an effect upon him as absolutely to endanger his life!!! She added, moreover, that Talleyrand had repeatedly assured him, that he was not safe whilst a Bourbon remained in existence, and offered, for a certain sum of money, totally to extirpate the race.

Wednesday, July 26th.—At three A. M. we received orders to proceed to Plymouth; we weighed immediately in company with the Myrmidon and Slaney. This movement greatly alarmed the whole party. Many enquiries were made as to the probable motive of this removal, and a conference was held by Buonaparte's staff, the result of which I learned, was an expression of their unanimous opinion, that the British Government certainly intended to prevent his residence in this country. On anchoring in Plymouth Sound, two frigates, the Eurotas and Liffey, were immediately stationed one on each side of us, and several guard boats commenced rowing round the ship. These proceedings did not long escape the notice of Buonaparte, who requested to know the reason of such precautions. After dinner he made his appearance, standing for some time on the gangway. Several boats had collected round us, to whom he bowed, reconnoitring them, as usual, through his glass. He looked pale and dejected, and said but little. As it grew dark, the guard boats, being unable to prevent the boats which still lingered round the ship from breaking through the limits assigned them, made frequent discharges of musquetry.

* This is *ex parte* evidence, which, however unfavourable may be our opinion of M. Talleyrand's moral character, must be received with caution. Other accounts, that never have been, and apparently never can be contradicted, assert, not merely Buonaparte's connivance in, but his command of, this disgraceful and atrocious act.

The sound of these greatly discomposed him; and he sent Bertrand to Captain Maitland, requesting that he would, if possible, prevent a repetition.

Conversing with some of his officers, they launched forth in praise of *le grand Empereur* as the patron of art and science; boasting that not only the treasures of the Louvre, but every town of the Empire, would exhibit to the admiration of the latest posterity proofs of his magnificence, his taste, and zeal for improvement. An English sailor's blunt observations (as to the mode of acquiring the greater part of these monuments of their master's fame) seemed to astonish them.

Thursday, July 27th.—Napoleon remained on deck this day longer than usual. He came out after breakfast, and continued upwards of an hour. I am told he was much gratified with the contents of a letter received by Captain Maitland from Lord Keith; in which his Lordship requested Captain Maitland to return him thanks for the kindness and attention he had shewn his Nephew, who was wounded and taken prisoner in the battle of Waterloo.—I have before mentioned that Buonaparte generally took coffee between six and seven in the morning;—his other meals were two. Breakfast at eleven,—for which there were usually provided two hot joints, besides made dishes, &c. Dinner at six;—his appetite was generally good; in eating he sometimes makes use of his left hand in lieu of a fork. During the day he takes but little exercise, and usually sleeps between breakfast and dinner. Madame Bertrand informed me that he had of late become very inactive, and when last at Paris, generally slept a great part of the day. Not less than ten thousand people were collected this afternoon round the Bellerophon. Napoleon shewed himself to them before and after dinner; frequently bowing to General Browne, the Governor, and those in the nearest boats. It was evidently his endeavour to impress (if possible) the spectators with an opinion of his affability and condescension.

Friday, July 28th.—About eleven A. M. Lord Keith came on board. He was introduced to Napoleon, whom (as I learned) he now personally thanked for his attention towards his Nephew. Buonaparte was, I understand, very pressing in his enquiries relative to his own probable fate, and avowed his intention of never being conveyed to St. Helena.

He was always very anxious for the arrival of the newspapers, which he eagerly read with the assistance of Bertrand and Las Cases. The news, in those received to-day, was by no means agreeable to him; and though we may reasonably suppose, he did not believe the many ridiculous surmises they contained, yet he generally appeared affected and agitated after the perusal. The *Courier*, perhaps, was the most violent against him, yet he always made a point of asking first for it.

This day several transports passed very near the Bellerophon bringing over prisoners taken in the battle of Waterloo, many of whom were wounded. Several of these poor fellows with their bandages, &c. were on deck. I am unable to speak as to the effect this sight (if he was a witness of it) may have had upon Buonaparte, as he was at the time in his cabin. His officers beheld them pass from the poop; the ideas, with which it must have been associated, could not but render it an affecting scene; and, to do them justice, they appeared to feel it.

Buonaparte appeared on deck for about half an hour before and after dinner. Being completely surrounded by boats, he stood alternately on each side of the ship, bowing and smiling to the spectators. In the evening several of his

other officers came on board from the different ships in which they were distributed. He appeared to converse freely with them all. One of them addressing me said, "It is thus the Emperor always acts whether he be speaking to a king or a peasant, this it is which makes him so beloved."

I enquired of Madame Bertrand why Napoleon had been so hasty in quitting Elba? She answered, that "some deputies had been sent to him from France, inviting him instantly to return; it being known that, immediately on the dissolution of the Congress at Vienna, he was to be sent to St. Helena: it was this information which induced him to make the attempt sooner than he otherwise intended, and before his plans were sufficiently matured."

Saturday, July 29th.—It rained during the greatest part of this day, and no boats having collected, Buonaparte was deprived of the opportunity of shewing himself. He therefore kept close, not vouchsafing his shipmates a peep at him.

For the first time he dined off roast beef, and paid a just tribute to John Bull's good taste, by eating heartily of it. He was, indeed, so much pleased with his new acquaintance, that it found almost a daily welcome at his table during the remainder of his stay on board.

As Napoleon seldom took any thing after dinner, and sat alone in his cabin, all his officers, with the two ladies, generally gave us their company in an evening. Conversing respecting the battle of Waterloo, Marshal Bertrand observed, that "had not the Emperor made those repeated charges towards sunset, he would have maintained his ground, and the battle at least have been drawn." Speaking of the different great naval actions of the late war, our politeness and forbearance were put to a severe test; the French gentry (readily inventing an excuse for the result of every battle) attributed all our victories to accident or good-fortune.—Why did they not force their passage from Rochefort, according to their friendly intimation? Fortune might, perhaps, for once have *accidentally* favoured them, or at least have smiled upon their resolution.

Sunday, July 30th.—At the usual time, about half past five P. M. (an immense concourse of people being collected round the ship) Napoleon made his appearance, and, after walking a short time, repaired to the gang way. For the first time since he had been on board, he was not shaved. This surprised us, as we had been accustomed to remark his great and peculiar personal neatness. We could only ascribe the change to his anxiety respecting his fate. He again expressed his admiration at the great beauty of the women, viewing them through his glass, and occasionally taking off his hat. Upon his quitting the gang way (after remaining there about twenty minutes) many of the spectators cheered. Being close to him, I immediately fixed my eyes upon him, and marked the workings of his countenance. I plainly perceived, that he was mortified and displeased, and not a little agitated; attributing the shout, and I believe justly, to the exultation which they felt at having him in our possession. After he had retired, we were told he was taken ill. During the night he sent out to request that no noise might be made over his head. The newspapers were again very violent, and spoke confidently of his conveyance to St. Helena. They stated likewise that Bertrand, Savary, and L'Allemand were proscribed by Louis XVIII. The two latter appeared much affected by the news, and made, I believe, frequent enquiries of Captain Maitland as to the probability of their surrender by the British Government. On Bertrand it seemed to make but little impression. He is most strongly attached to Buona-

parte, and if he felt any thing, the feeling arose from the idea of not being permitted to accompany him to his final destination.

Monday, July 31st.—Napoleon continued unwell the whole night. At ten next morning, Lord Keith and Sir H. Bunbury came on board, and were immediately shewn to his cabin. They brought him official information of the resolution of the British Government to send him to St. Helena, and that it was its order that he should in future be merely treated as a General. Against this resolution, I am told, he vehemently protested; declaring that he preferred being delivered up to the Bourbons to being forced to St. Helena; and that, such being the case, he never would voluntarily quit the ship. He had placed himself under the protection of the British nation—it was from it he had asked an asylum, and he trusted it would not be refused him.

A few minutes before dinner he came upon deck, with no other apparent design than to gratify the surrounding spectators. He looked extremely ill and dejected. I should scarcely have imagined that so great a change could have taken place in so short a period. He was still unshaven, and his countenance, naturally sallow, had now assumed a death-like paleness. We were all in uncertainty as to the event. He, for the first time, this evening remained uncovered during the greater part of the time he remained on deck. In about ten minutes he retired to the dinner-table, but scarcely touched any thing. Bertrand seemed sincerely affected at the state of his master.

Buonaparte this evening addressed another letter to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent; L'Allemand did the same to Lord Melville. The latter stated his humane attention to some wounded British prisoners, whom he afterwards liberated. He requested a reference might be made to them, and earnestly besought the protection of the British government.

A few minutes before nine P. M. whilst I had the watch, Marshal and Madame Bertraud were walking in very earnest conversation on the opposite side of the deck, when on a sudden, Madame, darting into Napoleon's cabin, threw herself at his feet, where she continued about half a minute; then starting up, rushed below into her own cabin, and had nearly succeeded in precipitating herself out of the quarter gallery window, when she was prevented by her husband and General Moutholon. The motive assigned, I heard, for this rash act, was the determination of her husband to follow the fortunes of Napoleon, whatever they might be, even in death. Madame Bertrand continued delirious the whole night. Under the apprehension that similar attempts might be made, boats were stationed round the ship until the morning. I discovered that from the time of Buonaparte's coming on board one of his generals had alternately kept guard over him while he slept. This was surely done from respect, and not from any apprehension of danger!

Tuesday, August 1st.—Buonaparte passed a sleepless night, and continued unwell.

I understand he was extremely indignant when informed yesterday by Sir H. Bunbury of the order he had brought from Government for his being treated merely as a general officer, "*By your king,*" said he, "*I have been acknowledged as First Consul of France, and by all the other powers of Europe, as Emperor: why then am I to be treated as a mere general?*"

OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.

OF THE CONVEYANCE AND DEPORTATION OF NAPOLEON
BUONAPARTE.

No. I.

MEASURES having been taken to prevent the escape of Napoleon Buonaparte, it will be seen by the following extract of a letter from the Maritime Prefect of Rochefort to the Minister of the Marine, that the result has been such as we had reason to expect.

Rochefort, July 15,—10 in the evening.

IN execution of your Excellency's orders, I embarked in my boat, accompanied by Baron Ricard, Prefect of the Lower Charente. The reports from the roads for the 14th had not then reached me, but I was informed by Captain Philibert, commanding the Amphitrite frigate, that Buonaparte had embarked on board the Epervier brig, as a flag of truce, determined to proceed to the English cruising station.

Accordingly, at day-break, we saw him manœuvring to make the English ship Bellerophon, commanded by Captain Maitland, who on perceiving that Buonaparte was steering towards him, had hoisted the white flag at the mizen.

Buonaparte, and the persons in his suite, were received on board the English ship. The officer whom I had left to make observations, communicated to me this important news, and General Becker, who arrived soon after, confirmed it.

(Signed) BONNEROUX,

Naval Captain, and Maritime Prefect.

No. II.—LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Foreign Office, July 21.—A dispatch of which the following is an extract, has been this day received from Viscount Castlereagh, dated Paris, July 17, 1815:

"Since closing my dispatches of this date, I have received the accompanying communication from this Government:

(TRANSLATION.)—I have the honour to acquaint your Lordship, that Napoleon Buonaparte, not being able to escape from the English cruisers, or from the guards kept upon the coast, has taken the resolution of going on board the English ship Bellerophon, Captain Maitland,

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) Le Duc D'OTRANTE

To his Excellency Lord Viscount Castlereagh.

No. III.—FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

ADMIRALTY OFFICE, JULY 25, 1815.—*Extract of a Letter from Captain Maitland, of His Majesty's Ship Bellerophon, to John Wilson Croker, Esq. dated in Basque Roads, the 14th instant.*

For the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, I have to acquaint you that the Count Las Cases and General L'Allemand, this day came on board His Majesty's ship under my command, with a proposal for me to receive on board Napoleon Buonaparte, for the purpose of throwing himself on the generosity of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent.

Conceiving myself authorised by their Lordships' secret order, I have acceded to the proposal, and he is to embark on board this ship to-morrow morning.

That no misunderstanding might arise, I have explicitly and clearly explained to the Count Las Cassettes, that I have no authority whatever for granting terms of any sort; but that all I can do is to convey him and his suite to England, to be received in such manner as his Royal Highness may deem expedient.

No. IV.—*Extract from the Official Correspondence of the Maritime Prefect of Rochefort.*

Rochefort, July 17, 1815.

Monseigneur, I have the honour to inform your Excellency, that the vessel of His Britannic Majesty, the *Bellerophon*, on board of which Napoleon Buonaparte embarked the 15th of the month, set sail for England yesterday, the 16th, at one o'clock in the afternoon.

The ship carries, besides that personage, all the persons who have attached themselves to his fortunes. The list is here added; they were at first divided among the frigates *La Saal* and *La Meduse*; they afterwards passed on the 14th, in the evening, to the brig *L'Epervier*, whence they were conveyed in the boats of the English division, commanded by Admiral Sir Henry Hotham.

List of the principal personages embarked on board the *Bellerophon* with Napoleon Buonaparte.

Lieutenant-General Count Bertrand, Grand Marshal of the Palace.

The Countess Bertrand, and three children.

Lieutenant-General the Duke of Rovigo.

Lieutenant-General L'Allemand.

The Marshal-de-Camp Baron Gourgaud, Aide-de-Camp to Napoleon.

The Marshal-de-Camp Moutholon-Semouville, ditto.

The Countess Moutholon Semouville, and a child.

The Count Las Cassettes, Counsellor of State, and his son, Page to Napoleon.

M. Resigny, chief of a squadron, orderly officer.

M. Plumat, chief of a squadron.

M. Austrie, lieutenant of ditto.

M. Schulz, chief of a squadron.

M. Pointkorski, captain.

M. Mercher, captain.

M. Maingault, surgeon to Napoleon.

Here follow the names of forty individuals composing the suite of Napoleon, and of the other passengers embarked with him.

(Signed) BARON BONNEFOUX.

To his Excellency the Minister of the Marine and Colonies.

No. V.—*Report made to his Excellency the Minister of Marine and Colonies, by the Captain of a Frigate, De Rigny, specially sent to Rochefort.*

Monseigneur, I have the honour to send to your Excellency a detail of the information which I have collected relative to the mission with which I was charged to Rochefort.

Arriving at this port, on the morning of the 18th, I learned that Buonaparte had sailed for England, in the ship of His Britannic Majesty the *Bellerophon*, Captain Maitland, on the 16th of June, at half past one o'clock in the afternoon.

My instructions directing me to have official communications on this subject with Admiral Hotham, commanding the English station, I immediately wrote

to him, sending at the same time the dispatches of Mr. Croker, Secretary of the Admiralty of England, of which I was the bearer. These letters were conveyed to the Admiral by the Lieutenant de Vaisseau Fleuriau, whom your Excellency had associated with me.

It appears from the different communications which I have had with the English Admiral and the Maritime Prefect, that Napoleon, on arriving at Rochefort the 3d of July, resided at the Prefect's house till the 8th. Urged by General Becker, who was charged to escort him until going on board, and by Baron Bonneloux, the Maritime Prefect, to avail himself of every opportunity offered by wind and tide, he at last resolved to embark in the boats which waited for him every tide, and went on board the Saal at 10 at night, dividing his retinue between that frigate and the Medusa.

Next day the 9th, he landed on the Isle of Aix, and visited the fortifications.

On the 10th the winds were favourable for putting to sea; but the English cruisers and the moonlight left the frigates but little hope of escape.

From the 10th to the 11th Napoleon sent in a flag of truce on board the English vessel the Bellerophon, Messrs. General Savary and Las Cases. This flag of truce returned on the 11th.

Between the 11th and the 12th, Napoleon learned from his brother (Joseph) the dissolution of the chambers, and the King's entrance into Paris. Up to this last moment Buonaparte had often expressed an opinion, that the Chambers would recall him; he either wished thus to impose upon the authorities around him, or really cherished the hope.

On the 12th he landed on the Isle of Aix, with his suite and baggage, and on the night of the 12th two half-decked boats arrived there from Rochefort. It would appear that Napoleon had purchased them with a design of embarking in them; and attempting, under cover of the night, to reach a Danish smack, with which it is supposed he had bargained, and which was to wait for him at the distance of 30 or 40 leagues. Why he did not avail himself of these arrangements is unknown; probably because they appeared to him too hazardous.

On the night of the 13th he went on board the French brig Epervier. And on the evening of the 14th, General Becker, who had been parleying on board the English cruisers, having returned, Napoleon caused his suite and baggage to be put on board the Epervier.

On the morning of the 15th, this vessel was perceived making sail with a flag of truce towards the Admiral's ship; the state of the sea not permitting it to approach rapidly, some English boats came to meet them, and conveyed the passengers on board the Bellerophon. Under these circumstances Lieutenant Jourdan, Commandant of the Epervier, thought it his duty to ask, and accordingly obtained from the Captain of the Bellerophon a written certificate of the transfer of Buonaparte on board that vessel.

On the same day a frigate on the station weighed and made sail for England.

On the 16th the Bellerophon set sail at half-past one in the afternoon. The little wind there has since been, together with its direction, do not permit the supposition that he could arrive in England before the night of the 19th.

On the 17th the Maritime Prefect of Rochefort issued to the troops and seamen under his orders, a proclamation which, while it announced the re-entrance of his Majesty into Paris, amidst the acclamations of all the inhabitants, ordered them to assume the white cockade.

The white flag was hoisted on the forts, and on board the vessels in the Roads on the 17th at noon, and saluted by artillery.

On the 15th Baron Bonnefoux had intimated his intention to the troops under his command of causing these colours to be mounted; but the chief of battalion, commandant of the place, not having received the orders addressed to the generals, his superior officers, M. Bonnefoux thought it right to delay till he could act in concert with this superior officer, who speedily received from the Marshal de-Camp Bertrand, commandant of the Lower Charente, orders to imitate the movement of the navy.

I must not omit informing your Excellency, that the prudent measures taken by the Maritime Prefect, and by the Marshal-de-Camp Bertrand, would have prevented the designs of the ill-affected, if such had existed.

Rochefort and Rochelle are animated with the best spirit; and these ports, though the last under the influence of Buonaparte, were not the least forward in manifesting their attachment to the person of the King, and their joy on learning the arrival of our august Monarch in his capital.

Your Excellency will find hereto subjoined the copy of a letter, addressed by Napoleon to the Prince Regent of England, and which must have reached his Royal Highness by means of the English cruisers.

I beg your Excellency to accept the homage of my profound respect.

H. DE RIGNY, Captain of a Frigate.

No. VI.—*Copy of Buonaparte's first Letter to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent: forwarded to England by General Gourgaud, in the Slaney, on the 14th of July.*

ALTESSE ROYALE,

Rochefort, 13 Juillet, 1815.

En butte aux factions qui divisent mon pays, et à l'inimitié des plus grandes puissances de l'Europe, j'ai terminé ma carrière politique; et je viens, comme Themistocle, m'asseoir sur les foyers du peuple Britannique. Je me mets sous la protection de ses lois; que je reclame de V. A. R. comme le plus puissant, le plus constant, et le plus genereux de mes ennemis.

NAPOLÉON.

(TRANSLATION.)

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,

Rochefort, July 13th, 1815.

Exposed to factions which divide my country, and to the enmity of the greatest powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career; and I come, like Themistocles, to seat myself on the hearths of the British people*. I place myself under the protection of their laws; which [protection] I demand of your Royal Highness, as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.

NAPOLÉON.

No. VII.—*Protest of Napoleon against his removal to St. Helena.*

Abord du Bellerophon à la mer, le 4 Aout, 1815.—Je proteste solennellement ici à la face du Ciel et des hommes, contre la violation de mes droits les plus sacrés en disposant par la force de ma personne et de ma liberté. Je suis venu librement à bord du Bellerophon: Je ne suis prisonnier, Je suis l'hôte de l'Angleterre.

Je suis venu à l'instigation du capitaine, qui a dit avoir des ordres du gouvernement de me recevoir, et de me conduire en Angleterre avec ma suite, si cela m'étoit agreable. Je me suis présenté de bonne foi pour venir me mettre sous la protection des lois d'Angleterre.

* To throw myself upon the hospitality of the British people.

Aussitôt assis à bord du Bellerophon, je fus sur le foyer du peuple Britannique. Si le Gouvernement en donnant des ordres au Capitaine du Bellerophon de me recevoir ainsi que ma suite, n'a voulu que tendre une embouche, il a forfait à l'honneur et fêtré son pavillon.

Si cette acte se consommoit, ce seroit en vain que les Anglais voudroient parler à l'Europe de leur loyauté, de leur loix, de leur liberté. La foi Britannique se trouvera perdu dans l'hospitalité du Bellerophon.

J'en appelle à l'histoire—elle dira qu'un ennemi qui fit vingt ans la guerre au peuple Anglais, vint librement dans son infortune chercher une asile sous ses loix; quelle plus éclatante preuve pouvoit il donner de son estime et de sa confiance? Mais comment repondoient on en Angleterre à tant de magnanimité? On feignoit de tendre une main hospitalière à cet ennemi, et quand il se fit livré de bonne foi on l'immola.

NAPOLÉON.

On board the Bellerophon at Sea, August 4, 1815.

TRANSLATION.—I protest solemnly in the face of heaven and of men, against the violation of my most sacred rights, by the forcible disposal of my person, and of my liberty. I came freely on board the Bellerophon: I am not the prisoner, I am the guest of England.

I came at the instigation of the captain, who said, that he had the orders of his government to receive and conduct me and my suite to England, if such was my wish. I have presented myself in good faith for the purpose of placing myself under the protection of the laws of England.

Once seated on board the Bellerophon, I was immediately entitled to the hospitality (*Je fus sur le foyer*), of the British people. If the Government, by giving orders to the Captain of the Bellerophon to receive me and my suite, intended merely to lay a snare for me, it has forfeited its honour and sullied its flag.

If this act be consummated, it will be in vain that the English will talk to Europe of their integrity, of their laws, of their liberty. The British faith will be lost in the hospitality of the Bellerophon.

I appeal, therefore, to history—it will say that an enemy who made war for twenty years on the people of England, came voluntarily in his misfortunes to seek an asylum under its laws. What more striking proof could he give of his esteem and of his confidence? But how did they answer it in England? They pretended to hold out an hospitable hand to this enemy, and when he surrendered himself to them in good faith, they sacrificed him.

NAPOLÉON.

No. VIII.—*The following Summary of the Instructions, given by Lord Bathurst, to Sir George Cockburn, as to the Conduct to be observed towards Buonaparte, is extracted from the Hamburg papers.*

Given at the War Office, July 30, 1815.

The baggage, wine, table service, and provisions, which Buonaparte may have taken with him, are to be taken on board the Bellerophon.

His money, diamonds, saleable effects, and bills of exchange, to be delivered up; he is to be informed that the British Government takes upon itself the administration of his effects, so that he may not use them to promote his flight: they are not confiscated.

* *I was upon the hearth.*

The examination of his effects is to be made in the presence of a person named by Buonaparte, who should take an inventory.

The interest, or the principal, (according as his property is more or less considerable) to be applied to his support.

In case of death he can dispose of his property by will.

The property of his attendants subjected to the same regulations.

Buonaparte to be constantly attended by an officer appointed by the Admiral or the Governor. If allowed to go out of the bounds where the sentinels are placed, an orderly man at least to accompany him.

When ships arrive, and as long as they are in sight, the General to remain confined to the limits where the sentinels are placed. During this time all communication with the inhabitants is forbidden. His companions in St. Helena are subject during this time to the same rules, and must remain with him. At other times it is left to the judgment of the Admiral or Governor to make the necessary regulations concerning them.

If he makes any attempt to fly, he will then be put under close confinement; and if it should be found that his attendants are plotting to prepare his flight, they will be separated from him, and put under close confinement.

All letters addressed to the General, or to persons in his suite, must be delivered to the Admiral or Governor, who will read them before he suffers them to be delivered to those to whom they are addressed. Letters written by the General, or his suite, are subject to the same rule.

No letter that does not come to St. Helena through the Secretary of State, must be communicated to the General or his attendants, if it is written by a person not living in the island. All their letters addressed to persons not living in the island must go under the cover of the Secretary of State.

Admiral Cockburn to be responsible for the person of Buonaparte till the arrival of the new Governor. He may retain him on board his ship, or convey him on board again, when, in his opinion, secure detention cannot be effected without.

The Admiral to send suspicious persons from St. Helena to England upon his arrival.

The whole coast of the island, and all ships and boats that visit it, are placed under the surveillance of the Admiral.

Orders will be given to prevent, after a certain necessary period, any foreign or mercantile vessel from going to St. Helena.

If the General should be seized with serious illness, the Admiral and the Governor will each name a physician, who enjoys their confidence, in order to attend the General in common with his own physician; they will give them strict orders to give in every day a report on the state of his health. In case of his death, the Admiral will give orders to convey his body to England.

ORIGINAL NARRATIVE OF MY SERVICES,

IN THE YEAR 1813.

(Translated from the French.)

IT is the duty of every Frenchman to preserve the glory of the French name. I had the honour of participating in a service which our future annals will record with due praise. I come forward therefore to relate those events which I saw, and in which I acted a part. My journal is that of the siege of Dantzic, and the object of my narrative to do justice to those brave men, who endured for a whole year the horrors of hunger, cold, pestilence, and war, separated from their beloved country by a distance of twelve hundred miles, and surrounded by numerous armies, and entire hostile nations. The Emperor has been generally blamed for having left so many brave men amidst these remote ramparts. But his situation imposed on him the duty of holding that important place, where he had vast magazines, one hundred and twenty thousand muskets, an immense depot of grain and clothing, and twelve millions, raised off the duchy of Courland.

Those magazines and riches which could not be carried off, amidst the disorder and precipitate retreat, which in an unforeseen manner terminated the campaign of Moscow, would alone have been sufficient to justify the resistance made at Dantzic. A motive still more noble rendered its preservation an imperious duty. The thirtieth division of infantry, and fifteen hundred dragoons cantoned in Mecklenburgh, had received peremptory orders to march towards Königsberg, to support the grand army, which from the rigour of a dreadful season, and the efforts of an enemy, whose confidence and boldness were encouraged by our misfortunes, fell back on every side. This division was fifteen thousand men strong, if that character could be given to youthful conscripts, of which it was almost entirely composed. The fatigue of forced marches had wasted away the strength of those feeble soldiers, when on their arrival at Labiau, they were witnesses of the tumultuous retreat of the wreck of the grand army. Rallied by the corps of Marshal the Duke of Tarentum (Macdonald), they made good a retreat, the miseries of which they could not much longer have supported; had they been obliged to maintain a few marches more, those harassed soldiers would have fallen into the hands of the enemy, or must have remained on the Prussian roads, had not the gates of Dantzic been opened to offer them a refuge. A vast number of other troops, and particularly a train of artillery, consisting of sixty pieces of cannon, arrived about the same time in the city. On taking an account of the force of the garrison, the numbers amounted to thirty-three thousand men, but by a most singular diversity, and which must evince the disorderly retreat from Moscow, those thirty-three thousand men belonged to a number of different nations.

Count Rapp was the Governor of Dantzic, and was worthy of the command. He was nobly supported by generals of the first merit. M. Campredon, General of Division, commanded the engineers, the direction of which corps was entrusted to M. Richmond, Colonel of that corps, an officer brave and indefatigable, animated by the most romantic honour, and recalling to memory the chivalric virtues attached to his name. General Lepin, so eminently distinguished by those talents which placed him in the first rank of superior officers, commanded the artillery. The divisions of infantry were under the orders of the Generals Heudelet and Grand Jean: under the command of the latter was a corps of Bavarians and Poles, amongst whom shone particularly conspicuous the brave and amiable Prince Michael Radzivill.

General Detres, Aide-de-camp to the King of Naples, was at the head of the division of Neapolitans; General Cavaignac commanded two thousand horse; the marine was under the direction of Rear-Admiral Dumanoir; Monsieur de Herecourt filled the duties of Major-General, Chief of the Staff: the long residence of this officer in Dantzic, joined to his personal merit, made him valuable in a double capacity. Mr. Bartonuef directed the management of civil affairs, with equal zeal and disinterestedness.

Dantzic, situated at the mouth of the Vistula, and washed on one side by that river, is one of the most considerable cities of the continent, by its size, commerce, riches, and strength. To the north it is covered by vast inundations, which at that side render it inaccessible; on the south it is defended by formidable redoubts, and on its walls were mounted six hundred pieces of cannon.

However, the immense works ordered by the Emperor Napoleon had not yet been finished, and the system of defence was as yet imperfect; but what particularly alarmed the garrison was the dreadful coldness of the weather, which had frozen the immense waters, by which one side of the city was protected, in such a manner, that those mounds and marshes formed by nature to serve as a kind of humid rampart for its defence, became transformed into solid plains, which might easily afford to the besiegers access to the place. In order to oppose anew to the enemy a barrier of waters, the officers of engineers determined on breaking the ice. This was an incessant task, painful and destructive to a crowd of soldiers, who, fatigued by the consequences of the last campaign, could ill support this laborious toil and pain—disturbed by the enemy, benumbed by the frost, and beat down by the northern blast, every moment at the hazard of disappearing amidst the waves, they went from one sheet of ice to another, endeavouring to break during the day, the brittle work which the winter's night still closed around them. Amongst the soldiers employed in this manner, were eight hundred Spaniards, in the service of France, who, far distant from the lovely, fertile plains of Castile and Andalusia, shared a warlike banishment in those northern regions. A dreadful scourge moreover now appeared. On the retreat of the French army from Moscow, the greater part of the sick which

accompanied it, was left behind in the different villages through which it forced itself a passage. Dantzic had received already ten thousand of these victims, but by an oversight of which almost all strong places afford a melancholy example, it had neither hospitals, beds, or supplies of any kind prepared. These unfortunate men, the conquerors of Smolensko and Moscow, now expired daily from the moment they had reached Dantzic. The pestilential exhalations, which issued from this mass of putrid bodies, spread on every side an epidemic disease, which indiscriminately seized on both citizens and soldiers. The soldiers now almost regretted their escape from the devouring flames of Moscow, the watery gulphs of the Beresina, or the dreary snows of Lithuania. These dying victims, covered with rags, were seen wandering through the streets, accosting the passengers with wild laughter or vacant folly, and all those signs of distraction and delirium, which attended this disorder. Three hundred persons daily died of it. The Generals Franceschy and Gault were amongst its first victims. Crouds of individuals of every sex, age, and rank, followed without interval; and every quarter of this great city became the scene of sorrow and of mourning. The funeral procession of the senator was only interrupted by the military obsequies paid to the French officer, and the same grave received the Pole, the Batavian, the Tuscan, Saxon, Spaniard, Westphalian, Bavarian, Neapolitan, and Frenchman. During the last moment of their existence, these different foreigners, burning with the love of their native soil, in vain, wildly invoked their beloved families and friends, and called for their country, which, alas! they were destined never more to behold.

General Rapp wished to conceal from the enemy this fatal destruction. All funeral ceremonies, attendants, and parade, were forbidden. From that time, neither the mournful sound of the muffled drum, nor the salute fired over the grave of the hero were any longer heard at his interment. One only saw the funeral procession of the citizens, followed by a melancholy few, composed of relations and friends, dressed in mourning. The grave-diggers were ordered to carry off privately the bodies of the dead, and a widow, a sister, or a child, in spite of their emotions, obliged to stifle their sorrows, formed the only escort that accompanied the beloved object they had lost to the grave. During these clandestine burials, death brought its victims to the terrible level of equality, and in those frightful moments, there was nothing to soothe or disguise the horrors of dissolution. The plague carried off twelve thousand of the inhabitants, and twenty-one thousand soldiers. Ten thousand men, able to carry arms, scarcely remained.

At a moment when this small number appeared insufficient to guard the interior fortified works of Dantzic, the Governor undertook to defend, not only the body of the place, but even the immense suburbs. Had General Rapp determined not to defend them, he would have been obliged, according to the barbarous policy of war, to burn and destroy them. In yielding up to humanity this horrible right, Count Rapp

conciliated the minds of all the inhabitants of Dantzic, who from that moment became devoted to him, through a sentiment of gratitude.

The Russians manœuvred in the environs of the place, blockading the different passages from it, and it became highly important to the besieged to get information of their numbers, designs, and positions; but however great the temptations held out, no one would venture it. This deficiency of spies, devoted to the garrison, left the Governor in a state of uncertainty and hesitation which threw a damp on every kind of enterprise. Dreading a coup de main or stratagem, which it was almost impossible to foresee or prevent, it became necessary to multiply the sentinels, the patroles, and videttes. The garrison was thus kept in a continual state of watchfulness; the soldiers wearied by the fatigues of the day were torn from their repose at night; their strength became weakened, but nothing could diminish their ardour and their zeal.

When General Rapp was so fortunate as to gain over some natives to act as spies, their intelligence was almost always defective. This arose from the unexpected and extraordinary movements which took place during the siege, and the variety of changes and alterations in the Russian armies; for at this particular period their troops were eagerly pressing upon the rear of our grand army, and only appearing in the environs of Dantzic, then pursued their route. At times they reconnoitred the place for a number of days—then other corps succeeded to the blockade, who still yielded their places to new battalions. Thus Dantzic beheld almost all the corps of the Russian army, yet in the interior of the place, they could form no judgment of the forces which surrounded it. All that could be learned positively was, that General Platoff was one of the first who arrived there, at the head of eighty thousand men, composed partly of Cossacks and Basquirs. These communications did not alarm the garrison; it heard with delight the orders it received to make partial sorties to the distance of two or three leagues from the city. These daily excursions had in view the threefold objects of exercising the soldiers, of pushing forward the reconnoitring parties towards the advanced posts of the enemy, and of procuring in the neighbouring fields, cattle and forage, of which the place was in want.

Those dangerous expeditions, unexpected rencontres, and repeated skirmishes, gave opportunity to numbers of our military enthusiasts to display their valour and determined bravery. A variety of such affairs took place from the 15th of January, 1813, to the 5th of March ensuing, on which day a general engagement took place. Meanwhile disease daily continued to prey upon its victims; and, great as the precautions were which the Governor observed, the Russians became acquainted with the weakness of the garrison, now reduced to one-third of its original strength. They supposed, that an assault boldly made on every side, and with overwhelming forces, would be sufficient to carry a place laid desolate by a permanent disease. On the 5th of March, they attacked with fury the suburbs, the most important of which were Stoltzenburgh, Ohra, and Schidlitz, which situations had been made the

depots of the Baltic trade ; and also Langfuhr, a place remarkable for the beauty of its plantations, gardens, and the enchanting summer retreats with which it abounded. On the approach of the Russians, the French troops, to whom the defence of those suburbs was committed, assembled instantaneously ; the enemy pushed forward with his principal force from the entrances which are in the rear of Langfuhr, and wished to seize on the fortified houses which terminate the avenue leading to this suburb. On every side a brave resistance disconcerted his projects. However, after the most heroic efforts of both parties, the enemy became masters of the village of Stries, which gave them possession of the first buildings in Langfuhr. The suburbs of Stoltzenburgh and Schilditz were attacked and defended with equal ardour. Thrice was this last quarter taken possession of by the enemy, and as often retaken by the thirtieth division,—those very soldiers whose youth and debility have already been taken notice of, as rendering them unequal to the fatigues of war. Yet did national honour transform them into heroes. They seemed to increase in size and strength in presence of the enemy ; and, worthy of emulating the most intrepid veterans, they astonished, by their conduct, the Chief of Battalion Clement, who commanded with immovable calmness this post, so violently assailed. All the southern side of the place resounded with the noise of artillery, the clashing of arms, the shouts of the combatants, and the groans of a crowd of citizens and distracted females, whose firesides had become the scenes of a dreadful carnage—a number of posts had fallen into the power of the Russians, who had even penetrated into a part of the suburbs of Ohra, in spite of the excellent dispositions made by General Devilliers, who was wounded early in the action, and of the Chief of Battalion Bourant, who both arrested, with their troops, the rapid progress of an impetuous enemy. The Russians still continued to pour in their second columns when Count Rapp, informed of this general attack, ordered the troops in the interior to sally out ; eagerly impatient, they burst open the gates of Dantzic, and flew with enthusiastic rapidity towards the suburbs : on sight of these reinforcements, whose decisive manœuvres were directed by the Governor, and executed by the Generals D'Heudelet and Grand Jean, the enemy retired, astonished at the resistance made by men they had already deemed conquered by disease, and amazed to find those soldiers they supposed almost dying, still able to hurl defiance back upon their enemies.

General Grand Jean had two horses wounded under him ; the Sixth Neapolitan Regiment performed wonders on the plain it was charged to defend ; Lieutenant General Detres had two horses killed, and nearly every Officer of his Staff wounded ; Colonel Degonnara received several balls in his clothes. The Russians fell back with loss, and yielded, but in good order, the ground they had momentarily occupied, whilst they made along the whole of their line a retrograde movement. Some thousands of them remained in the houses at Ohra and Langfuhr, supposing their companions masters of the city, they only thought of enjoying in

security the advantages of victory, and drinking, at their leisure, the excellent liqueurs which they found in abundance in the houses of the citizens. The French Generals, Bachelu and Breissand, made at the same moment a movement to surprise them; the first turned to the left, and rushing, at the head of the Poles, into the suburb of Ohra, disturbed, by an attack entirely unexpected, the drunken carousals of the Russian soldiers, who, flying to their arms, imagined that in their numbers their imprudence would find impunity; but in a moment four hundred of them were pierced with the bayonet, and an equal number made prisoners. On his side, General Breissand, after having turned to the right, fell suddenly on the suburb of Langfuhr, where the enemy, astonished at seeing him, defended himself for a while, and was then put to the rout with immense loss. The enemy, broken on all sides, evacuated the suburbs, and the garrison rushing in pursuit into the open country, pushed him back on the neighbouring heights; but night coming on, the fury of the battle lessened by degrees, the cannonade ceased, the victorious garrison returned to the city, and quickly the tumult of this honourable day was succeeded by a still silence, only interrupted at intervals by the challenge of the sentinels and videttes. This affair, in which the Russians lost two thousand men, and one piece of artillery, cost but a small number to the besieged, and was productive of the most important consequences. The Russians who had been made to feel the strength and prowess of those troops, who had been represented to them, by false reports, as weak and dispirited, became hereafter more circumspect in their attacks; and, except, with great precaution, hesitated to harass our advanced posts: they were made sensible, that a place so bravely defended could only fall by the efforts of a regular siege, in which patience would be more necessary than rashness. From this period they kept back to a respectful distance, contenting themselves with occupying the entrances and roads leading to the place. Meantime, the return of the spring spread around the mild and genial influence of that lovely season; the weather, less severe, became softened by the rays of a vivifying sun; the north wind blew less violent; the snows began to dissolve; the waters, which washed a part of the walls, freed from their icy fetters, resumed their fluidity, and restored to the fortification a natural defence, which greatly diminished the labours, the watchings, and fatigues of the besieged.

The effects of the return of spring, which reanimates all beings, relieved Dantzic from the alarm and terror in which it had been plunged by disease; the air became freed from contagious particles and putrid effluvia, and every day the epidemic distemper made less havoc. The situation of the hospitals ceased to be alarming; the soldiers who were in them became convalescent; and, after the horrors of a dreadful malady, and the rigorous frosts of a deadly winter, they tasted with transports the delight of returning health, and the sight of a vernal sun. As to those soldiers who had escaped sickness, the increase of their strength was necessary to the support of an exhausted frame, and

this fulness of health and life gave the most unbounded enjoyment to their imagination ; brilliant hopes, fraught with dreams of glory and of happiness, began to animate with their delusive prospects the bosoms of those heroes, who, far distant from their country, had no means of safety left, but in their courage, and in their arms. Recollecting the glorious days of Austerlitz, Jena, and Ratisbon, they believed that the hero, who so often led them with rapidity from the north to the south, would quickly return on the wings of victory, to conduct them once more to the banks of the Vistula and the Niemen. In this expectation, they applauded themselves for having preserved, by their resistance, those immense and precious magazines, in which consisted the supplies for a war, which, according to their imaginations, they would yet carry into the heart of Russia. Whilst those ambitious and flattering hopes were indulged by the army, they were far from imagining the disastrous state to which their Emperor had been reduced by the fortune of war. They could not suppose that he whom they beheld in idea appear once more victorious before their ramparts, should have been forced to quit the wrecks of his army, whilst the Russians entered into Berlin, and advanced even to Magdeburgh. They knew not that all Prussia had taken up arms against France, with an enthusiasm and fury which announced their determination to conquer or die ; and that already she had assembled an army of two hundred thousand combatants. They were ignorant of the hostile intentions evinced by many of the allies of Napoleon, that Austria was preparing to march against him, and that Sweden had joined to the forces of the coalition a large body of warlike troops, commanded by a Frenchman, the Prince Royal of Sweden. This news was calculated too well to disturb the garrison, to allow the besiegers to neglect giving them information of it. Every night the cossacks, with equal boldness and rapidity, came up to our videttes, and fastened a lance near them, to which was affixed proclamations and journals, calculated to dissipate the error of the besieged, and to inform them of the wonderful military and political events which had taken place in Europe.

The Governor became informed of the receipt of this intelligence ; and, notwithstanding the distrust, doubt and suspicion, with which such information must be entertained, he felt that their accounts, might have some foundation ; for the scene of the retreat from Moscow returning then to his memory, allowed but little encouragement to incredulity, and his fears were constantly confirmed by the most circumstantial reports. The enemy often fired discharges of artillery, to announce pretended victories ; all, however, were not fictitious ; and the noise of cannon, accompanied by shouts of joy, proclaimed in their camp, the capture of Spandau and Thorn, the entrance into Dresden, and the occupation of almost all Saxony. The besieged were not, however, discouraged, but they could not shut their eyes to the dangers they had to encounter ; they were well aware that if Napoleon should be even successful in the approaching campaign, his march opposed by innumerable obstacles,

could not speedily conduct him to their deliverance. In the mean while, the place was defended by only a small number of men, divided amongst a variety of forts, intrenchments, and suburbs ; it was deficient in every supply except grain ; nor could provisions or forage, of which the horses were in great want, be procured, except at the point of the sword, from the surrounding country, exhausted by frequent incursions, and unable to afford farther supplies. Besides, the garrison had not the reviving reflection of knowing it was in the neighbourhood of a friendly nation. The affrighted imagination was left to dwell on an immensity of dangers, in beholding the occupation of Poland by the Russians, and the declaration of war by Prussia. Separated by insurmountable barriers from France, the defenders of Dantzic seemed to have no alternative left them, but slavery or death. But what cannot a mighty strength of soul, united to a feeling of national honour, effect ! The courage of the besieged redoubled in proportion to their danger, and all thoughts vanished from their hearts, except the glory of a heroic resistance. In order to give greater energy to the means of defence, the Generals Campredon and Lepin caused new works to be thrown up in the place ; and different committees were formed, over which the superior officers presided, to act in concert with the government, in procuring provisions, regulating the finances, hospitals, and other important matters. Those committees, arising from the difficulties of our situation, were the forerunners of vigorous measures, the execution of which became ruinous to numbers of the inhabitants of Dantzic, who were deprived, by numerous and indispensable requisitions, of whatever might be useful to the garrison. By those means, beds, linen, wood, all kinds of provisions, and even two millions, were procured. The misery, which was overwhelming the garrison, was thrown on the population. Necessity and force, those two inflexible laws, bowed down under their iron yoke, the wretched inhabitants of this Hanseatic town, which had been lately so flourishing and prosperous. Meantime, the Governor, disappointed in not having intelligence except through the medium of the enemy, which might be forged or at least greatly exaggerated, resolved to procure more authentic information, by questioning the Burgomasters of the neighbouring villages, and by directing the seizure of any journals, diaries, or official papers they might possess. To accomplish this purpose, it was necessary to undertake an expedition, particularly directed against the large village of Saint Albrecht, which was ordered to take place on the 24th of March, at the first dawn of the morning. The river Radaune, which in its course had turned a number of mills at Dantzic, until its current was turned off by the Russians, winds along the village.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL LETTERS
WRITTEN BY OFFICERS DURING THE SEVERAL CAMPAIGNS
IN PORTUGAL AND SPAIN,
 ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE CAMPAIGNS.

The following Collection of Letters will be duly valued by our Readers, as being so many original cotemporaneous documents, written at the time, and on the spot, of the several Campaigns. They are arranged in distinct packets according as they belong to different Campaigns. Thus the first Packet is entitled,—LETTERS DURING THE CAMPAIGN OF 1808; and as the value of this kind of document depends upon its authenticity, at the end of every Packet is added the name of the officer by whom the Letters were written. And where the whole of the Letters are not by one Writer, but are intermixed, the intermixed letters are signed with the name of the Writer.

LETTERS DURING THE CAMPAIGNS OF 1808 AND 1809.

LETTER XVII.

Salagun, December, 1808.

Maréchal Soult is now not many leagues from our front, and occupies Saldana with an army of 16,000 men. We feel the force which draws us forward redoubled as we approach the point of attraction. If he be as ready to advance as we are to meet him, you will soon have a more interesting detail from your sincere friend.

The spirit which animates our troops might "create a soul under the ribs of death. There is something so active, so buoyant, and at the same time so steady in the eagerness with which they prepare to meet the enemy, that I see in every man who passes me the worthy son of our resistless ancestors of Blenheim and Dettingen.

It is determined that Soult, who is now so near us, shall be immediately attacked. The brilliant affair of the 21st has stimulated the infantry with a redoubled ardour to equal their brethren *a cheval*; and I trust that the sun will soon rise on another day glorious to England.

The long wished-for orders were issued this day, and every thing necessary to meet the events of a battle are prepared; the surgeons have arranged their instruments, and all is set in order in the neighbouring convents to receive those who may feel too deeply the effects of the encounter. The guns have already moved off; we are to march in two columns this evening at eight o'clock; and by day-break to-morrow we shall be close to the enemy.

To-morrow evening will be the eve of Christmas-day! When that moon rises which will light our happy relatives in England to the gay convivialities of that joyous season, how many of their sons, brothers, and friends, may then have been just laid in a bloody grave. Each individual amongst us hopes that this melancholy fate may not be destined for him. I am as sanguine as the best of them: but yet on my old principle of providing for the worst, I shall seal up this letter with others of more moment; and leaving it with a friend, direct him to forward the packet to England. I have just had a similar consignment made to me by a brother officer who has preceded us with a detachment of dragoons. Thus we depend on each other in this lottery for life!

But let me leave this serious tone, and bring you to a little acquaintance with the place we now occupy. A noble and extensive monastery, overspread

ing half the town, contains all its holy fathers, and affords quarters for some of our troops and the French prisoners. A large market-place, with a fine fountain in the centre, is the principal object in Sahagun, which, like every other town in Spain, cannot boast of one wide street. Just beyond the eastern entrance is the field which has so recently been the scene of bloodshed. I took a walk thither, and found the dead bodies of ten or twelve Frenchmen who had been stripped of their uniforms by the peasantry, lying cold and almost covered with snow. I was surprised to discover a female amongst the grouse; how she became thus situated it is not easy to guess, unless we may suppose that she was some love-impelled damsel, and followed her soldier to the field; or that being enamoured like many an Amazon of war for its own sake, she became an appendage of the camp: and here, by some accidental shot, was deprived at once of life and her military ardour.

On my return to my quarters, I approached the door of a nunnery, which chancing to be open, I entered, and found three nuns, not very juvenile to be sure, but nevertheless to a weary pedestrian rather attractive, as they were giving away wine, and were in conversation with a secular personage of the softer sex. These kind sisters offered me some of the sparkling beverage which king Solomon says, "makes glad the heart of man." I accepted their proffer, and was not the worse for it. Farewell, to-morrow is an important day.

LETTER XVIII.

Benevente, December 1808.—How great is our disappointment! At the hour appointed the whole of our force were under arms. Even our right column had began its march, and all the rest, in high spirits, were impatiently counting the moments until the word should be given for their starting also. An order was issued: but, oh! my friend, to what purpose! "We were to go back to our quarters!" and by day-break next morning be again under arms. But not to fight; to retreat! a thunderbolt falling at the feet of each man could not have transfixed them more. The effect this sudden and extraordinary alteration of intention had upon the troops is indescribable.

A courier had arrived very late in the day from the Marquis de la Romana (who was to have advanced to our support with 6000 men) bringing intelligence that a strong column of French was coming from Madrid on Salamanca, and that Marshal Soult had received a very formidable reinforcement. It was the intimation of these events that determined Sir John Moore to abandon his design of an attack. No other advantage than the winning of the battle could be derived from it; as from the enemy's movements on Salamanca, all attempts of the people to rise would be crushed even in the desire. This temporary prospect of assistance from the Spaniards being no longer to be entertained, we should be, though victorious, without resources; without recruits to replenish the loss which a battle, however successful, must necessarily occasion. The French, on the contrary, would strengthen themselves every hour; and our day of triumph might almost immediately be followed by one of defeat; and then, cut off from the passes and holds of Galicia (without the possession of which our retreat cannot be rendered secure, nor can we be supplied from the coast in the case of an entire failure of the country); nothing could await us but alternatives no ways agreeable to our high raised expectations.

These reasons, I am told, decided our retreat. The hard resolution once made, no time was lost in carrying it into execution; and the following morning Generals Hope and Fraser fell back. On Christmas-day we followed; but no longer, my friend, with the gay plumage of war, the exulting hope and herald-voice of victory. Heavy, heavy we trod along; although our retiring motion was ordered to be as expeditious as possible, that we might seek a more advantageous position in a less unfavourable country.

The sacred season so celebrated at home with happiness and good cheer was greeted by us with misery and no cheer at all; and what was worse, not the prospect of any to replenish our exhausted spirits through the fatiguing dreariness of a retreating march.

On the 26th, we pursued our way, directing our march towards Benevente; leaving Valderes to our left; passing over a tolerably good road; and crossing the river Esla about two leagues from the city we were approaching, we mounted a line of hills along which we proceeded till its opposite side opened Benevente to our view. Having descended this row of heights, and again passed over the same river by a strong and noble bridge, we crossed a plain of nearly two miles in extent, and reached the base of the eminence on which the town rears its embattled walls.

The first appearance of this our destined halting-place presented a picturesque effect; and on a nearer investigation, we find it replete with objects of interest. Its principal ornament is the castle, anciently the residence of the Dukes of Benevente. It is now a superb mansion, and formerly must have been a powerful fortress. The architecture is of a mingled Moorish and Gothic taste, executed in the finest and most elaborate style. Its turrets are rich ornaments, and many of them are bound round their summit with a huge stone chain admirably sculptured. The north front of the castle is almost entirely open, being formed of ranges of Moorish arches supported by columns of porphyry and granite. So much for the outside: the inside is not less magnificent.

The grand saloon, on whose tessellated floor stands a collection of beautiful pillars, is of an immense size; and I counted more than an hundred and fifty of these costly supports. Its roof is profusely painted, gilded, and chequered with a thousand colours, and still farther adorned with the most intricate carvings. Friezes of porcelain, in a kind of damask pattern, conveying a rude resemblance of what we so much admire in the Etruscan taste, wind round this vast hall. At one end of it is an immense basso relievo of St. George killing the dragon, which is also executed in porcelain. Niches, alcoves, and excavated seats in all parts of the walls, and loaded with a variety, and splendour of ornament most painful to dwell on, raise their arched heads amid labyrinthian twinings of gold, silver, gorgeous colours, and curiously diversified grotesque work. Many magnificent apartments, and a fine chapel, comprise this celebrated castle.

One of the objects most worthy of admiration is its armoury. Coats of mail, barbed steeds, shields, helmets, cross-bows, and weapons of every description, wrought and inlaid in a curious manner, form the riches of this ancient treasury of heroes. In short, turn where we would, we could see no want of any furniture or appendage which ought to belong to the age of chivalry, to a castle once the princely residence of the most renowned warriors of Spain. Its situation is deserving of the structure. The view from the height on which these proud towers stand commands a luxuriant plain, even to the horizon. The smooth waves of the Esla are seen intermingling their meandering line of

liquid light with the deep shade of the woods, which spread their verdant majesty to the base of the distant hills. But even there the sight is not bounded, for the snow-shrouded mountains afar, from their throne of clouds, overlook the blue summits of the nearer heights, and lose their heads in the visionary forms of heaven.

To the inhabitants of flat countries the sublime painting of Ossian, and the wonderful descriptions of the old romance, are deemed not only poetical but absurdly extravagant. These readers cannot understand the grey ghost of a warrior in his robe of mist meeting his sons in their morning hunt upon his native mountains;—the airy castle appearing to woo the wayfaring knight to shelter, and then vanishing at once amidst a sweep of clouds. All these are passing strange, are wild, unnatural vagaries in the apprehension of a stationary resident of the plains. But take him to the highlands of Scotland, or bring him to the mountains of Spain, and he will meet the spirits of heroes in the blast; and see castellated towers ravished from sight, and restored again by the floating genii of the air.

After this feast of antiquity I had enjoyed in the castle of Benevente, sorry was I to find that two regiments besides artillery were quartered amid such invaluable remains. These superb saloons lodged several hundreds of a rank of warriors very different from the bannered heroes who used to doff their cuirasses here a century or two ago. Little respect is ever shewn by the lower orders of any profession to the relics of past time—to the finest specimen of arts with which they have no acquaintance. And therefore it is not so wonderful as it is lamentable, that, like their brethren in degree and necessity, the privates of our armies see no good in any thing that does not administer to their wants. Alas, poor Benevente! how soon wast thou robbed of all thy proud array! how soon were thy regal halls reduced to the ruin which is ever the mark of a retreating army.

Several old and large churches add to the dignity of this city; but it possesses no square of any magnitude: and the streets are in the usual Spanish fashion, very narrow and very inconvenient. A double rampart of stone and mud walls well strengthened with towers encircle the town, and complete its warlike appearance. Such is the quality of our present entertainment. The halls of reception, you will say, I have described; but no where the banquets!—Very true, my friend; and that I may continue to speak truth, the least that is said on so scanty a subject, the better. Therefore adieu!

LETTER XIX.

Villa Franca, January 1809.—Towards the afternoon of the day following our arrival at Benevente, when the rear of our army had marched in, an alarm was given that the enemy were on the opposite heights.

All was on the alert in a moment: artillery, waggons, guns, and troops of every description, were hastening to their points of rendezvous. Cavalry were pouring out of the narrow gates of the city; and not a creature existed within the walls but was in motion. The plain beneath was spotted with monks and other fugitives flying in all directions, to avoid the approaching enemy; whilst the poor terrified women that remained in the bustling streets were crying and sobbing at every corner. Our information was true: but the French seeing we were not unprepared, merely looked at us from the heights and retired.

Previous to this alarm, we had decided that the bridge crossing the rivers should be destroyed : and now, that we found the enemy so very near, a party of the staff corps, with, I believe, one officer of engineers, were sent forth to prepare for its destruction. The houses on its opposite bank were burnt ; the port-fire was lighted, and the fine arches of this ancient fabric were soon torn asunder. The explosion had effected what we wished ; and the progress of the French seemed to be so far arrested. Part of our army marched out, and the remainder of the infantry were to be on the wing the following morning.

The demolishing of the bridge took place on the 29th of December, about day-break : in about an hour or two afterwards, the French cavalry again appeared on the heights ; and to our infinite surprize we saw them crossing the river about three hundred yards below the ruins of our explosion !

At this juncture the whole of our infantry and heavy artillery had departed. Sir John Moore was still in the town, as well as were Lord Paget and General Stewart, with their cavalry. The piquets were instantly ordered out. The third Germans were the first who formed, and charged the enemy on his gaining the Buenevente bank of the Esla. The remainder of our piquets coming up, seconded the bravery of this corps ; and the French fell on all sides beneath the sabres of our gallant fellows, and the weight of their fine horses. This body of the enemy's cavalry was composed of five squadrons of the Life Hussars of Napoleon, and were under the command of a general of division called *Le Febre*. Whilst the victory continued doubtful, which was bravely contested by our adversary, we brought up two pieces of horse-artillery, stationed them near the bridge, and opened a well-directed fire on the French, who now gave way, and attempted to retire across the ford.

For the number engaged on either side nothing could be more honourable to both than the intrepidity and firmness of this little action. But British steadiness at length prevailed : and the French taking to the water, the struggles of the wounded and dying, who even in this state took to flight and plunged into the waves ; the separated parties still scattered on the shore, engaging man to man with their eager pursuers, and falling in heaps under the stroke of their arms : these various situations formed such a striking scene that, had Louthembourg or Sir Francis Bourgois been on the spot, they must have brought away a memorial of one of the finest skirmishes that ever was fought.

We took about one hundred prisoners, with some officers of rank, and *Le Febre*, their colonel. But more than double that number must have been the return of their slain. The loss we sustained was trifling. Our wounded did not exceed thirty men ; and an officer of the third German was the only person of that rank which suffered in this affair. It may be expected that the enemy, having so grievously felt the superiority of those who cover our retreat, will henceforward keep at a more respectful distance. Rumour has told us, that Buonaparte was on the heights during this battle.

We now advanced towards Abeneza, a distance of five leagues, and halted there at night. Early next morning we recommenced our march, and proceeded to Astorga. This was the rendezvous of our army ; and here we almost all met. Besides our own troops, we were joined by five thousand fugitives, the remains of the Marquis de la Romana's force, who had fled hither on hearing of the enemy's approach to Leon. We find that the French entered that city on the 30th of December.

Astorga bears the usual character of Spanish towns. It is strongly encompassed by a high stone wall, and many towers, which at a little distance appear

appear like a castle; but on a nearer view the mistake is discovered, and you perceive them to be only planted at certain points along the wall, giving both strength and magnificence to this striking style of rampart. The gates which lead into the city are of the same warlike character, and are richly ornamented. The interior of the place is tolerably fair. According to the necessary plan of all the ancient fortified towns, the streets are narrow, but they possess a respectable market-place, and a great church, which is a very fine building.

The ensuing morning, at a good hour, we once more moved off, halting at a village called Bembeberes. Hitherto all had been plain; but now the face of nature began to alter its features. The level gradually assumed a more swelling line: hills rose before us; and the vallies deepening their bed, we proceeded along paths whose mountainous sides presented the wildest and most romantic varieties from the luxuriant cultivation through which we passed. So beautiful the scene of our march!

Much discontent exists with the officers of our different regiments respecting provisions: but while they murmured amongst themselves only, complaints were loudly preferred by the men, remonstrating against their want of every thing necessary to support life under so laborious and harassing a march.

Situated as we were, these evils, as far as they depend on our leader, were hardly to be avoided. Retreating in so numerous a multitude, and all confined to the same road without the option of chusing another (so closely were we pressed by the enemy), was one cause of our present straits. The produce of the country had already been almost wholly devoured by the French: judge then how difficult it would be to provide, even in the barest manner, provisions sufficient to subsist so large a body. And when we add to this failure at the very source, the waste which is occasioned by the turbulent conduct of the soldiers themselves, you will not be surprized that one half of the army should be entirely without food.

It is to be lamented that the officers have not applied themselves to remedy this evil, by seeing that the men receive their rations in an orderly manner. The non-commissioned officers are at these times of no avail; no respect is paid either to their remonstrances or commands: and the men crowd to the doors of the different houses, where wines, &c. are to be given out; and with the most impatient and tumultuous vehemence demand their supply. Not waiting to be served in proper rotation, they force their way into the place, helping themselves, and destroying in their haste half what was prepared for those who were to follow; oversetting the wine, trampling on every thing, and terrifying the affrighted native, whose charge it was to dispense the provisions, until for his own safety's sake, he makes the best of his way from amongst such a herd of unrestrainable and violent men.

This, with many other instances of the like nature, mark the wide difference between a retreating and an advancing army. In the one case, all his hope, spirit, and honour. In the other, disappointment, dejection, and anticipated contempt, entirely change the man, and make him incur the very obliquy he fears. Retreat is never an agreeable movement at the best; and when at the worst, as it is with us, no fancy can imagine its misery, no pen describe its horrors.

At Benevente an order had been issued to assure the army that Corunna was not the object of our falling back; but that our march was only to secure a more favourable position. No assertions could make the soldiery believe this: it was too evident by all our movements that Corunna was our destination: that

it was an absolute retreat, and the wide disappointments they had met, drove them to despair. Sufficient for them was it to snatch the hasty morsel of the day; for the next morning might see each individual on the causeway a breathless corse.

Every object which presented itself on the roads and in the villages were so many proofs of the terrors of war, and of the devastation that surrounded us. Famishing peasantry fled by us with gaunt and horrid looks; while, as we marched along we passed their kindred of all ages, dying and dead, without power to relieve them, or to rescue our followers from a similar fate. But it was not enough that our track should be strewn with the expiring bodies of our fellow-creatures, the poor animals who had supported our way-worn frames, who had dragged our baggage from steep to steep, fell exhausted on the earth, and in countless numbers heaped the sides of the road. In short, not a day, not an hour passed without adding some new calamity to our distress and wretchedness.

The army in no respect seemed the remains of the same we had brought from Portugal. Its appearances were gone. You could not suppose that the officers it was before so ready to obey, commanded it now; all deference to their orders was lost; and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could deter the men from not only pillaging, but committing every excess which is hardly excusable in an enemy. Even with all our exertions, we saw villages and houses burning in all directions; some put in that condition by negligence, but many, I must say, by the wantonness of our refractory men. The poor cottagers were plundered; and multitudes of homeless, destitute people were continually hastening to the officers as they come up, imploring them for a redress which was out of their power to bestow. Alas! our pity and regret were all we had to offer; and they retired in an anguish, the recollection of which even now wrings my soul.

So great was the terror their violences created, these firings of houses, these plunderings of property, that we even spread a desert before us. As soon as the peasantry heard of our approach they fled; and often on our arrival in a place we found it deserted. The road leading to the town whence I now address you was covered with these unhappy fugitives, both male and female of every age. Scarcely a mile was traversed without our viewing broken down waggons, and destroyed ammunition, mingled with the carcasses of our own invaluable horses piled on each other. A little onward, we saw other groupes plunging in the agonies of death; having been lamed from fatigue and want of shoeing. At the moment they fell, we were obliged to shoot them, for fear of their becoming the spoil of the enemy; or of being starved for want of a nourishment the desolated ground could no longer yield.

Thus was the scene; sad and direful enough, without any extraneous calamity; but the elements were to lend their horrors also. The pouring clouds were to throw their torrents upon the heads of our fainting troops; rendering the roads almost impassable for our mules and wheeled carriages; destroying the already tattered shoes of our soldiery; and drenching their emaciated bodies with a wet which we had no fires to dry, no alimental powers to repel.

On quitting Bembeberes, where myself and several other officers (accompanied by our horses, whom we considered as faithful friends) took up our abode in the barn of a wine-press, the country bore a very romantic aspect; and in the summer, when war is far distant from its groves and Arcadian recesses, it must afford an enchanting seclusion to those who are enamoured of

nature in her garb of trees and founts, and winding streams. The whole way from Astorga to Villa Franca the landscape is thus lovely, and often it called from my breast a sincere sigh, that ambition should so trouble the earth.

We are now at Villa Franca; I must here drop my pen. I dare not tell you of the dreadful objects that lie before me as I look from my window: they are enough to make one muse even to madness. But others are in prospect. The stage for many a wretched scene I see in yon distant mountains, whose pale heads we must pass over before we can rest with any security. On their cold bosoms, how many of ours may lie, never to move more!

Adieu, dear S—! Different, far different were the letters I expected to write to you from this land of vaunted enthusiasm. Alas! that words have been given to us instead of actions! Words that have made me the recorder of disaster instead of victory. Once more farewell.

LETTER XX.

Lugo, January, 1809.—I closed my last letter, my dear S—, without wishing you the compliments of the season; without congratulating you on the opening of a new year, surrounded as you are by the heart-felt delights of social society, and all the cheering comforts attached to the domestic hearth. Here we have none of them. The recollection that they once were ours is like a dream that is past. Houseless, exposed on these sterile hills, few of us can expect to taste such sweet rest again.

We left Villa Franca on the 2d; exploring a wild and picturesque valley, through which the road continued along the side of the river, till it gradually ascended and brought us on the acclivity of those mountains over which we were to march, and in whose gelid bosom we were to lie that night. I cannot with sufficient colouring of language describe the romantic sublimity of the scenery which parted on each side as we pursued our way, till we entered upon regions which caused us to bid it a final adieu, and seemed to open before us a trackless eternity of winter. We had only one path-way; and that formed in the precipitous steep, wound up the mountain to its bleak summit, and crossing this rendezvous of all the storms, runs with a deep descent into the vale beneath.

The entrance to this pass might certainly have been well defended. But it was not our object at this moment to take up a military position: at least it would not have been this, where no means of supply existed. And if necessity enforced us to dispute any part of the ground, the avenue on the opposite side would be so much better, as we should have a country in our rear where we could keep open a chance of receiving supplies from Corunna. But nothing appeared in our movements indicative of a stand being intended to be made at all between this and the coast; as Sir John Moore, while we were at Villa Franca, to facilitate our march, had ordered whatever magazines and carriages, which he considered as more cumbersome than useful, to be destroyed. Sorry was I to see that so much plumage of our wings was deemed indispensable; and that to unburthen them, such quantities of valuable ammunition were made to perish in vain.

(*To be continued.*.)

*HISTORY OF THE WAR IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL,**(Translated from the French of General Sarrazin.)**(Continued from our last.)*

BOOK IV.

ON the twenty-third of January, 1811, the Marquis de la Romana died, somewhat suddenly. He was leaving his house, for the purpose of paying his respects to Lord Wellington, when he was seized with a dizziness, like that of an apoplectic stroke, which terminated his life in less than half an hour. The Marquis had been educated in France, the language of which he spoke with much elegance. But though he had several friends in that country, he never sacrificed the general cause to any private connexions. He always proved a loyal Spaniard; and as long as he had access to the court of Madrid, neglected no means of frustrating the intrigues practised by the cabinet of the Tuilleries. Neither flattery nor money having any empire over him, Buonaparte had recourse to his love of glory; and the Marquis was caught by this bait. He was sent to the north of Europe, with a division of Spanish troops: but the moment he heard that Spain claimed his services, he nobly resolved upon instantly repairing to the defence of his beloved country. Assisted by the English government, he succeeded in leaving Denmark, with his troops, and landed at Santander, in 1808. He had served with the most marked distinction, and was snatched away at the very time when Lord Wellington was congratulating himself on having a colleague, by whose wise counsels he was so much enlightened. His Lordship, in his letter of the twenty-sixth of January, to the Earl of Liverpool, expressed his regret at this event, stating that the virtues, talents, and patriotism of the Marquis, were well known to his Majesty's government; that in him the Spanish army had lost its noblest ornament; his country the truest patriot; and the world the most valiant, as well as the most zealous defender of the cause for which they were fighting; and that his Lordship should ever gratefully acknowledge the assistance he had received from the Marquis, since the latter joined the army, both by his operations and his counsels.

This eulogium is complete. It does as much honour to its author as to the hero, whom it praises. The Marquis having learnt, some days before his death, that the French, under the orders of Marshal Mortier, were in great force on the Guadiana, he had determined to send General Mendizabal to stop the progress of the enemy. Marshal Soult, having felt the necessity of holding some strong places, in order to secure his communications with the troops of Estremadura and Andalusia, before he advanced to the Tagus, had ordered Mortier to take Olivenza, which town, though provided with a garrison of three thousand men, opposed but a feeble resistance. Mendizabal could not arrive in time for its relief. He had about twelve thousand men under his command;

and pitched his camp on the right bank of the Guadiana, near Badajoz. Marshal Soult had left Seville, to direct, in person, the military operations of Estremadura; and immediately after his arrival attacked Badajoz. To invest this place completely, it was necessary to drive the Spaniards from their position, which had a free communication with Fort San-Cristoval. On the nineteenth of February, Soult's cavalry crossed the Guadiana, to join the infantry, which had passed the river the night before, accompanied by the artillery, without meeting the slightest opposition from Mendizabal. This general placed perfect reliance on a few redoubts, with which he had surrounded his camp.

At the break of day, the French cavalry rushed upon the left wing of the Spaniards, and overthrew them. General Gerard attacked the right, with a force so superior, that he soon carried the position, in spite of the vigorous resistance opposed on this point by the flower of the Spanish troops. During these two main attacks, a body of riflemen had prevented the possibility of assistance being dispatched from the centre of the Spaniards to their wings, and kept them constantly in fear of a real attack. When Soult heard of the advantage gained on his right and left, he collected all his troops against Mendizabal's centre; and by this able manœuvre, forced a corps of six thousand men to lay down their arms. The remainder of this army were either killed or dispersed. At ten o'clock in the morning the conflict was over. The fugitives fled partly to Badajoz, and partly to Elvas. General Mendizabal retreated with his cavalry, under the cannon of that fortress. This victory, which was complete, cost the French only four hundred men *hors de combat*. It opened, as it were, the gates of Badajoz, by the facility which it afforded of completely investing the place on the right of the Guadiana, and by the depression of spirits which the destruction of the only troops sent to protect them, must have occasioned among the besieged. In detaching Mendizabal to the Guadiana, a great error was committed. This general, like all Spaniards, was uncommonly brave: but where had he displayed military talents, which warranted the hope that he would be able successfully to cope with Marshal Soult? His troops, besides, were not so sufficiently inured to war, as to beat the French in an open country. Lord Wellington should have detached General Beresford, with the very same Spanish troops, and an additional reserve of ten thousand English; in which case he would have prevented the fall of Badajoz.

On the eleventh of February, Soult had caused Fort Pardalleiras to be attacked; and it had been carried, at the point of the bayonet. The besieged defended themselves with as much courage as ability. They made several sorties, which retarded the progress of the besiegers, and cost a considerable number of their troops. Menacho, the governor of the place, was killed in the last sortie of the garrison, which he wished to command in person, on account of the importance of its object. He wanted to prevent the completion of the covered way, on the part of the French. General Imas, his successor, manifested similar zeal and

valour. The breach being deemed practicable on the tenth of March, Marshal Soult made the requisite arrangements for the assault. However, before he proceeded to an extremity, always fatal to both parties, he summoned the governor, who, seeing that a longer resistance was impossible, surrendered the place on the eleventh. The garrison, consisting of nine thousand men, were made prisoners of war. One of the articles of the capitulation stated, "that the garrison should march out by the breach; which circumstance peremptorily refutes the unfounded imputations cast upon the defenders of Badajoz. The French found in the batteries, or in the arsenal, one hundred and seventy pieces of ordnance, mortars, or howitzers, eighty thousand quintals of gunpowder, a large quantity of cartridges for the infantry; and, what was still more precious to the conquerors, two complete bridge equipages, in excellent condition.

The satisfaction which these advantages must have caused to Marshal Soult, was diminished by a reverse experienced, almost at the same time, on the part of his troops before Cadiz. The plan for driving the French from their lines had been perfectly well combined, and the success would have been complete, if, as might have been done, sufficient means had been collected for its execution. On the twentieth of February, an expedition sailed from Cadiz Roads, consisting of four thousand English troops, under the orders of General Graham, and eight thousand Spaniards. General Lapena had the command in chief of the allied army. Having left Cadiz on the twenty-first, the English landed at Algeziras, and at Tariffa joined the Spaniards, who, owing to contrary winds, reached that place only on the twenty-seventh. The army began its march on the 28th, in the direction of Chiclana, through Barbate and Vayas de la Frontera. The bad state of the roads delayed this movement; and it was only on the fourth of March that the allied troops came in sight of the French, posted near Chiclana. General Graham formed the advanced guard with his column, strengthened by two thousand Spaniards. He had taken a position at Barossa, whilst he was waiting for the rest of the army. The commander-in-chief ordered him to march to Bernesa, with a view to oppose the attempts of Marshal Victor against General Lardizabal, who, by a well-directed attack behind the lines, near Santipettri, had succeeded in opening the communication of the continent with the Isle of Leon. The first step towards this success had been taken by General Zazas, who, on the sixth of March, had moved a body of troops in that direction. On the third and fourth there were some sanguinary conflicts in that quarter; and it is to the heroic courage displayed by the Spaniards, that we must ascribe the facility with which the French yielded this important post to General Lardizabal. Admiral Keith had also detached some vessels, to threaten several points of the coast, in order to keep the French troops there, and to diminish the number of the forces that might be employed against the army which formed the expedition.

Every thing had so far succeeded to the wish of the allies. General Graham was on his march to Bermesa, when his scouts reported that the French appeared in great force upon the plain, and that they were hastily advancing to the heights of Barrosa. The English general, being well aware that this position would afford Marshal Victor the means of harassing, perhaps even of surrounding the rear guard of the allies, instantly ordered a counter-march, to support the troops which guarded Barossa. But, in spite of the celerity with which he executed this movement, General Ruffin had already overthrown the Spaniards, and established himself on the heights. Though inferior in numbers, General Graham ordered the attack. The English infantry performed prodigies of valour. After a dreadful fire of artillery and musketry, which killed many troops, without deciding the victory, the English rushed upon the French with their bayonets, and remained masters of the field. Marshal Victor had the whole three divisions of his army in a line. The French general Vilate was opposed to the Spaniards, and Graham had to encounter Leval and Ruffin. The distinguished ability of the English general on this occasion, and the uncommon intrepidity of his troops, entitled both to the favours of Fortune; but the English were not seconded by the Spanish general Lapena. He remained almost a tranquil spectator of this dreadful conflict. Had he, at the very beginning of the action, advanced between the centre and the right wing of the French the field of battle would scarcely have been disputed. Vilate, who formed Victor's right, being cut off from the other divisions, would have evacuated the lines which he was to guard; and would have hastily fallen back, that he might not be surrounded. Lapena, leading his column to the right, would then have threatened the centre of the French, who, astonished at the boldness of this manœuvre, and at the intrepidity of the English, would have immediately retreated, to avoid a destruction which must have been the inevitable consequence of a protracted defence, in that position.—“The great art of war is to conquer by manœuvring much, and shedding little blood.”

This battle was uncommonly destructive, though it lasted but two hours, Victor having taken the wise resolution of retiring behind his intrenchments at Chiclana. The loss of the French was very considerable; it was rated at three thousand men *hors de combat*, among whom were several officers of rank. General Rousseau and Colonel Antié, both highly esteemed officers, were among the slain. General Ruffin was taken prisoner, after being dangerously wounded. He died on his passage to England, in sight of the English coast, and in consequence of his wound, which had perhaps been neglected; for, on the eve of his death, he enjoyed his meals as if he had been in perfect health. This officer was a very handsome man, a brave soldier, but an indifferent general. It was entirely to his courage and to his handsome figure that he was indebted for his rank. He was the son of an innkeeper of Bolbee, a small town near Havre de Grace, in Normandy. He died at the age forty. But the French more sensibly felt the loss of the eagle belonging

to the eighth regiment, one of the most distinguished in the French army. This trophy was the just reward of the valour displayed by three companies of the Foot Guards, and by the eighty-seventh regiment, under the command of Major-General Gough. The French also lost six pieces of ordnance. The victory, however, was dearly bought by the allies. The English had twelve hundred and forty-two men *hors de combat*, and the Spaniards about fifteen hundred; but they lost no officer of distinction. There is one circumstance, which gives a peculiar character to the victory of Barrosa—it was the first offensive battle successfully fought by the allies.

After having had the mortification of being unable to gather the fruits of his labour, in consequence of the Spaniards having left him alone with his column to oppose the French, General Graham judged it useless to occupy Barrosa any longer, and returned to the Isle of Leon on the succeeding day. The people of Cadiz manifested their indignation against Lapena's conduct, and he was deprived of a command with which he ought never to have been entrusted. The only fault of which this general can be accused is that of having undertaken a task beyond his means. To deny him the merit of bravery, zeal, and patriotism, is ridiculous; but as for his talents—

“Tel brille au second rang, qui s'eclipse au premier.”

The siege of Cadiz would have been raised, and Marshal Victor, with his army half destroyed, would have been obliged to retire on Seville, if Graham, instead of being under Lapena, had been the commanding general. By what title, indeed, could the Spanish generals pretend to command the English? If it be on account of the superiority of rank, such a claim, perfectly harmless in the Spanish army list, becomes dangerous, when a warlike enemy is to be successfully opposed: this demands well-informed and experienced commanders. The virtues, and the brilliant qualities, of the general officers on the staff of the Spanish army, entitle them to the utmost respect; but they must frankly be told that their well-directed efforts would soon have accomplished the deliverance of Spain, had they imitated the Portuguese, who owed their independence to that conciliatory spirit, which made them eagerly adopt the measures prescribed by the English, both for the organization of the army, and for the general administration of the kingdom.

On the very day that Victor was defeated, Massena was leaving Santarem, under the cover of night, on his return to Spain. Ever since the first of January, nothing of importance had occurred between the two armies, which had remained unmolested in their quarters; except that the French had reconnoitred the English on the nineteenth of January, when the English posts were obliged to quit Riomajor. General Junot attacked that village with a large body of cavalry and infantry; but he withdrew almost instantly, having been wounded in the face by a rifleman. The communications with Spain had been rendered extremely difficult by the newly-formed corps of Portuguese militia, which, under the

orders of English officers, were not afraid of disputing the passage of escorts, bearing dispatches, though these often consisted of from two to three thousand men. Colonel Grant particularly distinguished himself. He had several engagements with General Claparede near Guarda and Cavilhao, in which he displayed much coolness and sagacity. General Silveira and Colonel Trant also deserved Lord Wellington's praise, for their services in the neighbourhood of Coimbra. Finding himself thus surrounded, Massena distributed to his troops the provisions he had left; and, being well aware that he should lose his army, if he marched against the allies, commenced his retrograde movement in the night of the fifth to the sixth of March.

For several days past he had sent off his heavy baggage and commissariat, under the protection of a numerous escort, on the road to Mondego. He himself followed in the same direction, with the main part of his army. Lord Wellington immediately began the pursuit: his advanced guard came up with the French rear-guard on the ninth, near Pombal. The English cavalry made many fine charges: the infantry could not arrive in time to attack the enemy before night, and the French availed themselves of this circumstance to continue their march. On the eleventh Massena took a position on the heights of Redinha, where he was attacked the next day by the English army. Being hard pushed on his front, and turned on his left, the French general ordered his advanced guard, which suffered much on the passage of the Redinha, to fall back, and at night he marched by Condexa to Ponte de Murcella. As he wished to give his train the necessary time to leave the road unobstructed, Massena took a strong position on the right bank of the river Ceira, leaving but an advanced guard on the left, near Toz d'Aronce. This village, which was occupied by the French, was assaulted by the English, and several times taken and retaken. In the night, Massena continued his retreat, after having destroyed the bridge on the Ceira. The engagement which took place on the fifteenth was very sharp, and Lord Wellington would have most probably succeeded in forcing the enemy to a general battle, had not his march been retarded by a thick fog, which lasted all the morning. The loss of the English in this affair was about four hundred men, killed or wounded. The French acknowledge only two hundred men *hors de combat*; whilst the dead bodies, left on the field of battle, exceeded that number. Their loss must have amounted to about eight hundred.

From the fifteenth of March to the second of April no engagement took place, excepting a few skirmishes of small importance. The nature of the ground was in favour of the French. Columns, sufficiently strong to attack them with advantage, could rarely be sent on their flanks; and whenever the ground would allow this manœuvre on the part of the English general, Massena hastily retired to establish himself, in his turn, on almost impregnable rocky ground, where a general attack by main force would have exposed the allied army to a great loss, without attaining any sooner the object intended, viz. the

evacuation of Portugal, which the want of provisions would infallibly effect a few days later. It is true that a retreating army, and especially a French retreating army, is not far from its destruction, when it has at its heels a good general with numerous troops, and is harassed on its flank and line of operations by a brave people, desirous of being avenged, and freed from their oppressors: but there are circumstances which will not allow the pursuers to profit by the confusion generally prevalent in a retreating army; and the same ground, which at Busaco had afforded Lord Wellington the means of victory over the impetuous Massena, now gave the latter similar advantages on his evacuating Portugal. Marshal Saxe, in his *Memoirs on War*, chapter the twelfth, observes—"that a proverb, which recommends *the building of a golden bridge to a retiring enemy*, is generally religiously followed, though it is one formed upon false principles. A retreating enemy ought to be closely pushed, and his apparently fine retreat will soon be converted into a rout Many generals, however, do not like to end the war so soon." But, in spite of this great authority, it is certain that the strong positions, which the mountainous country from Santarem to Almeida affords, at very short distances from each other, would not allow the allies to perform more than they did. The last conflict between the two armies took place on the third of April, near Sabugal. Colonel Beckwith commenced the engagement. The French posts having fallen back, the English, who pursued them, found themselves attacked by a force so superior, that they were obliged to retreat to the army, whose march was impeded by the badness of the roads, and especially by a hurricane, attended with great rains, which prevented any view of what was passing. Lord Wellington placed himself at the head of his columns, attacked the enemy in flank and front, and drove them from their positions. Two hundred French were left dead on the field of battle. Massena recrossed the Agueda with his whole army, leaving only a garrison of three thousand men in Almeida, under the orders of General Brennier.

The allies could not undertake the siege of that fortress, because they wanted the supplies, and particularly the heavy ordnance requisite for such an operation. Lord Wellington, therefore, determined to blockade the place, his informers having reported that Massena had not been able to introduce more than one month's provisions into the town. As soon as his Lordship had finished the arrangements, by which all communications between the garrison of Almeida and the French were cut off, he left the neighbourhood of Almeida on the thirteenth of April, under the idea that the operations on the Guadiana demanded his presence. General Sir Brent Spencer was appointed to supply the place of the commander-in-chief, during his absence. General Beresford, who had been detached to Alentejo, after the engagement at Pombal, had reached Portafgre on the twentieth of March. On the twenty-fourth he advanced to Campomajor: the French had evacuated this place, and established themselves on the heights in its rear, with some infantry, supported by four regiments of cavalry. The English marched boldly up

to them. The fifteenth regiment of light dragoons, consulting only their courage, pursued the fugitives under the cannon of Badajoz. But they were in their turn pursued by fresh troops, which came to the assistance of the infantry at the time that General Beresford, from the superiority of his numbers, was attacking them with advantage. This seasonable succour facilitated the retreat of the French. Their loss was rated at six hundred men; that of the English at about three hundred. The allies quartered their troops in the environs of Elvas, that their reinforcements might have time to arrive, as they intended to act on the offensive upon the left bank of the Guadiana.

On the fourth of April, General Beresford effected the passage of this river, experiencing scarcely any opposition. Marshal Soult, after having supplied Badajoz, had withdrawn the greatest part of his troops towards Andalusia. He committed the fault of leaving only five hundred men in Olivenza, when the extent of the place required, at least, three thousand. If he did not intend to keep this post, he ought to have blown up the fortifications, and sent the ordnance, stores, and troops to Badajoz. The English quickly availed themselves of this defect. General Cole invested the place on the twelfth of April. On the fifteenth he opened his batteries, and the governor surrendered on the very same day. To facilitate this operation, General Beresford had marched to Lerena. On the sixteenth the cavalry of the allies defeated a French detachment, and took a great number prisoners. The retreat of the French to Guadalcanal, and Lord Wellington's arrival at Elvas, determined General Beresford to retrograde, in order to concert measures with his Lordship relative to the siege of Badajoz. The first conference took place at Elvas on the twenty-first. On the twenty-second the two generals reconnoitred Badajoz with great care. The garrison made a strong sortie against their escort, and was repulsed. The siege was resolved upon; but the overflowing of the Guadiana having prevented the construction of bridges, the allies confined themselves to a close blockade on the two banks of the river. On the third of May, the weather proving very fine, and the waters of the Guadiana being much reduced, the communications were secured, and the trenches opened. General Phillippon, governor of Badajoz, defended the approaches of the place by well-timed sorties, and by intrenchments, or counter-approaches, which retarded the progress of the besiegers. On the tenth he made a sortie with twelve hundred men, took possession of the trench, which he damaged, and retreated only before a superior force.

On the twelfth, General Beresford was informed that Marshal Soult had left Seville on the tenth, in order to throw provisions into Badajoz. He therefore determined to raise the siege, and to concentrate all his forces, for the purpose of giving battle to the French. He sent all the implements of the siege to Elvas, and took a position near Albuera. General Blake reinforced the allied army with his troops, in the nights of the fifteenth and sixteenth. At eight o'clock in the morning, Marshal Soult manœuvred on the right of the allies, to cross the small river Al-

buera ; and, by a change of direction on the right, he marched two columns of infantry, and one of cavalry, as if he had intended to take the village of Albuera. The object of these movements was to mask the march of his main body of infantry, which wanted to cut off the communications of the allies with Olivenza, by Valverde. General Beresford guessed the intentions of Marshal Soult. He entrusted Blake with the defence of that wing, and had it supported by General Cole. The attack having become general, the Spaniards were driven from their positions : but the defence of the English was obstinate. The momentary confusion, occasioned by the successful charge of a body of Polish lancers, was soon repaired by the intrepidity of the soldiers ; who, in the broken regiments, fought man to man with them. The principal merit of the Poles consisted in their novel equipment. The generals, who commanded the English divisions, did not wait for orders, to act with their columns. Wherever the danger was greatest, thither they marched with the utmost rapidity ; and manœuvred with so much ability and boldness, that they snatched the victory from the French, and forced them back to the positions, which they occupied before the battle. Generals Cole, Stewart, Hamilton, Alten, and Houghton, covered themselves with glory. The latter fell breathless, being struck by a chain-shot at the moment that he was charging the French at the head of his troops, and forcing them to retreat. The conflict ceased towards three o'clock in the afternoon ; and the combatants were struck with horror at the dreadful havoc they had made in each other's ranks. The loss of the two armies was rated at nearly twenty thousand men *hors de combat*, whilst the total of their forces did not much exceed forty thousand.

Marshal Soult had, however, accomplished his object ; for he had forced the English to raise the siege of Badajoz : and he judged it useless, perhaps even dangerous, to renew the engagement. On the seventeenth, he manœuvred on his right, under cover of his numerous cavalry : and after having saved appearances, by continuing two days in the neighbourhood of the allies, as if he had wished to challenge them once more, he withdrew towards Andalusia.

The slaughter of Albuera ought to draw down the severest censure upon the two generals, who were the wanton authors of it. Had General Beresford been sensible of the advantage, which General Blake's arrival gave him, he would not have raised the siege of Badajoz. Assisted by the zeal of the inhabitants of Estremadura, he might, in two days, have drawn lines of contravallation and circumvallation. These would have paralyzed the Polish cavalry, which merely gained a momentary success, from a kind of stupor, suddenly occasioned by the length of their lances ; and, above all, by the floating of a little red flag, that inspired terror, though it is but a silly ornament, more fit for the stage than for a regimental dress. Marshal Soult would have been defeated, as his cavalry would have been of no service ; and he would, moreover, have been obliged to attack in intrenchments the same allies, who, even on the extensive plains of Albuera, forced him to fall back.

Marshal Soult also had been informed, in the night of the fifteenth to the sixteenth, that the allies had raised the siege, and that General Philippon was destroying their works. What then could be his object in giving battle? His well-known humanity is a sufficient guarantee that he was not urged by the horrible desire of spilling blood. But he might have manœuvred on the sixteenth, as he did on the seventeenth; and by this a like sagacious and humane proceeding, he would have shewn himself, not only equal in point of talents, but even far superior to his master, by the prudence and skill of his combinations. If, in attacking the allied army, Marshal Soult consulted only that ridiculous self-love, which makes the general interest secondary to the gratification of vanity, he well deserved the terrible chastisement he received, by the loss of a multitude of brave soldiers, whose training had cost him so many fatigues, and by the death of his intimate friend, General Verlé, who, for twenty years, had been to him what Berthier was to Buonaparte—his faithful companion in war, and his confidential associate. Verlé fell, like General Houghton, charging at the head of his troops. He was an honest man, a brave soldier, and a good staff-officer: but he wanted both the moral qualities and physical means requisite in a general.

Marshal Soult ought to have congratulated himself on not having had Lord Wellington to encounter in the battle of the sixteenth, or he probably would have paid still dearer for his temerity. But reports, that Massena was collecting his army to succour Almeida, had called his Lordship back to the north. On the second of May, Massena actually crossed the Agueda, at Ciudad-Rodrigo. On the same day, he moved his army to the Azava, near Carpio and Galegos. On the third, he marched in the direction of Almeida. The allied army assembled near Fuentes-de-Onora, with the exception of General Pack's column, which was ordered to continue the blockade of Almeida. Lord Wellington rested his left on the ruins of Fort Conception, and his right on Nava-de-Avel. This position was uncommonly strong, except the right extremity between Nava-de-Avel and Posobello, where it was possible for the French cavalry to act. Massena, who had not yet reconnoitred the ground, ordered the sixth corps to attack the advanced guard of the allies, and take possession of Fuentes-de-Onora, which was occupied by Lord Wellington's centre. The village was several times taken and retaken. Nothing could equal the obstinacy of the combatants, but their bravery.—This sanguinary conflict ended in a tacit agreement to share the possession of the post. Massena states in his report—"that Lord Wellington filled the avenues of this village, as well as the walls and rocks on its flanks, with troops: and that, by all possible means, his Lordship rendered the occupation of the greater part of the village *extremely difficult*." He adds—"that when he saw the possession of the village would cost the army too high a price, he made the requisite arrangements for another species of attack,—that he reconnoitred with care the flanks of the enemy,—that he found accessible ground near Nava-de-Avel,—and that thither he resolved to march his army."

Massena, then, by his own confession, was defeated on the third, and obliged to adopt a new plan. On the fifth, at break of day, he attacked the right of the allies, with the flower of his troops. Posobello was carried with the bayonet, after a vigorous resistance. The French cavalry, which had favoured this attack by manœuvring in the rear of the position, was kept in check by the fire of General Houston's column. Lord Wellington, nevertheless, thought his line was too far extended. By concentrating his troops, he lost, it is true, his communication with Sabugal; but he prevented the approach of the French to Almeida, which was the great object of Massena's attacks. The allied army changed its front on its centre, the right wing falling in the rear. Generals Houston, Crawford, and Stapleton Cotton, performed this movement with the greatest precision, though harassed by a very superior force. General Montbrun gained some advantage over those detached troops, that were slow in joining their divisions. The prompt assistance, afforded wherever it was requisite, rendered the attack of scarcely any importance, though Massena had built upon it the hope of a complete victory. He was not more fortunate in his attempts against Fuentes-de-Onora, though he sacrificed the choicest troops of the ninth corps, which formed his centre. Whenever the French appeared, the English retreated, in excellent order, and under a continued fire, to the upper part of the village, where well-placed batteries destroyed whole ranks of the French columns, and forced them to take to flight. Arrangements, so well combined on the part of the allies, convinced the French general that he had no resource left but to retreat. He was ashamed of being forced to leave Almeida to its fate: and in order to repair, as much as possible, the reverse which he had just experienced, he had recourse to artifice. On the sixth, he kept his position. On the seventh, he sent orders to General Brennier to blow up the fortifications of Almeida, and retire, with his garrison, to Barbadel-Puerco, whence he was to march to Sanfelices, crossing the Agueda, near that village.

In conformity with these orders, General Brennier loaded with powder the mines, which had been prepared for the destruction of the most important works. He spiked the artillery, and rendered the ammunition, and provisions of every kind, unserviceable. On the tenth, he imparted his orders to the principal officers of the garrison, acquainting them with the danger they were about to encounter, and the measures he had taken. He then conducted them to a spot, whence he pointed out the direction which he intended to follow in his march. When he left the place, at eleven o'clock at night, he gave the watchword: "*Buonaparte and Bayard.*" His advanced guard came up with the English posts at the moment the mines exploded, and blew up the ramparts. The spirit of the attack, and the superiority of numbers, easily opened a passage for the head of the column; but it was much harassed on its flanks, and the rear-guard was cut to pieces. Such indeed must have been the fate of the whole garrison, had Lord Wellington employed the wise precaution of drawing lines of contravallation. The delay, which the attack upon

such lines would have occasioned, would have given time to collect the blockading troops; and Brennier would have received the chastisement due to his novel plan of action. There was no disgrace in surrendering to an army of forty thousand men, which had just gained a signal victory over the troops destined to succour Almeida. General Brennier has been highly extolled for having succeeded in reaching the bridge of Sanfelices on the morning of the eleventh: but, had he perished with his whole column, as he must inevitably have done, if the English had been more vigilant, his conduct would justly have been stigmatized as that of a fool-hardy man, who consults nothing but his own glory, and wantonly sports with the lives of the individuals under his command. Besides, by destroying the forts and warlike stores of Almeida, he had placed himself without the pale of the accustomed laws of war; and it would have been but an act of justice, on the part of the allied army, if they had fallen upon the fugitives, and refused any quarter, or, at least, if they had severely punished the officer who had dared to violate usages, consecrated by ages among civilized nations. General Brennier would have incurred less blame, if he had left the place and the magazines untouched. His movement, in that case, would have appeared a vigorous sortie, the unexpected success of which might have suggested to him the idea of using it to avoid captivity. His unwarrantable destruction of the works and stores of Almeida deprived Lord Wellington's army of the supplies, which they had lawfully earned with the precious blood, shed in the battle of Fuentes-de-Onora.

(To be continued.)

THE HISTORY OF THE WAR,

From the year 1792 to 1814; in which the Military Transactions of each Campaign are related separately and in detail.

CAMPAIGN OF 1793.

BOOK II. CHAP. VII.

Disputes between the Girondists and the Jacobins—Insurrection of the Departments—Lyons and Marseilles declare against the Convention—Their Subjugation.

WHILE the French were thus successful on the Rhine, the Maine, in Belgium, and on the confines of Italy, the more timid party, known by the name of *Girondists*, also triumphed. But no sooner did fortune fail them, than the more violent part of the faction, the *Jacobins*, gained the ascendancy.

A sanguinary contest now at length took place, and Danton, Marat, Collot d'Herbois, and Robespierre, arranged themselves against Roland, Brissot, Vergniaud, and Gensonné. The latter still retained a majority

in the convention, the departments were attached to them, the executive council was devoted them; but the former had gained over all the clubs, and the greater part of the inhabitants of Paris. It was in vain that the Brissotins, menaced in turn by the populace of the suburbs and spectators in the galleries, wished to transfer the legislative body to Bourges, and surround it with a departmental guard. The Jacobins were resolved to destroy them. This was soon after carried into execution. The alarm bell was accordingly rung at three o'clock in the morning of the 31st of May (1793) and the barriers were shut. Henriot, the commander of the national guard, a man entirely devoted to Robespierre, instead of taking the proper measures for the protection of the convention, was a party in the plot against it. Surrounded without by an outrageous multitude, and assailed within by the party of the mountain, the representatives were in terror for their own safety. At length, after the tumult had continued a considerable time, a deputation from the revolutionary committees appeared at the bar, and demanded the immediate suppression of the commission of twelve, which had been nominated on purpose to restrain anarchy; a revolutionary army of *sans-culottes*; a decree of accusation against twenty-two legislators; and a diminution in the price of bread,—that certain deputies also should be dispatched to the south, to put a stop to the counter-revolution that prevailed there; and that Claviere, the minister of public contributions, and Le Brun, the minister for foreign affairs, should be arrested. Their enmity, however, was chiefly directed against the principal members of the Gironde, whom they termed the accomplices of Dumouriez and the coalesced powers; they attributed to them the intention of dividing the nation into federate republics; and at the same time denounced them as having entered into a plot to place the duke of Orleans on the throne. But notwithstanding the entreaties and even the threats of factious committees, supported by the municipality, the administrators of the department, the populace of the suburbs, the seditious vociferations of the spectators, and the tumultuous cries of the mountain, the convention still refused to sacrifice their confederates in so many crimes. This, however, was the last effort; for two days afterwards they decreed not only the arrest of all the obnoxious deputies*, but proscribed those who endeavoured to avoid death by flight.

* Brissot,	} Deputies from the Gironde.	Duprat,	Boileau,	Biratteau,
Vergniaud,		Sillery,	Antiboul,	Rabaut St. Etienne,
Gensonné,		Fauchet,	Vigée,	Lanjuinas,
Ducos,		La Source,	Gorsas,	Grangueneve,
Lacaze,		Beauvais,	Petion,	Le Sage,
Duperret		Duchastel,	Salles,	Louvet,
Carra,		Mainvielle,	Cambon,	Ducos.
Gardien,		Gaudet,	Barbaroux,	Lanthenas, and
Valazé,		Le Hardy,	Buzot,	Dussaulx.

Ducos, Dussaulx, and Lanthenas, were afterwards excepted from this decree, which involved all the members of the committee of twelve, but Fonfrede and St Martin.

Several of the departments now took the alarm, and determined to avenge their deputies. The city of Caen resolved not to acknowledge the convention, until the imprisoned members were restored to their functions. The city of Bourdeaux, and the president of the administration of Isle and Villaine-transmitted a letter in which they announced their resolution to send an armed force to Paris. The departments of Calvados, the Rhone, and the Loire, also publicly avowed their determination to disown the convention; and the first of these actually imprisoned three of the Jacobin deputies, who had been sent to them. At this critical moment too, a complete counter-revolution took place at Lyons; Marseilles was threatened with commotions; Toulon exhibited manifest symptoms of disaffection; and the cause of the mountain for a moment appeared desperate.

Several of the proscribed deputies, having escaped from their confinement, now sought an asylum at Nantes, Rennes, Bourdeaux, Caen, and Evreux. Others afterwards fled from Paris and joined them. Considered as the martyrs of liberty, they were every where received with joy; and a general insurrection of the provinces against the capital was agreed upon.

The proscribed deputies now assembled together for the purpose of directing their movements. Buzot and Gorsus, who had not been seized, and Barbaroux and Petion, who escaped from arrest, were already at Caen, and headed the insurrection of the west. Louvet, who had distinguished himself by his writings and his speeches, flying from Paris, rejoined his friends, and found that eight coalesced departments had already nominated their commissioners; that Wimpffen, the gallant defender of Thionville, had been chosen as the leader, while De Puisaye was appointed by him to act as adjutant-general. The girondists wished the troops to begin their march immediately, and even proposed to advance to the capital, where they knew that their friends were both numerous and formidable, at the head of the Bretons and Normans alone. But the general insisted on organising his army. He accordingly contented himself with dispersing proclamations; and on being summoned to give an account of his conduct by the faction that had assumed the reins of government, he replied, that "he would disclose his motives and intentions at the head of sixty thousand men."

In the mean time the new constitution, drawn up by the victorious party of the *mountain*, was generally accepted throughout France, and even adopted by the primary assemblies of the insurgent departments. The jacobins displayed equal vigour and address on this critical occasion. Not content with decrees that placed the treasure, and the armed force of the nation, at their disposal, they sent their commissioners and secret agents to every city, and almost every village, in the republic, and procured addresses of felicitation from all the popular societies.

At length the proscribed deputies began to suspect that Wimpffen and De Puisaye were not only royalists, but secretly attached to the interests of a neighbouring nation, by means of which they wished to place

one of the Bourbons on the throne of their ancestors. The former of these at last disclosed his mind freely ; and proposed a junction with the army of La Vendee : but the girondists, who were themselves jacobins to the heart, refused to accede to this plan.

On being pressed to advance directly to Paris without waiting for the arrival of the departmental forces, Wimpffen at length marched towards Vernon, at the head of a small body of troops. The jacobins, who had assembled some forces in that town, immediately sallied forth, and received them with a discharge of artillery. On this, struck with a sudden panic, the gallant Brissotines betook themselves to flight, except a single battalion of four hundred men from Finisterre ; which, on seeing itself abandoned, retired in good order to Evreux, where the fugitives at length rallied.

After this they were all re-conducted to Caen, which the general now proposed to fortify, that they might there wait for the quotas of troops promised by the neighbouring departments. But the deputies, seeing no prospect of success, refused. The armed citizens now marched towards their several districts : Wimpffen and De Puisaye concealed themselves ; the Deputies betook themselves to flight ; some perished by the guillotine ; and others by fatigue and famine.

Lyons, one of the largest and most flourishing cities in France, nearly about the same time became the theatre of a civil war. The principal inhabitants, consisting chiefly of men who had obtained wealth by trade and manufactures, desirous of either enjoying or increasing their fortunes in tranquillity, were solicitous only for peace. The murder of Louis XVI. provoked the honest part of them ; the ferocity of the jacobin clubs in the south, the revolutionary taxes, and, above all, the crimes and the menaces of the revolutionary leaders, rendered an insurrection the only means of safety.

Laupel, a constitutional priest, and Chalier the mayor, while they gained over the populace by promises and by largesses, treated the more opulent inhabitants with the most horrible atrocities. Arrests and imprisonments, fines and confiscations, were enforced with a degree of severity hitherto unknown ; the vaults under the town-house were full of prisoners, and plunder, captivity, and death, seemed to be the fate of all.

Under these circumstances, the sections took advantage of a late decree of the convention, and having met (May 9), under pretence of adopting the necessary measures to ensure the public tranquillity, seized on the arsenal. The municipality, which was devoted to the jacobins, took refuge in the town-house, and waited for succour from the army of Italy. But, in the course of that very night, the head-quarters of the jacobins were carried, and the mayor was first deposed and then put to death.

In the mean time the citizens received intelligence, that the girondists had been either arrested or proscribed by the convention, and that the departments of the Rhone, the Gironde, and Calvados, were about to

recur to arms. The latter resolved to make a common cause with them, and invited the deputies to assemble and form a congress within their walls. The latter accordingly sent two members thither, but these no sooner perceived that the inhabitants wished for the restoration of the Bourbons, than they declined all further connection.

Marseilles, which was now also in commotion, promised assistance to Lyons, and determined to march a body of troops thither. A committee, consisting of two commissioners from each section, had been appointed in the former city, and all Provence followed the impulsion. At length this insurrection began to assume a most serious aspect; for the central committee, in concert with the administrators of the department, the district and the municipal officers, published a manifesto, in which they openly declared war against oppression, but they exhibited at the same time the most unequivocal attachment to a republican form of government, and the representative system. Commissioners from several of the neighbouring departments had also repaired thither, to concert measures for the common safety, and it had been resolved, that a congress should be held at Bourges to regulate the general interests, while two representatives and a battalion from every district should assemble there.

No sooner was the convention informed of these events, than general Cartaux was detached at the head of fifteen hundred men from the army of Italy, at the critical period when two battalions belonging to Marseilles and Aix, destined to form a junction with the inhabitants of Lyons, had taken possession of Avignon. On hearing of his march, that place was immediately abandoned, the Durance placed between the insurgents and the enemy, and as the combined squadron was now cruising in the Mediterranean, it began to be whispered in the central committee, that it would be prudent to treat with the English and Spanish admirals.

At all events, it appeared necessary to augment the number of battalions, and entrust the command to an officer of experience. Rousselet, who had been elected general of the insurgents, sensible of his own incapacity, displayed a rare instance of moderation, by returning to the ranks and serving as a simple volunteer. Villeneuve-Tourette, formerly a colonel in the regiment of Artois, was on this invested with the command, and being joined by a body of troops from Toulon, he marched out in order to give battle. But Cartaux had by this time augmented his detachment, and notwithstanding some advantages at first gained by the insurgents, they were at length forced to retreat. This defeat, which took place at Cadenet (Aug. 10th) on the right bank of the Durance, became as fatal to the coalition of the south, as that at Vernon had proved to the insurrection in the north; and the convention being now triumphant in the field, the great cities were left to their own resources, and bereft of those benefits which they would have derived from union.

Marseilles, menaced at the same time by famine on one side, and by the army of the republicans on the other, was reduced to the greatest extremities. Nevertheless, at the very moment the citizens sent a deputation to the English admiral in the Mediterranean, to solicit leave for the importation of corn, they permitted provisions and supplies of all kinds to be transmitted to the army of Italy. Measures were however taken to defend the neighbouring posts; and Villeneuve accordingly occupied the heights of Gavote, Sabregoule, Septeme, and Roquevaire, with his little army.

But the Marseillaise were not united among themselves; many of the sections declared publicly their wish to accept of the new constitution, which had been formed with astonishing celerity by the jacobins, and the contention was carried to such lengths that a skirmish actually took place (Aug. 23d), during which the blood that flowed along the streets already presented a prelude to the horrors about to ensue. In the mean time the army of Cartaux, under the direction of the deputies Albite and Poulter, attacked and carried the heights of Sabregoule and Septeme; on which Villeneuve, with about five hundred of his troops, the municipal officers, and a number of the citizens, took refuge in Toulon (Aug. 25th) from the horrors that took place on the surrender of their native city.

The citizens of Lyons were now forced to depend upon their own strength alone. They had at first endeavoured to escape from the rage of the storm which they could not resist, and accordingly accepted the new constitution without any restriction; but the deputies sent to notify this event to the convention were received with marked displeasure, and only evaded imprisonment by an immediate flight. Dubois Crancé, one of the national commissioners at Maçon, instead of attending to their supplications, sent them notice, "that the blood of the patriots shed by them demanded vengeance, and that they must lay down their arms and deliver up their new magistrates before they could hope for mercy." These terms were instantly rejected by the inhabitants, and the necessary preparations made for an obstinate defence. The position of the city, however, rendered it incapable of sustaining a regular siege, it being entirely open, and by far too extensive to be easily protected. In addition to this, it was destitute of cannon; for General Kellermann had, a little before this, obtained all the ordnance in the arsenal, under pretence of supplying the wants of the army of Italy. The townsmen too, although numerous, were undisciplined; most of them consisted of fathers of families, who trembled at the same time for the safety of their property, as well as for the fate of their wives and children; and although an immense number appeared under arms, yet not above ten thousand could be depended on. In addition to this, the partisans of the jacobins still remaining within the walls, were resolute and determined, and the populace was entirely devoted to their cause.

Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, knowing that their sole hope depended on a successful resistance, the Lyonese determined to rely on

their own intrepidity. Precy, formerly a colonel in the constitutional guards of Louis XVI., was elected general by acclamation; Chenelette superintended the reparation of the fortifications; and Smidt cast the artillery. Such was the general enthusiasm, that while the youth flew to arms, women and old men worked at the redoubts, and encouraged the warriors by their presence and example.

The army destined for the attack consisted of nearly ten thousand troops of the line, three thousand cavalry, and a number of battalions of national guards levied in the neighbouring departments. To these were attached a corps of five hundred artillery-men, and one hundred and twenty battering guns, besides mortars.

It was at first intended by the deputies to have attempted the city by assault; but the prudence of the French general prevented him from conforming to so desperate a resolution; the usual means were accordingly resorted to, and in addition to the trenches and the cannon, still more dangerous engines were found in the adhesion of the poorer classes of inhabitants, who not only conveyed intelligence into the camp of the besiegers, but even directed their operations by means of signals.

Finding the negotiations of the representatives ineffectual, the general had recourse at length to his artillery, and such a tremendous shower of bombs and red-hot balls was poured in, that this unfortunate city was set on fire in no less than forty-two places in the course of a single night. But the Lyonese were less terrified by the sight of sixty thousand men, now assembled under their walls, than at the prospect of famine with which they were menaced. Two columns of armed citizens having sallied forth to collect corn, and one of these being attacked in a defile, the whole body, five only excepted, was cut off, and Servan their leader, who happened to be wounded, was taken and shot. The insurgents, however, still continued to make a vigorous resistance, and Dubois Crance, who had accused the hero of Valmi of cowardice, was recalled to give an account of his own conduct. The besiegers in their turn now obtained some advantages, for Precy retook the grand redoubt and posts of St. Louis and Broteaux, which had been surrendered by treachery. Although the enemy's batteries were extended to within two hundred yards of the bridge of St. Clair, and an infernal machine employed against the latter, yet it was gallantly and successfully defended by Morand, the architect by whom it had been erected.

At length, however, the horrors of famine being superadded to those of war, they who had so long displayed the most heroic courage were at length obliged, after a siege of fifty-four days, to yield to an enemy against which valour is useless and unavailing.

The new deputies, Collot d'Herbois, Couthon, Maignet, and Cha-teauneuf-Randon, having refused to grant any terms until the leaders of the insurrection had been delivered up, the chiefs, both civil and military, several of the principal inhabitants, and all those who considered themselves as proscribed by the jacobins, to the amount of about two thousand, sallied forth from the city, to seek an asylum in a foreign

land. A few waggons, containing the remnant of their scanty fortunes, and some four-pounders, followed this little army of fugitives, in the midst of which was to be seen a great number of females, determined not to abandon their husbands, and who, with their children in their arms, resolved to share their fate. Scarcely, however, had they entered the defiles of St. Cyr and St. Germain, when they found themselves surrounded by nearly fifty thousand men; and although they exhibited prodigies of valour upon this occasion, yet all resistance became vain on account of the disparity of numbers. The greater part perished with arms in their hands; about five hundred men and women, chiefly covered with wounds, experienced a worse fate by falling alive into the hands of their enemies, for they were transferred from dungeon to dungeon, and ended their days by different kinds of punishment; about sixty only escaped and found an asylum among the neighbouring peasants.

Nor was the fate of a great number of the inhabitants, who trusted to the mercy of the conquerors, more tolerable. One fourth of the buildings had been already destroyed by the besiegers. The still more ferocious commissioners, not content with this, ordered the demolition of all the principal edifices; measures were actually taken to transport a large portion of the population to another place, and a decree enjoined that the miserable remnant of this ancient city, hitherto so famous throughout all Europe on account of its rich manufactures, was no longer to be recognised by its former name*. In addition to this, orders were given to erect a column with an inscription, on purpose to perpetuate the resistance of Lyons, as well as the vengeance of its enemies†.

But the rage of the victors was not confined to the destruction of houses and temples. The sufferings of the miserable inhabitants have never been surpassed; and if we are to search for a parallel in history, we must recur to the times of Attila and the merciless invaders who laid Europe waste during the barbarous ages. The deputy Freron, on entering this devoted town, ordered a number of guillotines to be erected, and announced "that terror was the order of the day." But he was surpassed in cruelty and ferocity by Collot d'Herbois. His pro-consulship in the south was one continued series of bloodshed. A chosen band of Parisian jacobins and a column of the revolutionary army marched into Lyons as the precursors of his fury. The process of the axe was deemed too slow for his insatiable vengeance; sometimes the bayonets of the infantry, and sometimes the sabres of the cavalry, were employed as more conformable to the celerity of his vengeance; but at length grape-shot and artillery were resorted to, and the principal square, the theatre of his sanguinary exploits, was strewed with the dying and the dead, and became deluged with the blood of his victims.

* Commune-Affranchie was the new appellation given to Lyons.

† "LYON FIT LA GUERRE A' LA REPUBLIQUE:

"LYON N'EST PLUS."

"LYONS MADE WAR UPON THE REPUBLIC:

"LYONS IS NO MORE,"

(To be continued.)

THE LIVES OF THE
GREAT CAPTAINS OF MODERN HISTORY.

IT is our purpose under this head to execute a task very much wanted, that of giving a complete collection of THE LIVES OF THE GREAT CAPTAINS OF MODERN HISTORY. As far as respects France this has been already executed by Brantome, but we have no English Writer who has attempted it. The materials of these Lives will be as follows: 1. Where the subjects themselves have left their own Memoirs, they shall be given in full. 2. Where these Lives have been written by any author of authority, they will likewise be given in full,—such work being translated or reprinted. 3. In want of such materials, the best will be selected from the annals and memoirs of the age in which they lived.

THE LIFE OF JOHN DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

BOOK IV.

To the End of the Campaign in 1707.

(Continued from Vol. III.)

M. D'AUVERQUERQUE having caused the approaches to be levelled, and left a good garrison in Ostend and Plassendaël, marched to join the Duke of Marlborough, who advanced the 8th from Rousselaer to Herlebeck, took possession of Courtray, and the 11th advanced to Helchin on the Scheld, where he ordered four bridges to be laid over that river. The country people between the Scheld and the Lys were commanded to level the lines. The prince royal of Prussia arrived in this camp to serve as a volunteer under his grace, and was received with all the respects due to his high birth: and the troops of Prussia and Hanover, with 3000 Palatines, having joined the grand army, they made all the necessary dispositions for a siege. The French, by means of their sluices, had rendered the Lys unnavigable below Menin. General Salish was therefore sent, with a strong detachment, to break down the sluices between Armentieres, Lisle, and Menin, to free the course of the Lys, that the boats laden with artillery and ammunition might come up from thence to Courtray. Mean time, the duke of Marlborough and the prince of Prussia, attended by several generals, advanced within a mile of Tournay, to take a narrow view of that place. The elector of Bavaria, who, after quitting Ghent, retired to Mons, left that place also, upon advice of the duke of Marlborough's being arrived on the Scheldt, and would not suffer an opera which they had prepared at Mons to be represented for the anniversary of his birth-day.

His grace having resolved to besiege Menin, in order to execute his further projects, general Salish was commanded for that service. The trenches were opened in the night between the 3d and 4th of August, by two attacks. The approaches were carried on with all possible diligence, and the batteries being got ready to fire, the 9th of August they began

to batter the place, and made such a progress therein, that on the 18th the allies stormed the counterscarp.

This proved the bloodiest action that has been in any siege since the attack of the covert-way of Keyserwaert. Lieutenant-general Scholts commanded the attack on the right, having under him major-general Pallant and brigadier-general Swartzel; and the left was commanded by the earl of Orkney, having under him major-general de Villates, and the duke of Argyle, brigadier. There were 300 grenadiers at each attack, and as many fusileers; and the regiments of Lothum, Ingoldsby, Pallant, Fagel, Lauder, Vogelin, Goven, Runk, and Leers, supported them. The attack began with springing two mines under the two salient angles of the covert-way, which had a good effect; and then the grenadiers advancing with an uncommon intrepidity to the palisades, threw their grenades into the covert-way, and leaped after them, killing all that they found. The enemy made a great resistance, and the first five battalions suffered very much, by reason of the great fire they made from the place. But at last the confederates lodged themselves on the four angles of the counterscarp, and began to erect their batteries thereon. The loss on both sides, in the attack of the counterscarp, was computed at about two thousand men, killed and wounded. The besiegers had three engineers killed, and as many wounded. The troops followed the example of their generals, and behaved themselves with unparalleled bravery. The duke of Argyle distinguished himself in a particular manner on this occasion; as his grace did at the siege of Ostend.

The duke of Vendome threatening to attempt the relief of Menin, the duke of Marlborough caused his army to make a motion, the left advancing to Lawe near Menin, that he might be in a condition to fight the French, if they made any motion towards the latter place. This siege had cost the allies but few men before the attack of the counterscarp, and not one officer of note except brigadier Capol, and a son of the late earl of Athlone. Count Corneille, son to M. d'Auverquerque, known in the army by the title of count Nassau Oudenburg, brigadier-general of horse, going into the trenches with the princes of Nassau-Dillenburg, out of curiosity, was wounded.

The 19th, at night, the allies began two saps, in order to make a descent into the ditch, and they worked upon the batteries on the counterscarp. The 20th they finished two batteries, one of six, and the other of five pieces of cannon, which began to fire upon the bastion and ravelin the next morning, at day-break; and two more battalions being perfected, were ready to play the 22d in the morning. The duke going thither at the same time, to see what progress was made, the governor beat a parley; whereupon the hostages were exchanged about nine that morning.

The garrison desired, among other things, that they might be allowed four days from the date of the capitulation to expect succours; and if they were not relieved in that time, a gate should then be delivered up.

This article they proposed was refused; and it was agreed in the evening, that they should deliver up the gate of Bruges the next day, being the 23d, at nine in the morning; that they should march out with the marks of honour, but should carry away with them only four pieces of cannon and two mortars, and should be conducted to Douay; that they should be provided with waggons and boats: that their sick and wounded, who could not be removed, should be taken care of in the town at their own charge: that as to the debts of any of the garrison, they should not be stopped for them, provided they gave such security for the payment thereof as should be accepted by their creditors: that eight covered waggons should be allowed them: that the prisoners on both sides should be set at liberty, as desired. It was agreed, that the capitulation should be signed by the general who commanded the siege, as is usual in like cases; and the allies promised that care should be taken to prevent any disorder, and justice should be done immediately upon any complaint. In pursuance of this capitulation, the duke of Argyle took possession of the gate of Bruges, the 23d in the morning, with a guard of 200 men. The surrender of this garrison happened some days sooner than the allies could have expected, considering their numbers and the strength of the place; and that there were very considerable magazines, both of ammunition and provisions.

The 25th, in the morning, the garrison of Menin, consisting of twelve battalions of foot, and three squadrons of dismounted dragoons, making in all 4300 men, marched out with the usual marks of honour, under a guard of 200 confederate horse, who conducted them the next day to Douay. The French officers owned they had upwards of 1000 men killed and wounded during the siege; but it appeared they lost many more, and several deserted as they marched out. M. de Caraman, the commander, saluted the duke of Marlborough, and made his grace a compliment as he passed by in the rear of the garrison. Major-general Welderen, being appointed to command in Menin, took possession of the town the same day with five Dutch battalions of foot. The allies found in the place 55 pieces of brass cannon, and 10 of iron, besides several other pieces that were buried under ground; 6 mortars, 810 double barrels of powder, 387 double barrels of musket-ball, besides a great quantity of all other sorts of ammunition. As to the loss of the allies in this siege, it amounted to near 3000 men killed and wounded.

The duke of Marlborough, upon visiting the town of Menin, after the garrison was marched out, found among the artillery four pieces of cannon with the arms of England, taken at the battle of Landen; which his grace directed to be sent to England. He then gave orders for the besieging of Dendermonde, in form, and General Churchill was appointed to command the siege.

The 1st of September, three days after the siege began, the duke of Marlborough arrived in the camp to press on the attack, where the batteries had almost ruined two of the redoubts. The next day was employed in forming the batteries against the town, which began to fire,

the 4th, with such success, that a breach was almost practicable by the next morning, when the besiegers attacked the redoubt at the Brussels port. The enemy retired in such confusion, that they were pursued to the gates of the town. The garrison thereupon beat a parley; but they insisting upon an honourable capitulation, orders were given for renewing the attack. The governors then desired a little longer time; and at five in the afternoon they submitted to be prisoners of war, and immediately delivered up the Mechlin gate. The garrison was conducted to Holland: it consisted of two French regiments of foot, a Spanish battalion, 700 men drawn out of several other regiments, and 200 dragoons mounted. Thus, after seven days' siege, the duke of Marlborough became master of a place, that had formerly baffled the French king's army, who besieged it in person. His Grace appointed brigadier Meredith to command here with a garrison of 500 men, besides the regiment of Sarra-Blanca.

M. d'Auverquerque having invested the town of Aeth with forty battalions and thirty squadrons, the trenches were opened the 20th of September, and the works were carried on with so much success, that on the 29th the besiegers made a lodgment on the covert-way, and in the night between the last of September and the 1st of October, they took possession of the counter-guard before the bastion which was attacked. This obliged the garrison to beat a parley, and they sent two officers, to demand an honourable capitulation. M. d'Auverquerque gave them to understand, that they were to expect no other terms than to be prisoners of war; but that, out of courtesy, he would allow the officers their swords and baggage, and the soldiers their knapsacks, giving them half an hour's time to consider of it. The Dutch general sent one of his adjutants with them, to know the governor's resolution, who brought word at first that he would not agree to it; upon which, hostilities were renewed. But the next morning they beat a parley a second time, and the same two officers were again sent out, one of them being a colonel, and the other adjutant to the duke of Vendome. After some contest, it was agreed, that the garrison should surrender themselves prisoners of war. Accordingly, on the 4th of October, 150 officers, and about 600 soldiers, which were the whole number, besides almost 300 sick and wounded left in the hospitals, that remained of 2100, were sent to Ghent, to be embarked there for Bergen-op-Zoom.

The duke of Marlborough continued encamped at Gramenz all this while, to cover the siege of Aeth; and the duke of Vendome contented himself to behold the taking of that place, with the same tranquillity with which he had seen the taking of Menin. The forces of the allies, being joined again, encamped in the plain of Cambron, from whence major-general Murray was detached with ten battalions to fortify Courtray. The French army lay between Mons and Condé, and their general ordered all the garrisons in French Flanders to join his army, as if he was resolved to oppose the siege of Mons.

The season of the year being now too far advanced to undertake any other siege in the Netherlands, the duke of Marlborough resolved to separate his army in the beginning of November, and went to Brussels the 27th of October, attended by Mr. Stepney, her majesty's envoy extraordinary, and several general officers. His grace was met at some distance from the town by general Churchill, count Zinzendorf, and other persons of quality, with whom, at the repeated request of the magistrates, he made his entry on horseback. At the Anderlecht port his grace was received by the burgomaster and magistrates, who there presented him with the keys of honour, and made him a very handsome speech; expressing their gratitude to her majesty of Great Britain and the English nation, and to his grace, the glorious instrument of their deliverance. The streets through which his grace passed were filled with a great concourse of nobility and gentry, and lined with the burghers under arms. The people made loud acclamations, and gave all other demonstrations of joy: the cannon in the mean time firing from the ramparts. In a word, the same honours were paid to his grace as were formerly to the dukes of Burgundy. His grace alighted at the palace of Orange, where he was complimented by the council of state, the states of Brabant, and the chief of the clergy. The 28th in the morning the magistrates waited on him again in a body, and presented him with what they called *the Wine of Honour*, which was brought in a tun, gilded and painted with his grace's arms, upon a carriage, with streamers, drawn by six horses, preceded by trumpets and kettle drums, and attended by a cavalcade of young students on horseback, finely clothed, with devices in their hands in honour of his grace, representing the great actions of that campaign. The next day his grace set out from Brussels on his return to the army, having during his stay received all possible marks of honour and respect from the whole city.

The army, being marched to St. Quintin Linnick, separated the sixth of November, and the troops filed off to their respective garrisons. The English forces were quartered in Ghent under their own general; the Danes in Bruges, and the Prussians and the Lunenburghers along the Demer, and between the Maese and the Rhine. The Dutch troops were in several places, under their respective generals. M. d'Auverquerque commanded in chief in the Netherlands, (the duke of Marlborough having refused that honour, as well as the whole civil government of the conquered provinces) and resided at Brussels during the winter.

The duke of Marlborough arrived the 8th of November at the Hague, and received the compliments of the states and foreign ministers on his wonderful campaign. His grace had several conferences with the deputies of the states, wherein they agreed, that the steps France had made towards a peace should be communicated to the ministers of the allies, to take off all suspicions of secret negotiations, and encourage them to redouble their efforts against the next campaign.

Pursuant to this resolution the states having desired the ministers of the potentates that were in the grand alliance to be present at an extraordinary congress, their deputies for foreign affairs made a notification to them that gave them great satisfaction. They owned, that France had formerly, by some private persons, made general intimations of their willingness to treat of peace, and that last winter the marquis d'Alegre had presented the states a formal memorial on the same subject, the substance of which was read to the congress: that they had given no ear to these advances, nor communicated them to the allies, because they did not judge them worth imparting to them. But that, in October past, the elector of Bavaria had written a letter to the duke of Marlborough, and another to the field-deputies of the states; which two letters and the answers that had been returned to them, were also communicated to the congress. The first of these letters, and the duke's answer, are as follows; the other letter and answer we shall omit, as being the same in substance with what we insert. The elector expresses himself thus:

"THE most christian king, sir, finding that some overtures of peace, which he had caused to be made by private ways, had, instead of producing the good effect of making known his dispositions for promoting a general peace, been looked upon, by ill-designing persons, as an artifice to disunite the allies, and make an advantage of the misunderstanding that might be created amongst them, has resolved to shew the sincerity of his intentions, by renouncing all secret negotiations, and openly proposing conferences, in which means may be found for re-establishing the tranquillity of Europe.

"The most christian king is pleased to commission me to inform you of this, and to desire you to acquaint the queen of England with it.

"I give the like notification, on the part of the most christian king, to the states-general, by a letter that I have written to their field-deputies; and he would do the like with regard to the other potentates that are at war with him, had they ministers so near at hand as you are, to receive the like intimation; he having no design to exclude any of the said potentates from the negotiation that shall be begun in the conferences he proposes.

"Further, for advancing a good so great and necessary to Europe, which has too long suffered the inevitable calamities of war, he consents, that a place may forthwith be chosen between the two armies, and after their separation between Mons and Brussels, in which, with you, Sir, (with whom the interests of England are so safely intrusted) the deputies the states shall please to nominate, and the persons whom the king of France shall empower, they may open their intentions upon so important an affair.

"I am extremely pleased, Sir, to have such an occasion to make you this overture, being persuaded it will leave no room for making a doubt of the sentiments of his most christian majesty: and as it may be so beneficial to all Europe, you will be glad to give an account of this to the queen of England, without loss of time, and to whomsoever else you

shall think fit. I shall expect your answer, Sir, to communicate to the most christian king; and shall always be ready, Sir, to do you service.

(Signed) "M. EMANUEL, Elector.

"Oct. 21, 1706."

To which his grace returned the following answer:—

"SIR,—Having communicated to the queen, my mistress, what your electoral highness did me the honour to write to me in your letter of the 21st of last month, of the intentions of the most christian king to endeavour to establish the tranquillity of Europe, by conferences to be held for that purpose between deputies on both sides; her majesty has commanded me to answer your electoral highness, that it is a pleasure to her to be informed of the king's inclination to agree to the making of a solid and lasting peace with all the allies. As this is the sole end that obliged her majesty to continue this war till now; so she will be very glad to conclude it in concert with all her allies, on conditions that may secure them from all apprehensions of being forced to take up arms again after a short interval, as happened last time. Her majesty is also willing I should declare, that she is ready to enter, jointly with all the high allies, into just and necessary measures for settling such a peace; her majesty being determined not to enter upon any negociation without the participation of her said allies. But the way of conferences that is proposed, without more particular declarations on the part of his most christian majesty, does not seem proper to her for attaining a truly solid and lasting peace. Their lordships the states general are of the same opinion. Therefore your electoral highness will rightly judge, that it is necessary to think of other more solid means to attain so great an end, to which her Majesty will contribute with all the sincerity that can be wished, having nothing so much at heart as the relief of her subjects, and the tranquillity of Europe. Your electoral highness will always do me the justice to be persuaded of the respect with which I have the honour to be, &c.

MARLBOROUGH.

"Hague, Nov. 20, 1706."

After reading these pieces, the deputies of the states made a speech to the congress, pursuant to their instructions. They set forth, "that the peace could not but be extremely agreeable to them, and no doubt to all the other allies, if it could be had on such terms as might reasonably promise for its being firm and lasting; but that the conference proposed, without a more particular discovery of the intention of France, or without a probable certainty, or appearance, of good success, did not seem to their high mightinesses to be a proper means for attaining it, but rather a means to divert the thoughts of war, and of the great preparations the enemy made, and to lull some of the allies asleep by the hopes of peace.

(To be continued.)

OFFICIAL NARRATIVES
OF THE
CAMPAIGNS OF BUONAPARTE,
SINCE THE PEACE OF AMIENS.

BEING A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF THE WHOLE OF THE BULLETINS
PUBLISHED BY BUONAPARTE TO HIS ABDICATION.

IT is the well known opinion of some of our ablest Generals, that the French Bulletins of Buonaparte contain the most complete practical lessons of modern warfare, and with a due allowance for some exaggeration, include the fullest narrative of the most memorable campaigns on record. A wish, therefore, has often been expressed that they were all published in one form, so as to form a portable manual as well for future reference as for present study. It is our present purpose to effect this. In this, and in the following numbers of the Chronicle, we shall accordingly give a complete collection of the whole of the Bulletins published by Buonaparte. This began only in the first Campaign after he was Emperor. The form of a Bulletin being considered in foreign Cabinets as belonging only to Sovereigns.

CAMPAIGN IN GERMANY OF 1809.

EIGHTH BULLETIN (*continued from vol. iii.*).

Vienna, May 13.

YESTERDAY the Emperor reviewed gen. Nansoutz's division of heavy cavalry. He bestowed much praise on the appearance of this fine division, which, after so severe a campaign, exhibited 5,000 horses in order of battle. His majesty filled up the vacancies by new appointments, and bestowed the title of Baron, with an estate, on the bravest officer; and the decoration of the Legion of Honour, with 1,200 franks, on the bravest cuirassier of each regiment. We found at Vienna 500 pieces of cannon, a vast number of gun-carriages and muskets, a great quantity of powder, abundance of ready made military accoutrements, and a heap of bullets and cast iron.—Only ten houses were destroyed during the bombardment. The people of Vienna remarked, that this misfortune had justly fallen on those who were the most zealous promoters of the war, and they perceived then that general Andreossy directed the batteries.—The appointment of this general to the government of Vienna, has proved highly satisfactory to all the inhabitants. He had left behind in the capital an honourable recollection, and enjoys the general respect of the people. A few days rest have greatly benefited the army; and the weather is now so fine, we have scarce any sick. The wine distributed to the troops is in abundance, and of excellent quality.—The Austrian government has made astonishing efforts for the support of this war. It is calculated that the preparations have cost above 300 millions in paper money. The mass of bills in circulation exceeds in value 1,500 millions. The court of Vienna has carried off the plates of this sort of assignats, for which a part of the mines of the monarchy are mortgaged, that is to say, their security is a property almost chimerical, and over which the holders of the paper have no controul. While a paper money which the public could not reject, and which daily increased in value, was thus widely multiplied, the court, through the bankers of Vienna, bought up all the gold that could be procured, and sent it to a foreign country. A month has scarcely elapsed since chests full of gold

ducats, sealed with the Imperial seal, were forwarded by the north of Germany to Holland.

ORDER.—1. The Militia, called the Landwher, is disbanded.—2. A general amnesty is granted to all who belong to the said Militia, and who shall return to their homes at the earliest within 14 days after the entrance of our troops into the territory in which they have been raised.—3. If the officers do not return within the aforesaid time, their houses shall be burnt, and their property declared forfeited.—4. The villages which have furnished men for this Militia, called the Landwher, shall be bound to recal them; and to deliver up the arms they placed in their hands.—5. The commandants of the several provinces are charged with the necessary measures for the execution of this Decree.—In our Imperial Palace, at Schoenbrunn, May 14.—(Signed) NAPOLEON.—By order of the Emperor, ALEXANDER, Prince of Neufchatel, major-general.

NINTH BULLETIN.

VIENNA, *May 19.*—While the army was taking some repose at Vienna; while its corps were re-uniting, and while the Emperor was reviewing the troops, in order to distribute rewards to the brave men who had distinguished themselves, and filling up the vacancies which had occurred, every necessary preparation was made for the operation of the passage of the Danube.—After the battle of Eckmühl, prince Charles being driven to the other side of the Danube, had no other refuge than the mountains of Bohemia.—By pursuing the remains of prince Charles's army into the interior of Bohemia, the Emperor might have taken from him his artillery and baggage, but this advantage was not sufficient to counterbalance the hardships to which the army would have been exposed during a march of 14 days, through a miserable, mountainous, and desolate country.—The Emperor adopted no plan which might procrastinate his entrance into Vienna even for a day, as he rightly conjectured, that in the state of excitation which prevailed, it would be attempted to present some obstacles by defending the town, which has a very good breast-work, provided with bastions.—Besides, his army of Italy demanded all his attention, and the idea that the Austrians were in possession of his fine province of Frioli and Piave, never permitted him to repose.—The duke of Auerstadt was posted before Ratisbon when prince Charles retreated into Bohemia; but he immediately proceeded by Passau and Lintz to the left bank of the Danube, thus gaining four marches on that Prince. The corps of the prince of Ponte Corvo acted upon a like system, and made a movement towards Ugra, which obliged prince Charles to direct the corps of gen. Bellegarde towards the same point; but the prince of Ponte Corvo made a bold counter-march towards Lintz, which he reached before gen. Bellegarde, who being aware of this counter-march had also moved towards the Danube.—These manœuvres, performed from day to day, according to circumstances, have delivered Italy; have thrown the barriers of the Inn, of the Salza, of the Traun, and all the enemy's magazines, out of defence; have reduced Vienna; have dissolved the militia and the landwher, have completed the overthrow of the corps of the arch d. Lewis and gen. Hiller, and have still farther withered the fame of the enemy's general.—This commander being aware of the march of the Emperor, it became necessary for him to make a movement towards Lintz, in order to pass the bridge and unite with the corps of the arch d. Lewis and general Hiller. The French army however was there for some days before he could approach to form a

junction. He imagined perhaps that he would be able to effect his junction at Krems, but that was a vain hope. He was again four days too late, and gen. Hiller, when he passed the Danube, was obliged to burn the same bridge of Krems. Finally, he hoped to be able to effect a junction at Vienna, but he was once more several days behind.—The Emperor has caused a bridge to be thrown over the Danube, at the village of Ebersdorf, two leagues below Vienna. The river is at this place divided into several branches, and is 400 toises broad. This work was only commenced yesterday at four o'clock in the afternoon. Molitor's division was conveyed across to the left bank, and routed the weak detachments which disputed the ground with it, and attempted to cover the furthest branch of the river. Generals Butrand and Parnetti are superintending the construction of two bridges, of which one is more than 240, and the other more than 130 toises long, and which communicate in the middle of the river by an island. It is hoped that the works will be finished to-morrow.—All the accounts we receive induce us to believe that the emperor of Austria is at Zanin. There is still no rising in Hungary! In want of arms, saddles, and money, and not much attached to the house of Austria, this nation appears to have refused all kind of assistance.—Gen. Lauriston, his majesty's aid-de-camp, has marched at the head of the Baden infantry, and gen. Colbert's brigade of light cavalry from Neustadt to Brucken on the Simeringberg, which is a hill dividing the waters that run into the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. In the course of this difficult march he took 100 prisoners.—Gen. Dupellin has marched towards Marinzell. He has disarmed about 1,000 of the land-wehr, and made a number of prisoners. The duke of Dantzic has advanced to Inspruck. At Vorgel on the 14th, he fell in with gen. Chastellar and his Tyrolese, routed him, and took 700 prisoners, and 11 pieces of cannon.—On the 12th Kufstein was relieved. His majesty's chamberlain, M. Germain, who, was shut up in the place, conducted himself with propriety.—The position of the army is at present as follows:—The corps of marshals the dukes of Rivoli and Montebello, and the grenadier corps of general Oudinot, are at Vienna along with the Imperial Guard. Marshal the prince of Ponte Corvo is at Lintz with the Saxons, and Wirtemberghers, and has a corps of reserve at Passau. Marshal the duke of Dantzic is with the Bavarians at Saltzburgh and Inspruck.—Colonel the count of Czernichew, aid-de-camp of the emperor of Russia, who had been sent to Paris, arrived at the head-quarters as the army was entering Vienna. He has since served in the army, and attends on his majesty. He has brought intelligence respecting the Russian army, which was not to break up from its cantonments before the 10th or 12th of this month.

TENTH BULLETIN.

Ebersdorf, May 28.—Opposite to Ebersdorf the Danube divides into three branches separated by two islands. The distance from the right bank to the island on that side, which is 140 toises in circumference, is about 1,000 toises. The distance from this island to the greater is 120 toises, and here the stream runs with the greatest force. The larger of the two islands is called In-der-Lobau, and the water which separates it from the main land is 70 toises broad. The first villages which appear after crossing are Gross-Aspern, Esling, and Enzerdorf. The passage of such a river as the Danube, in the presence of an enemy well acquainted with all the local circumstances, and who has the inhabitants on his side, is one of the greatest military enterprises that can be imagined. The bridge over the arm of the river which separates the right

bank from the first island, and the bridge from this island to that of In-der-Lobau, were erected on the 19th. Molitor's division had been conveyed to the great island on the 18th by row boats.—On the 20th the Emperor arrived at In-der-Lobau, and caused a bridge to be thrown over the least arm of the Danube from that island to the left bank, between Gross-Aspern and Esling. This arm being not quite 70 toises broad, only fifteen pontoons were required for the operation, which were fixed within three hours by colonel Aubry, of the artillery. Colonel St. Croix, aid-de-camp of marshal the duke of Rivoli, arrived first on the left bank, in an open boat, and general Lassalle's division of the light cavalry, with Molitor and Boudet's divisions, passed during the night. Afterwards the Emperor, accompanied by the prince of Neufchatel, the dukes of Rivoli and Montebello, examined the position of the left bank, and determined the field of battle, posting the right on the village of Esling, and the left on the village of Gross-Aspern. Both villages were likewise garrisoned.—On the 21st, at four in the afternoon, the enemy's army shewed itself, and appeared to have for its object to defeat our van guard, and to drive it into the river. Vain enterprise!—The duke of Rivoli was the first attacked at Gross-Aspern, by the corps of general Bellegarde. He manœuvred with the divisions of Molitor and Legrand, and rendered completely abortive all the attacks which the enemy made that evening. The duke of Montebello defended the village of Esling, and marshal the duke of Istria covered the plain with the light cavalry and Espagne's division of cuirassiers, protecting at the same time Ewyensdorf; the contest was severe, the enemy having 200 pieces of cannon and 90,000 men, collected from the remains of all the Austrian corps.—D'Espagne's division of cuirassiers, which made several fine charges, advanced in two squares, and took 14 pieces of cannon, but a ball killed gen. D'Espagne while fighting gloriously at the head of his troops. He was a brave man, and in every respect eminent and praiseworthy. The gen. of brigade Foulers was likewise killed in a charge.—General Nansoutz arrived in the evening on the field of battle, with the single brigade commanded by gen. St. Germain, and distinguished himself by several brilliant charges. At eight o'clock the action terminated, and we remained masters of the field.—During the night, gen. Oudinot's corps, St. Hillaire's division, and two brigades of light cavalry, and the train of artillery, passed over by the bridges. On the 22d the duke of Rivoli was the first engaged at four in the morning. The enemy made several successive attacks, in order to retake the village. At last the duke of Rivoli, tired of acting on the defensive, attacked the enemy in his turn, and threw them into confusion. Gen. Legrand distinguished himself by the coolness and intrepidity which characterise him.—The general of division Boudet was stationed at the village of Esling, and had had orders to defend that important position.—Observing, that the enemy occupied a very wide space between his right and left wing, it was resolved to penetrate by his centre. The duke of Montebello led the attack. Gen. Oudinot was on the left, St. Hillaire's division was on the centre, and Boudet's division was on the right wing. The enemy's centre would not withstand the sight of our troops.—In a moment every thing was borne down before them. The duke of Istria made several brilliant and successful attacks. Three columns of infantry were charged and cut down by the cuirassiers. The Austrian army was on the point of being destroyed, when at seven in the morning an aid-de-camp of the Emperor came to inform him that the sudden rise of the Danube had set afloat a great number of trees, which were cut down during the late

events at Vienna, and rafts which had been left on the bank; and that the bridges which formed the communication between the right bank and the little island, and between the little island and that of In-der-Lobau, had thereby been carried away. This rapid swell, which usually does not take place until the middle of June on the melting of the snow, has been accelerated by the great heat which has for some days prevailed. All the reserve parks of artillery which were advancing, were by the loss of the bridges detained on the right bank, as was also a part of our heavy cavalry, and the whole of the duke of Auerstadt's corps. This dreadful accident induced the Emperor to put a stop to the movement in advance. He ordered the duke of Montebello to keep the field of battle which had been won, and then to take his position, with the left wing resting on a curtain-work, which the duke of Rivoli covered, and his right wing at Esling.—The artillery and infantry cartridges which were in our reserve park could not now be brought across the river. The enemy was in a most frightful state of disorder at the moment, when he learned that our bridges were broken down. The slackening of our fire, and the concentrating movement of our army, soon left him no doubt respecting this unforeseen accident. All his cannon and artillery equipage, which were before on the retreat, were again drawn out in line, and from nine in the morning to seven in the evening he made most astonishing exertions, supported by the fire of 200 pieces of cannon, to throw the French army into disorder; but all his efforts tended to his own disgrace. Thrice he attacked the villages of Esling and Gross-Aspern, and thrice he filled them with his dead. The fusiliers of the guards, commanded by general Monton, acquired great glory; they defeated the reserve, formed of all the grenadiers of the Austrian army, and the only fresh troops which remained to the enemy. Gen. Gros put to the sword 700 Hungarians, who had succeeded in entrenching themselves in the churchyard of Esling. The tirailleurs under the command of gen. Curial, performed their first service this day, and proved that they possessed courage. Gen. Dorsenne, col. commandant of the old guards, posted his troops in the third line, forming a brazen wall, which was alone capable of withstanding all the efforts of the Austrian army. The enemy discharged 40,000 common shot against us, while we deprived of our reserve parks, were under the necessity of sparing our ammunition, lest some other unforeseen events should occur.—In the evening, the enemy returned to his old position, which he had left previous to the commencement of the attack, and we remained masters of the field. His loss is very great: it being estimated by the most experienced officers that he left more than 12,000 dead on the field. According to the reports of the prisoners the enemy have had 23 generals and 60 superior officers killed or wounded. Lieut. field marshal Weber and 1,500 men, and four standards, have fallen into our hands. Our loss has also been considerable. We have 1,100 killed and 3,000 wounded.—The duke of Montebello was wounded by a cannon ball in the thigh, at six o'clock in the evening of the 22d; but an amputation has taken place, and his life is out of danger. At first it was thought that he was killed, and being carried on a hand-barrow to where the Emperor was, his adieu was most affecting. In the midst of all the anxieties of the day the Emperor gave himself up to the expression of that tender friendship which during so many years he has cherished for this brave companion in arms. Some tears rolled from his eyes, and turning to those who surrounded him, he said, "My heart required such a pang as this, to make me occupy myself, on this day, with any other care than that of my army." The duke

of Montebello was insensible, but recovered himself in the presence of the Emperor: he embraced him and said, "within an hour you will have lost him who dies with the glory and the consolation of being your best friend."—The general of division, St. Hillaire, is also wounded; he is one of the first generals of France. Gen. Durosnel, aid-de-camp to the Emperor, was also killed by a cannon-ball, while he was carrying an order.—The soldiers displayed all that coolness and intrepidity which is peculiar to the French only.—The water of the Danube still increasing, the bridges of the Danube could not be restored during the night; the Emperor, therefore, ordered the army, on the 23d, to pass from the left bank across the little arm, and take a position in the island of In-der-Lobau, protecting the *tetes du pont*.—The works for replacing the bridge are continued with assiduity and nothing will be undertaken until they are secure, not only against the accidents of the water, but against any thing that may be attempted against them. The rise of the river, and the rapidity of the stream, must require much labour and great caution.—On the 23d, when the army was informed that the Emperor had ordered it to retreat to the great island, nothing could exceed the astonishment of the brave troops; victorious on both days, they had supposed that the remainder of the army had joined them; but when they were told that the high water had carried away the bridges, and that its continued increase rendered the renewal of their ammunition and provisions impracticable, and that any movement in advance would be absurd, it was with great difficulty they could be persuaded of the truth of the statement.—That bridges constructed of the largest boats of the Danube, secured by double anchors and cables, should be carried away, was a great and entirely unforeseen disaster; but it was extremely fortunate that the Emperor was not two hours later of being informed of it. The army in pursuing the enemy would have exhausted its ammunition, which it would have been impossible to replace.—On the 23d a great quantity of ammunition was sent to the camp at In-der-Lobau.—The battle of Esling, of which a circumstantial report shall be made, pointing out the brave men who distinguished themselves therein, will, in the eyes of posterity, be a new memorial of the glory and inflexible firmness of the French army.—The marshals the dukes of Montebello and Rivoli on that day displayed all the powers of their military character.—The Emperor has given the command of the 2d corps to gen. count Oudinot, a general tried in a hundred battles, in which he has always evinced the possession of equal courage and skill.

ELEVENTH BULLETIN.

Ebersdorf, May 24.—The duke of Dantzic is master of the Tyrol, and entered Inspruck on the 19th, the whole territory having submitted.—On the 11th the duke of Dantzic took the strong position of the Strub-pass, with seven cannon and six hundred men.—On the 13th, after defeating Chasteller in the position of Voergel, putting him to flight, and taking all his artillery, he pursued him near to Rullenberg, where the wretched fugitive was indebted for his safety only to the speed of his horse.—General De Roy at the same time raised the blockade of the fortress of Kufstein, forming his junction with the troops commanded by the duke of Dantzic, who greatly praises the conduct of general Palm and several other officers (named in the Bulletin).—Chasteller entered the Tyrol with a handful of brave men, and preached up insurrection, plunder and murder. He saw several thousand Bavarians and a hundred French soldiers put to death before his eyes. He even encouraged the murders by his

own applause all the cruelty of these mountain-boors. Among the murdered French were about sixty Belgians all countrymen of Chasteller. That wretch, loaded with the favours of the Emperor, to whom he owed the restoration of his property, amounting to several millions, is insusceptible to the feelings of gratitude, as well as to the affection which even barbarians entertain for their countrymen.—The Tyrolese detest the man whose treacherous conduct instigated them to rebellion, and who thereby brought upon them all its consequent evils. The rage against Chasteller is so great, that when after what happened at Voergel he took refuge at Hall, they attacked him with cudgels, and gave him such a drubbing that he kept his bed for two days, and durst not venture to make his appearance, except to request a capitulation: he was told, however, that no capitulation would be granted to a highway robber, upon which he fled towards the mountains of Carinthia.—The valley of Zillerthal was the first which submitted, laid down arms, and gave hostages. The remainder of the territory has followed this example. All the chiefs have ordered the boors to return to their homes, and they are leaving the mountains and returning to their villages. The town of Inspruck and all the villages have sent deputies to the king of Bavaria to offer pledges of their fidelity, and to supplicate his mercy.—The Voralburghers, who have been misled by the exasperating proclamations and artifices of the enemy, will follow the example of the Tyrol, and that part of Germany will then be completely freed from all the horrors and misfortunes of popular insurrection.

TWELFTH BULLETIN.

Ebersdorf, May 26.—On the 23rd and 24th the army was employed to restore the bridges, which were ready the 25th, early in the morning, and the wounded, caissons, &c. were removed to the right banks of the Danube.—The Danube being likely to rise until the fifteenth of June, it is intended to mark the heights of the river by poles driven into the ground, to which the large iron chain is to be fastened which the Turks had destined for the same purpose, but the Austrians took it from them, and it was found in the arsenal of Vienna. This measure, and the works which are constructed on the left bank of the Danube, will enable us to manœuvre on both sides of that river. Our light troops have taken post near Presburgh, on the lake of Neusiedel. Gen. Lauriston is in Styria at Simeringsberg and Bruck. The duke of Dantzic is hastening, by forced marches, at the head of the Bavarian troops, to join the army of Vienna; the horse-chasseurs of the imperial guard arrived here yesterday; the dragoons were expected in the course of the day; and within a few days the horse-grenadiers, and 60 pièces of ordnance attached to the guards, will reach this place.—By the capitulation of Vienna, seven marshal-lieutenants, nine major-generals, 10 colonels, 20 majors and lieutenant-colonels, 160 captains, 150 lieutenants, 200 second lieutenants, and 3,000 non-commissioned officers and soldiers were made prisoners of war, exclusively of those who were in the hospital, and whose number amounts to some thousands.

BATTLE OF URFAR.—On the 17th inst. at two in the afternoon, three Austrian columns, under the command of generals Grainville, Bucalwitz, and Somma Riva, and supported by a reserve under gen. Jellachich, attacked gen. Vandamme at the village of Urfar, in the front of the bridge-head at Lintz. At the same moment the marshal prince of Ponte Corvo came to Lintz with the cavalry and the first brigade of Saxon infantry, gen. Vandamme, at the head of the Wirtemberg troops, and four squadrons of Saxon hussars and dra-

goons, repulsed the two first columns of the enemy, drove them from their position, took from them six pieces of artillery, made 400 prisoners, and threw them into confusion. The third column of the enemy appeared on the heights of Berslingbergh at seven in the evening, and his infantry in a moment took possession of the neighbouring mountains.—The Saxon infantry fell on the enemy with fury, drove him from his position, and took 300 prisoners, and several ammunition waggons.—The enemy had retired in confusion to Freystaydt and Haslach. The hussars sent out in pursuit brought in 500 horse, and muskets, and a number of waggons and caissons were found in the woods. The loss of the enemy amounts to 2,000 in killed and wounded, besides prisoners. Our whole loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, is not 400.

THIRTEENTH BULLETIN.

Ebersdorf, May 28.

During the night of the 26th and 27th, our bridges on the Danube were carried away by the waters and the mills which have been set free. We had not time to finish the piles and fix the great iron chain. To day one of the bridges has been re-established, and we expect the other will be completed to-morrow.—The Emperor spent yesterday on the left bank surveying the fortifications which are raising on the island of In-der-Lobau, and in order to inspect some regiments of the duke de Rivoli's corps, stationed at this sort of tête-du-pont.—On the 27th, at night capt. Baillie, aid-de-camp of the Viceroy, brought the agreeable tidings of the arrival of the army of Italy at Bruck. Gen. Lauriston had been sent in advance, and the junction took place on the Simeringsberg. A chasseur of the 9th, who was proceeding as scout to a detachment of the army of Italy, met a chasseur of a platoon of the 20th, sent by gen. Lauriston. After having observed each other for some time, they discovered that they were Frenchmen, and embraced. The chasseur of the 20th proceeded to Bruck to repair to the Viceroy, and the chasseur of the 9th repaired to gen. Lauriston to inform him of the approach of the army of Italy. During twelve days the two armies had received no intelligence of each other. On the evening of the 26th, gen. Lauriston was at Bruck, at the head-quarters of the Viceroy. The Viceroy has displayed, during the whole campaign, a calmness and an extent of observation which are the presages of a great general.—In the relation of facts which have graced the Army of Italy during these last 20 days, his Majesty has marked with pleasure the destruction of the corps of Jellachich. It was this general whose insolent proclamation enkindled the fury and sharpened the daggers of the Tyrolese. Pursued by the duke of Dantzic—in danger of being flanked by the brigade of gen. Dupellin, whom the duke of Auerstadt had dispatched by way of Mariazell, he ran as into a snare upon the van of the army of Italy.

(To be continued.)

MEMORIALS OF THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE OF FREDERIC OF PRUSSIA.

Arranged from the cotemporary writers of authority on the following plan;—1. All the several facts of each writer are taken and given in their own words; and where more than one relate the same fact the best account is given.—2. The narratives are occasionally corrected from the papers of the British Envoys and Ambassadors.

FREDERIC IN HIS ORDINARY CONVERSATION.—ON my arrival at Berlin, on the 16th of March 1765, my first concern was to write to M. le Catt, reader or secretary of orders to the king, requesting him to inquire and communicate to me the commands of his majesty, both in respect to what related to myself personally, and to a packet with which I had been charged for him by M. d'Alembert, who had signified his desire that I should deliver it in person to the king. On the next day I received an order to be at Potzdam the day after, by three o'clock in the afternoon at latest. I accordingly arrived on the day, and before the hour prescribed, at M. le Catt's, whom I found still at table.

I was curious to take a near view of Frederic, and to judge for myself of his character. All Europe was unanimous in considering him as a man of great military talents and genius; but nothing could be more discordant than the opinions in regard to his character. By some he was considered a wise man and a great king; by others of the most odious vices and the most atrocious actions.

I therefore approached Sans Souci with the most eager solicitude and curiosity, and I was no less attentive to the smallest circumstances afforded by the occasion.

When M. le Catt had finished his dinner, we got into a carriage and proceeded to Sans Souci, which is situated on an eminence at the distance of half a league from Potzdam, a view of which it commands. I inquired of my conductor if there were any particular form to be observed by the persons admitted to the king's presence? "Only one," replied he, "that of kissing the flap of his coat."—"This is singular," said I; "pray of what material is his coat made?"—"Of cloth."—"It is then the same as mine, which assuredly, though of nearer kindred to me, I never thought of kissing."—"It is rather the waistcoat than the coat that is kissed."—"And by what title has the waistcoat this pre-eminence?"—"It is a custom of the north, to which he himself attaches but little importance, particularly with foreigners and Frenchmen; indeed, this form is in general no further observed than by a mere bending of the body towards the waistcoat."

We arrived just as the secretaries of the cabinet had entered for the purpose of signing of letters, and business that could not be over in less than half an hour. That we might lose no time, my guide conducted me to the apartment of my Lord Marshal, a respectable old man, the intimate friend of the king, and whose establishment in the palace

was very near his majesty. This nobleman received me as great men, if they have understanding and respect themselves, never fail to receive strangers; that is, with dignity, politeness, and simplicity. "You see me," said he, "in the apartment of a great man, that which belonged to M. d'Alembert. Tell him, when you write to him, that it was in his own apartment, by his own fire-side, I inquired of you after his health, and requested you to present him with my compliments." Some details respecting my journey, and various literary matters, made up the conversation during the half hour; at the end of which we received notice that the secretaries had departed. We accordingly quitted my Lord Marshal, and proceeded to the king's apartment.

The day began to decline; M. le Catt made me go before him, and kept two or three paces behind me: the king was standing, and appeared to have been walking about the room. On seeing me he approached, saying: "Good evening, Sir, I am very glad to see you, and to make acquaintance with you." From this moment his questions succeeded each other so uninterruptedly that our conversation became extremely rapid; nor did it alter in this particular during the whole time of his detaining me, which was nearly two hours. It was with difficulty that I found an opportunity to deliver M. d'Alembert's packet. I had been frequently warned that he required direct, frank, short, and ready answers. He began with asking me how I spelled my name; in what part of France I was born; if my parents were alive; what was my father's profession; if I had any brothers or sisters; how old I was; what had been my pursuits in life; where I had lived; if I were married; to what family my wife belonged; what had been my principal studies; if I had printed any of my productions; in what state of health I had left d'Olivet and d'Alembert; and what route I had taken in my way to Berlin? On my replying to this last question, that I had passed through Stutgard, Nuremburg, and Dresden, he appeared surprised at the considerable circuit I had made. When I had explained to him that my reason for taking this road was to avoid others still more difficult, particularly in winter, and that it was a M. Barre, a merchant at Berlin, who, having been at Paris, had traced my route; he asked me how my wife and I had been able to make ourselves understood in a country where certainly no French was spoken. "I bought a German grammar at Strasburg," said I, "at the end of which there is a tolerably copious vocabulary, adapted for the use of foreigners. When I wanted any thing, I had recourse to my vocabulary, and if I found myself unable to pronounce the name of the article I stood in need of, I pointed to it in the book, and thus procured it. At Nuremburg I met with a captain of your army, who was returning from Savoy, his native country; he was acquainted with the two languages, and, as we pursued the rest of the journey together, he served as our interpreter. "What was the name of this captain?"—"Favrat." We then entered into conversation respecting this officer and his brother, and it appeared to me a favourable opportunity of obliging my travelling companion by repeating what

he had related to me of his military operations in some of the places through which we had passed, and particularly his entering as a prisoner into the city of Dresden, covered with six wounds, almost naked, and in the depth of winter. But, notwithstanding all my endeavours to relate these circumstances in a natural manner, and as if actuated by no particular motive, I soon discovered that I was on dangerous ground, and therefore abandoned so imprudent a subject as soon as I could. In fact, the king suddenly became serious and thoughtful, began to look around him, and appeared occupied with other thoughts. When I had dropped this delicate subject entirely, he resumed the conversation, spoke of Saxony, and asked me if the disasters occasioned by war in that country, and particularly at Dresden, had been repaired? When I had answered this last question, he passed to other ideas, saying, "No, Sir, you are not yet acquainted with the German language?"—"No, Sire, but by means of the plan I intend to follow, I hope soon to be master of it."—"I advise you, Sir, on the contrary, by no means to learn it; you are fortunate in being ignorant of it. Should you acquire the power of speaking that language, you would soon contract the habit of uttering the same germanisms in speaking French as we do. In short, Sir, as your friend, I require you to give me your word of honour that you will not learn our language." I could not refuse to give him this promise, which I afterwards adhered to with no less fidelity than regret.

This conversation naturally introduced the subject of my future functions, in respect to which he spoke with great conciseness, referring me for the details, to the instructions he had drawn up and delivered to General de Buddenbrock. He observed that this general was charged with the superintendence of the domestic economy and discipline of his new school; and added, that the conduct of the studies, and the choice of such objects of knowledge as might suit the pupils, he left entirely to the professors, persuaded we should, one and all, assiduously apply ourselves to seize the spirit of his plan, and to assist his views. He then named my colleagues, and made a sort of historical eulogium on each of them.

I imagined this subject was to terminate our interview, and that I should be immediately dismissed. I was mistaken; he returned by a happy transition to that of the French language, and inquired who, in my opinion, were the living authors that wrote the French language with the greatest correctness? I named d'Olivet, d'Alembert, Buffon, J. J. Rousseau. . . . Here he interrupted me, exclaiming, "Oh! for this last, he is a madman."—"Sire, that is no reason why he should not write correctly."

The king soon after put an end to the interview, expressing himself much satisfied with having seen me, and after assuring me that he placed great reliance on my zeal. He then wished me a good evening, and a pleasant journey, and detained M. le Catt, saying, "Catt, I wish to speak with you." Le Catt, however, came to me in a few minutes in

an adjoining apartment, and informed me that his majesty was so well satisfied with me, that he had directed him to write to both M d'Alembert and M. d'Olivet, to thank them for their choice of me, and also to prepare another letter to be sent to the academy of Berlin, commanding that I should be there received into its class of belles lettres, with a pension of two hundred rix dollars.

Conversing with M. le Catt, respecting the interview I had with the king, I expressed my surprise at the earnestness with which he had said of J. J. Rousseau, *Oh ! he is a madman.* "This earnestness," replied my conductor, "is connected with a recent anecdote which I will relate to you. Some months ago my Lord Marshal, the friend of J. J. Rousseau, appearing much distressed at the persecutions the philosopher of Geneva experiences even in Switzerland and Neuchâtel, of which this nobleman is governor, the king said to him. "Well, Sir, write to your friend that, if he will come to my states, I will insure him a safe asylum, and a pension of two thousand livres. We will give him a comfortable house at Panckow, contiguous to the gardens of Schonhausen ; the house shall have a garden and a field attached to it, that he may be able to keep a cow and poultry, and cultivate his own vegetables. There he may live without inquietude and free from necessities : his solitude may be complete, and he may wander at pleasure in the groves of Schonhausen, where the queen inhabits only during a few of the summer months.

My Lord Marshal, delighted with this plan, lost not a moment in writing the proposed letter, which, when finished, he brought to the king previous to its departure. The king took up a pen and added these words : "Come, dear Rosseau, I offer you a house, a pension, and liberty." A short time produced an answer conceived in the following terms : "Your majesty offers me an asylum, and promises me liberty. But you have a sword, and you are a king : you offer a pension to me who never did you a service, but have you bestowed one on each of the brave men who have lost either a leg or an arm in doing you service ?" You may easily imagine that ever after, when the name of Rousseau came in the king's way, he did not fail to add to it the epithet you have heard, and with which, at the same time, this negotiation was concluded."

According to appearances, I had reason to believe the king, as M. le Catt had assured me, was satisfied with my character, and that he expected to derive pleasure from an occasional intercourse with me, unless, which perhaps is still more probable, he was merely pursuing his accustomed habit of making himself accessible to strangers till he had become fully acquainted with their characters, reserving to himself the power either of continuing or discontinuing this honour toward them, as his taste or interest might require. However this may be, it is at least true that he never arrived at Berlin for several years without sending a messenger to say that the king expected me at such an hour ; and the hour mentioned was almost always after four, when the signing of letters was over, or at seven, after the conclusion of his concert. I do not now speak

of the occasions when he had scarcely more than a single word to say to me; for when this was the case, he sent for me either before his dinner or at three o'clock, just as he rose from table. When he appointed the hour of four, he seldom kept me more than an hour or two at most, his concert beginning punctually at six; but when the interview was to take place at seven, it generally lasted till ten, his time of going to bed. In the early part of my residence at Berlin, I was summoned in this manner for seven or eight days successively; by degrees less frequently; a neglect which, in the course of this work, will appear sufficiently intelligible to the reader. I was not, however, at any period, completely without such interruptions, for during my residence in his dominions, no year has passed in which I had not several interviews with the king. I ought also to remark that, in the early part of our acquaintance, I was seldom sent for alone, but for the most part had for my companion either M. le Cati, the Marquis d'Argens, or Guichard: on two occasions also I met there my colleague Toussaint or Panage, author of *Les Mœurs*; but the latter did not long maintain his footing, for he lost the king's favour both by using him with too great a familiarity, and contradicting him in too direct and uncereemonious a manner; faults that proceeded from the notion he had contracted at Paris of the importance of the philosophic character.

Frédéric liked to seem to forget he was a king in such interviews as these; but then it was with a secret clause that others should not forget that circumstance. Besides this, Toussaint had another fault; he was fond of boasting that he had had a conference with the king; that the king had said such and such things to him; that he himself had made such and such a reply or observation, &c. At the same time this sovereign, being both cautious and suspicious in his temper, never failed to set spies on the conduct and demeanor of such strangers as were newly admitted to his society; and if the accounts he received of them gave him reason to believe a man vain, frivolous, or addicted to intrigue, he immediately got rid of him.

If I was more fortunate than Toussaint, it was principally because I earlier understood the character of Frédéric, and never lost sight of the rules I had in consequence laid down for my conduct. My plan consisted, first, in listening to him with the greatest attention, without betraying an eagerness to speak, unless he himself desired it. This deference appeared to me but reasonable, not only because he was a king, and under his own roof, and I was bound to obey his commands, but also because he was a great man, and that the conduct I prescribed to myself in this respect was no less due to decency than to duty. Secondly, in not lending myself to his humour in his fits of gaiety, during which he was at times extremely affronting, and never failed to degrade those who had any share in them; I preferred to amuse him less, or even to make him tired of me, and to receive from him no more summonses, to being the butt of his royal gybes, which were the more cruel, as he dealt them out without delicacy, and it was scarcely possible to reply to

them. Thirdly, never to speak of the conversations I had with him, and even, as far as it was possible, to conceal that I had been summoned. How often has it happened to me, to evade, by different excuses, the suspicion of being come from the castle, when I have joined a party of friends at supper, at an hour unreasonably late! I agreed with my wife that we would never deny these marks of favour when by some other means they were already known, but that we would never be the first to proclaim them. Fourthly, never to meddle with any kind of state affair; a resolution the more easy for me to adopt and adhere to, as I was by nature much less susceptible of ambition than desirous to pass my life in tranquillity. Fifthly, in fine, never to present myself before the king but in a plain and simple dress. This last precaution suited admirably with the principles of Frederic: he exacted, that the heads of the principal mercantile houses, his ministers of state, and especially his financiers, should display a certain luxury. The last, in particular, would have been ill received if, on occasions of being summoned, they had not presented themselves in new coats, made of the richest materials his manufactures afforded; while, on the other hand, he showed the most sovereign contempt for men in other walks, and more particularly for literary men, if they betrayed the least predilection for what he considered as mere parade. Such as these, without any other reason, were sure of seeing themselves inscribed in the class of frivolous coxcombs, and even that of rogues and pickpockets. In a word, he liked to see every man imbued with the genuine spirit of his calling.

I will cite as an instance, a coat of the finest scarlet broad-cloth, trimmed with a broad gold lace, that Toussaint got made for himself about a year after his arrival, and which in the eyes of the court and the whole city was an indelible blot in his demeanor. To this first fault he added a second of a different kind, but which caused a no less fatal impression concerning him in the minds of those acquainted with the circumstance. I allude to the steps he took, when fifty years of age, to be made a free-mason, in the hope of being afterwards admitted to the lodges occasionally held by Prince Henry: and what made the matter still worse, Prince Henry was not disposed to receive him.

One thing that served to convince me that my plan was a good one was, that I observed that M. le Catt, who always maintained a tone of reserve and respect in the presence of the king, was generally treated by him with kindness, while the Marquis d'Argens and Guichard, who joined readily in his jokes, were frequently the objects of his ridicule. I will relate only three anecdotes which at the time confirmed me strongly in the opinion I had formed. One evening the king, who was extremely ill of the gout in his bowels, sent for Guichard and myself: we found the monarch lying on a bed of hemp, his boots on his legs, a white handkerchief tied round his head, and over this his hat; he had on his great coat also, which served him for a covering. On our entering, he told each to take a chair and sit down by his bed's side, which we accordingly did. "I sent for you both together," pursued he, "be-

cause I am in too much pain, and too feeble, to take a direct part in the conversation, or even to follow you in silence ; indeed my weakness is so great, that about an hour since, in an attempt to change my linen, I fainted in the arms of my attendant, who placed me as you see on this bed. My head is so confused that I scarcely know where I am : speak on any subject you please, and in what manner you please ; I will listen to you as well as I am able, and this, at least at intervals, will help to divert my attention."

For all this neither Guichard nor myself said any thing ; each waited for the other to begin a conversation. In the mean time, the king grew impatient, incessantly repeating, "Why do you not converse? Say what you please, but pray converse."....We accordingly began some idle conversation, (the weather or something of that kind) which led the king to speak. His Majesty, though in acute bodily pain, at least at intervals, was in fact the only person who talked, which he continued to do till half past nine o'clock, when he dismissed us ; he was however compelled to interrupt himself, and yield to his sufferings almost every quarter of an hour : on these occasions he called for his attendants, and took a spoonful of some potion ; after which he generally inquired of us where he had left off, and resumed his argument. In this manner did he present to us the spectacle of a king almost expiring, a prey to pains so violent as sometimes to extort from him the most piercing cries, and force him to bend his body double during their continuance ; yet no sooner did they seem to intermit, than he returned to a new and methodical survey of his ideas.

On one occasion he said, addressing himself particularly to me, "I feel that in whatever rank of life I had been born, I should have had some kind of ambition. If the accident of birth had confined me to an ignoble career, I should then have endeavoured to become the director of some great nobleman. To ingratiate myself, Sir, in his favour, I should have studied his foibles and profited by them. If I found in him an imagination easily to be alarmed, and that he saw disease and death constantly before his eyes ; if I observed him a continual prey to fears, and ever on the watch for means to preserve himself ; I should have muffled him in half a dozen nightcaps, one over the other, and two or three dressing-gowns well wadded and of large dimensions ; with my own hands I would have stopped every crevice in his doors and windows, that not a breath of wind should have blown on him ; in fine, I would have conducted him to his life's end in a well-secured and easy carriage.

We happened to mention the extreme tenuity of the human nerves and fibres. The king appeared much interested as to the means by which, notwithstanding so delicate and complicated a constitution, we were enabled to endure such constant labour and fatigue, and to live to so great an age. "One day," said he, "in one of my excursions, I stopped to change horses opposite to a church, in the steeple of which

was a clock. I cast my eyes on the dial-plate, and observed it was in a perishing condition. I called one of the inhabitants of the place to me, and inquired of what substance this dial-plate was made? 'Of iron, Sire,' replied he. 'And how long has it stood in that steeple?'—'It is about twenty-five years ago that it was made and placed there.'.. Thus, Sir, iron itself is less durable than man. Frail as I am, I have already attained to my third dial-plate. Should you observe that the dial-plate on the steeple has been exposed to all the injuries of the elements; I answer, which of these have I not braved? To say nothing of the many privations, dangers, and poignant mental afflictions, to which this metal is a stranger."

THE LONDON GAZETTES,

CONTAINING THE MILITARY AND NAVAL DISPATCHES, PROMOTIONS, &c.



The London Gazette.

Published by Authority.

From Tuesday, Oct. 10, to Saturday, Oct. 14, 1815.

Foreign office, October 12, 1815.—His Royal Highness the Prince Regent has been pleased, in the name and on the behalf of his Majesty, to appoint George Jackson, Esq. to be his Majesty's Secretary of Embassy at the Court of Russia.

October 14.—His Royal Highness the Prince Regent has been pleased, in the name and on the behalf of his Majesty, to approve of Mr. Andrew Caspar Giese, as Consul for the King of Prussia, in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

War-Office, Oct. 14.—1st Regiment of Dragoon Guards—Captain Hon. W. S. Bernard, from the 60th Foot, to be Captain of a Troop, vice Barrow, who exchanges.

3d Ditto—Cornet J. W. La Grange to be Lieutenant, by purchase, vice Croft, who retires; Gentleman Cadet Thomas Bonnor, from the Royal Military College, to be Cornet, by purchase, vice Lane, promoted.

1st Regiment of Dragoons—Daniel Webb, Gent. to be Cornet, by purchase, vice Sturges, promoted.

2d Ditto—Lieutenant G. H. Falconar to be Captain of a Troop, by purchase, vice Payne, who retires; Augustus William Heyman, Gent. to be Cornet, by purchase, vice Graham, promoted.

4th Ditto—Robert Grant, Gent. to be Cornet, by purchase, vice Farmer, promoted.

7th Regiment of Light Dragoons—Frederick Seymour, Gent. to be Cornet, by purchase, vice Grenfell, promoted.

8th Ditto—Lieutenant H. S. Northcote, from the 6th Dragoons, to be Captain of a Troop, by purchase, vice Deare, promoted.

10th Ditto—Thomas Otway, Gent. to be Cornet, without purchase.

17th Ditto—James Tomlinson, Gent. to be Cornet, by purchase, vice Harris, promoted in the 18th Light Dragoons.

19th Ditto—George Gregory, Gent. to be Cornet, by purchase, vice Rhodes, promoted.

23d Ditto—Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel John M. Cutcliffe to be Lieutenant-Colonel, by purchase, vice the Earl of Portarlington, who retires; Lieutenant Thomas M'Dermott, from half-pay of the Staff Corps of Cavalry, to be Lieutenant, without purchase.

1st Regiment of Foot—To be Lieutenants, Ensign Alex. Glen, vice Armstrong, killed in action; Ensign Charles Mudie, vice O'Neill, killed in action; Ensign John Campbell, vice M'Donnell, appointed to the 3d Royal Veteran Battalion.

To be Ensigns—Volunteer Colin Campbell, vice Glen; Patrick Duff, Gent. by purchase, vice Howe, promoted; Angus M'Donald, Gent. vice Mudie; and Alexander Munro, Gent. vice Campbell.

4th Ditto—Lieutenant George Vincent to be Captain of a Company, without purchase, vice Kelly, appointed to the 2d Royal Veteran Battalion; Ensign ——— Levinge to be Lieutenant, vice Vincent; Volunteer John Prendergast, to be Ensign vice Levinge.

16th Ditto—To be Lieutenants, without purchase, Ensign George R. Maltby, vice Smith, deceased; Ensign W. H. Shafto, vice Stehelin, promoted in the York Chasseurs; Lieutenant William Grant, from half-pay of the 92d Foot, vice Hargrove, who exchanges.

To be Ensigns—Volunteer John Mason, vice Maltby; Gentlemen Cadet Frederick Thurlow, from the Royal Military College, vice Shafto.

To be Adjutant—Lieutenant Robert Browne, vice M'Farlane, who resigns the Adjutancy only.

21st Ditto—Robert Heron, Gent. to be Second Lieutenant, by purchase, vice Sir William Crosbie, promoted.

35th Ditto—Ensign John Hewetson to be Lieutenant, vice Rudge, deceased; Thomas Carter, Gent. to be Ensign, vice Hewetson.

38th Ditto—Lieutenant Thomas Evans, from half-pay of the Regiment, to be Lieutenant, vice Anderson, who exchanges.

39th Ditto—Captain Charles Fisher, from the 85th Foot, to be Captain of a Company, vice Johnson, who exchanges.

43d Ditto—To be Lieutenants, without purchase—Ensign John Finley, vice D'Arcey, promoted in the 60th Foot; Ensign Thomas Thornelly, vice Auchmuty, appointed to the 64th Foot.

To be Ensigns—Volunteer Thomas Havelock, vice Finley; William Bayley, Gent. vice Thornelly; Thomas Proctor, Gent. without purchase, vice Lambrecht, promoted in the 3d Garrison Battalion.

52d Ditto—Ensign Thomas Massie to be Lieutenant, without purchase, vice Fitzgerald, promoted in the 60th Foot.

To be Ensigns—Volunteer George Gun, from the 91st Foot, vice Jackson, who resigns; John Hart, Gent. vice Massie.

56th Ditto—Ensign David Rutledge to be Lieutenant, without purchase, vice Cairnes, promoted in the 60th Foot; Pigot Ince, Gent. to be Ensign, vice Rutledge.

60th Ditto—To be Captains of Companies—Lieutenant Andrew Leitch, by purchase, vice Moore, who retires; Captain Richard Barrow, from the 1st Dragoon Guards, vice Bernard, who exchanges.

To be Lieutenant, by purchase—Ensign D. White, vice Leitch.

To be Assistant-Surgeon—Hospital-Assistant Nathaniel Morgan.

64th Ditto—Thomas Stevenson, Gent. to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Ralston, promoted.

66th Ditto—To be Lieutenants—Lieutenant W. B. Stiles, from the 34th Foot, without purchase, vice Chambers, deceased; Ensign Patrick John Douglas, by purchase, vice Morgan, promoted.

67th Ditto—Lieutenant George Rea to be Captain of a Company, vice Scott, deceased.

To be Lieutenants—Ensign J. W. Sloane, vice Rea; Ensign R. H. Tidmarsh, by purchase, vice Agar, who retires; Ensign Henry Richardson, by purchase, vice Ronald, promoted.

To be Ensign without purchase—William Cockerill, Gent. vice Bartle, promoted in the 3d Garrison Battalion.

69th Ditto—Quarter-Master-Serjeant—Blythman to be Quarter-Master, vice Henry, promoted in the 5th Royal Veteran Battalion.

71st Ditto—Captain R. North, from half-pay of the 50th Foot, to be Captain of a Company, vice Graham, who exchanges; George Nason, Gent. to be Ensign, without purchase, vice O'Brien, promoted in the 3d Garrison Battalion.

73d Ditto—To be Lieutenants—Ensign G. D. Bridge, vice Crane, deceased; Ensign George Hughes, vice Acres, dead of his wounds; Ensign A. Blennerhasset, vice Browne, dead of his wounds.

To be Ensigns—Henry Monck, Gent. vice Bridge; Charles Mills, Gent. vice Hughes; Simon Hart Tryddell, Gent. vice Blennerhasset.

79th Ditto—To be Ensigns—Volunteer Donald Cameron, without purchase, vice Noyes, whose appointment has not taken place; Matthew M'Donagh, Gent. by purchase, vice Cameron, promoted.

To be Quarter-Master—Quarter-Master-Serjeant John Gow, vice Sinclair, promoted in the 3d Royal Veteran Battalion.

81st ditto—Lieutenant Cornelius O'Connor, from half-pay of the 31st Foot, to be Lieutenant, vice Hyde, who exchanges; Charles Seton, Gent. to be Ensign, without purchase, vice Donoghue, promoted to the 3d Garrison Battalion.

82d Ditto—To be Lieutenants, without purchase—Ensign Maurice O'Connell, vice Dickenson, appointed to the 6th Royal Veteran Battalion; Ensign George Mackay, vice Whitaker, deceased.

To be Ensigns—William Carew, Gent. vice O'Connell; Stewart Derbyshire, Gent. vice Mackay.

84th Ditto—Edward Woolhouse, Gent. to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Holmes, promoted.

85th Ditto—Captain Charles C. Johnson, from the 39th Foot, to be Captain of a Company, vice Fisher, who exchanges.

89th Ditto—James Dawson, Gent. to be Ensign, without purchase, vice Lewis, promoted in the 3d Garrison Battalion.

91st Ditto—Ensign Nicholas Horsley to be Lieutenant, without purchase, vice Campbell, promoted; Volunteer David Campbell to be Ensign, vice Horsley.

93d Ditto—Charles Hunter, Gent. to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Grant, promoted in the 60th Foot.

100th Ditto—To be Lieutenants, without purchase—Ensigns George Daly and J. Davidson

To be Ensigns—Michael Harris, Gent. vice Daly; George Conolly, Gent. vice Davidson.

101st Ditto—Ensign D. R. Addison to be Lieutenant, without purchase, vice Park, who resigns; Richard Martin, Gent. to be Ensign, Vice Addison; Hospital-Assistant David M'Kirby, to be Assistant-Surgeon, vice Reid, appointed to the York Light Infantry Volunteers.

103d—Ensign John N. Barber to be Lieutenant, by purchase, vice Alexander Cuppge, sen. who retires; Ensign S. B. Ross, from Meuron's Regiment, to be Ensign, without purchase, vice Barber.

2d West India Regiment—Matthew Day, Gent. to be Ensign, without purchase, vice Mackenzie, whose appointment has not taken place.

Cape Regiment—Lieutenant Honourable William Ogilvy, from the 52d Foot, to be Captain of a Company, by purchase, vice Kirby, who retires.

2d Garrison Battalion—Lieutenant H. Tisdall, from half-pay of the 23d Foot, to be Lieutenant, vice Griffiths, who exchanges; Lieutenant Joseph Crawford to be Adjutant, vice Griffiths, who resigns the Adjutancy only.

3d Ditto—Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh Henry, from the 5th West India Regiment, to be Lieutenant-Colonel.

To be continued,

THE
ROYAL
MILITARY CHRONICLE;

OR

BRITISH OFFICER'S

MONTHLY REGISTER, CHRONICLE, AND MILITARY
MENTOR.

FOR DECEMBER, 1815.

CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL MEMORIALS for the History of the present Times.—Nuits de l'Abdication de l'Empereur Napoleon [*The Nights of the Abdication of the Emperor Napoleon*]: translated from the French of Didier, 77

ORIGINAL HISTORY of the memorable Italian Campaign of Suworow in 1799, 85

ORIGINAL LETTERS written by Officers during the several Campaigns in Portugal and Spain, arranged according to the Campaigns:—Letters during the Campaigns of 1808, and 1809, 93

HISTORY of the WAR in SPAIN and PORTUGAL. Translated from the French of General Sarrazin, continued, 101

ORIGINAL Narrative of My Services, in the Year 1813, translated from the French continued, 109

The HISTORY of the WAR from the year 1793 to 1814—Campaign of 1793 continued, 117

The LIVES of the GREAT CAPTAINS of MODERN HISTORY—The Life of John Duke of Marlborough continued, 125

MEMORIALS of the public and private Life of Frederic of Prussia—Frederic in his Youth, 132

OFFICIAL NARRATIVES of the Campaigns of Buonaparte.—Campaign in Germany of 1809;—Thirteenth Bulletin continued, 131; 14th, 142; 15th, 143; 16th and 17th, 144; 18th and 19th, 145; 20th, 147; Imperial Decree, ib.; 21st, 148; 22d, 149

The LONDON GAZETTES, 153

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NOTICES.

1. The Editor having procured a most valuable Journal of the **THREE DAYS OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO**, by a Staff Officer, it will be published on the 20th of this month, in a large octavo volume, price Five Shillings and Sixpence. It is at once the most detailed and able account hitherto published.
2. At the same time with the above will be published, price Two Shillings and Sixpence, the **THIRD JOURNAL OF THE CAMPAIGNS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON IN THE PENINSULA**.
3. The Fifteenth Number of D'Anville's Atlas and Geography of the Ancients (which concludes that valuable work), was published on the 20th of last month, and may now be had of all the Booksellers.

THE ROYAL MILITARY CHRONICLE.

No. 20.]

NEW SERIES, DEC. 1815.

[Vol. IV.]

ORIGINAL MEMORIALS FOR THE HISTORY OF THE PRESENT TIMES.

UITS DE L'ABDICATION DE L'EMPEREUR NAPOLEON.

[THE NIGHTS OF THE ABDICATION OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.]

Translated from the French of Didier.

THE Emperor, upon his arrival at Paris, had me called up at half past six.—He was with the Duke of Otranto, Minister of Police, who most probably was giving an account of the situation of parties. Napoleon appeared to be much embarrassed and confused. M. Fouché seemed also to be very sensibly affected, and submissive.

When he was gone the Emperor ordered me to draw up three copies of a written paper, which he took from a *porte-feuille*. Whilst I was disposing myself to do this he was muttering these words: "Tranquil—every thing, according to him, is tranquil! and I have only to speak to obtain every thing! Which then is right, this report or he?—Ah! I will give credit to this report, which accords so well with what I anticipate—(then shaking the paper) this has never deceived me."

I wrote nearly in the following terms:—"The uneasiness is universal, but the more concealed, as it is the more general. There are meetings in the evenings and at nights in the street Sainte Marguerite, Faubourg St. Antoine, at the house of C—, a principal agent of the party of the *Federes*; and at the house of L— of the Chamber of Representatives, in the *Rue des Maçons Serbonne*. This last-mentioned meeting is composed of Royalists. The Curé of St. N—, who is one of the party, says that this meeting is by no means dangerous, and that it will not become so but in case of the enemy's success. The Deputies are less timid. Yesterday, in consequence of a letter having been received by one of them, S—y was of opinion, that during the Emperor's absence a Commission of *Surveillance* should be appointed, composed of Members of the Chambers, or persons not of the Chambers, to which Commission Prince Joseph and the Council of Regency should be obliged to render an account. This motion will be made on the first news of success, under the pretext that the Emperor will seize that occasion to extend his Constitutional authority. The Royalists and the Republicans of the Assembly will come to an understanding. They will come to a much more perfect understanding should there be a reverse. The Royalists wish it, and it is certainly believed that they will organise more than one, which will be imputed to the Emperor, whose spirit, they say, begins to droop. This is what they also say of Carnot, by reason of his late report.—The patriots, however, do not wish for disasters, but if any should happen, they will be ready to profit by them."

Two copies of this report were addressed to Regnault d'Angely, and to Carnot. The Emperor kept the third, and burnt the original.

I was finishing my task when the Princess Hortense was announced. I left the room, but incited by a curiosity, blameable, perhaps, but which, in these distressing circumstances, arose only from the interest which it excited, I passed round the bed-room and slipped into the wardrobe, in which was a dormer window, which, though almost entirely covered by a small folded curtain, enabled me with difficulty to perceive, or to express myself more correctly, to guess at some *traits* of the scene, the perspective of which lay before me. From the situation in which I was placed, I could only see Napoleon's profile, and Madame de St. Leu's full face. She was seated, holding in one hand a handkerchief, with which, at intervals, she covered her eyes, and in the other a smelling-bottle. She was pale, and appeared to be considerably affected. The Emperor, sometimes standing, sometimes sitting down very quickly, was speaking in monosyllables, and that at intervals, the sound of which I could only hear without comprehending the meaning. From the supplicating gestures which she used—from her eyes bathed in tears—from some sighs which escaped her, it was easy to imagine that she was warmly soliciting something which her father-in-law was refusing. I have since learned that she was begging him to demand peace, and was endeavouring to make him understand the danger of continuing the war. To all the objections of the Princess the Monarch answered in laconic and decisive phrases, in which I could distinguish the words the *Bourbons*—the *English*—*dishonour*.—At length, seemingly incensed at not overcoming by violence this mildly obstinate resistance, the Emperor strikes furiously with his foot, and presses with his hands against a pile of small volumes heaped up on his bureau, and scatters them about the room. One of these volumes happened to hit the foot of Madame Hortense, whose tears were redoubled by this violence. Napoleon stops, moderates his passion, goes immediately up to her, and from the serenity which appeared on the forehead of that unfortunate princess, I might suppose that she had obtained part of her demand. The interview ended with these words, which the Emperor pronounced in a very loud voice—"Send me your son!" after which he affectionately kissed the hand of Madame de St. Leu, who then departed.

The Council of Ministers was held at 8 o'clock, but as I had no business there, I shall not give an account of it. The post of that day brought a great quantity of letters, which confirmed the reports respecting our defeat. Vain was the expectation that the victory of Charleroi, and the still more important one of Ligny, might have been able to cheer up our spirits. Whether from hope, whether from fear, these spirits were given up to a most dangerous state of fluctuation. From three o'clock till five an extraordinary report, which had taken its rise at the Exchange, flew all over the town, and found its way into all ranks of society. It was known we had experienced a great reverse. The unexpected presence of the Emperor completed the consternation. Groups without number assembled together—dispersed—formed again without ceasing in the public places, on the walks, on the quays, on the bridges, and on the Boulevards. Men looked at each other distrustfully—addressed each other with precaution, and put questions with hesitation. Nobody dared utter what he feared, what he hoped, what he thought, or what he happened to learn.—Fear and silence reigned in these groups, collected together from a troubled curiosity, disunited as they were by a terror still more alarming. Here and there a few imperfect expressions escaped, some incoherencies were

uttered. In the midst of this almost general disquietude, the ill-dissembled joy of some men could be distinguished, who had the presumption to put questions—were eager to give answers, and in pretending to lament the public misfortune were making it worse, and exaggerating every circumstance. Many broils arose from this conduct.

Some singular remarks were made on that deplorable evening: the first, that the success of the Generals Travot and Lamarque had necessarily produced the pacification of La Vendee, which has since been attributed to another motive: the second, that all the operations of the funds, which had been always drooping since the departure of the Emperor, were rising with a degree of elevation, in proportion as our misfortunes appeared to augment. This is accounted for from its being found that the fluctuations of commerce but ill accord with the bloody sports of war, and that capitalists and statesmen seldom travel the same road.

A third fact furnished matter of reflection to many minds. On the very morning of the day on which the misfortunes of the country began to transpire, the Assizes Court acquitted two persons charged with the distribution of seditious libels. In this the Court was right, because the persons were declared innocent; but the speech of their Advocate presented a singularity which could not fail to employ the wits of men disposed to conjectures. In a most brilliant opening speech, though altogether destitute of logic, and which was quite foreign to the proceedings, the Advocate, feigning to plead before the Emperor, addressed to him in the least respectful forms, all the bitter things which the Journalists had lavished against him since his abdication. Such of the auditors as were in the secret, warmly applauded this courage, which was attended with no danger, others of less penetration were apprehensive lest the zeal of the Advocate would prove injurious to his tranquillity; but all, when they heard it, maintained that an attempt against the life of the Emperor, who was simply styled Head of the Government, so far from constituting the crime of high treason, could not be even termed assassination, found no trouble in concluding, that so far from continuing to exist in the character of a Potentate, Napoleon must soon cease to exist as a man. Events have since proved that the Advocate, in his stimulated apostrophe, having compared himself to Cicero pleading for Marcellus before Cæsar, possessed, like that orator, the gift of prophecy.

IMPERIAL COMMITTEE.

NIGHT OF THE TWENTY-FIRST OF JUNE.

This Committee consisted—1st, of Ministers holding Departments—2dly, of Ministers of State—3dly, of a Commission, formed by the President and four Members of the Chamber of Peers—4thly, of a Commission nominated by the Chamber of Representatives, and formed of the President and four Vice-Presidents—5thly, of a certain number of Counsellors of State—6thly, of the heads of the Civil and Military Authorities of Paris—7thly, of many Peers and Representatives added to the Committee by the Emperor—8thly, of some Citizens, who were also invited by the Emperor.

In this meeting, made up of heterogeneous elements, but in which the friends of Napoleon were the ruling party, at least, as to numbers; an uneasy murmur at first prevailed; fits of sullen and prolonged silence still more alarming than the murmurs occasionally intervening. Although the greater part of these characters were known to each other, the supposition that each per-

son at this important crisis was concentrating all his affections in personal considerations, probably compromised, kept alive suspicion and distrust.

More than one project had been carried to the meeting: and in order to propose them, to obtain them a kind reception, or cause them to triumph, it was necessary to join the *finesse* of trick and contrivance to the ascendancy of influence or power. The members disguised their thoughts most carefully, and suffered, in a careless way, the intention which they chiefly cherished to be seen. The true motives and objects were disguised in the expressions made use of; each in his march, was making his way to his object through private ways. What was this object? This sitting did not exhibit it clearly, but gave just a glimpse of it. This was what the counter-marchings, and the different manœuvres of the numerous groups which divided the assembly and occupied the halls till the Emperor made his appearance, endeavoured to conceal.

His three brothers preceded him. When they appeared, the partial committees were suspended, and the groups dispersed; the meeting was held in the great saloon, where three rows of seats were placed, and when every one was seated, the members continued to entertain each other in an under-voice, and in murmuring accents.

A private secretary announced the Emperor. All stood up: he saluted the Assembly; the Members sat down without waiting for any previous invitation, and when silence was restored, Napoleon addressed them.

At first he appeared affected; he was pale, and his left hand extended on the table, seemed to be agitated with convulsive motions. By degrees he recovered himself, and spoke in a calm manner. The painful position in which he was placed—the necessary result of his awful situation, produced in the assembly a favourable feeling towards him, which was the means of keeping back more projects than one, and gave a turn to the deliberation which the authors of them did not expect.

The Emperor confirmed the report of our disaster, which the bulletin (copies of which were now in circulation) had already given us to understand. He spoke of French valour in terms of admiration—of the prudent bravery of the enemy with sincerity—paid a well-merited compliment to the talents of Lord Wellington, but which, from his mouth, appeared very remarkable, and nobly acknowledged his own faults. This impulse, which appeared to me to have been dictated by candour, and which had the same effect as address, disposed some of his auditors to entertain favourable sentiments towards him who came to the meeting with quite different feelings. I am inclined to think that he took notice of this change, which was manifested by a murmur which ran through the Assembly, so much the more encouraging as it had succeeded to a dead silence. Napoleon, without making his mind up, had brought their minds to accord to him what three of his advisers more formally demanded.

Count Regnault.—"The glory of France is in her army; her honour depends on the restoration of our losses; her liberty and independence depend on the strength of her defenders; the safety of the country consists in their number, their discipline, and their exploits. A great reverse is to great souls but a salutary warning. Let us turn to the triumph of principles, that misfortune which might at first sight appear to compromise them. If victory has ceased to crown our standards, are there not other palms besides those which are sprinkled with blood? The olive of peace may still flourish upon our menaced frontier; but that it may bear permanent fruit, it must be planted by heroic hands. Already does the army rally; but our astonished eagle, afflicted

at the absence of its defenders, demands that we should fill up those glorious vacancies, which unheard of sacrifices have made in their ranks. Will you refuse to recruit with heroes this heroic army? By enlarging its battalions, or, at least, by filling them up with devoted men, you will second the public enthusiasm—you will crown the wishes of the nation. Far, however, be from us the desire of revenge—the only conquest for which we fight is that of peace; but in order that we might not be compelled to beg it on our knees, it is necessary that their number should correspond with their courage. A nation defeated, but which never will be utterly vanquished, should not present the reed of peace, but when leaning upon the massive club of her combats. I conclude with moving, that the Chambers make an appeal to French valour, whilst the Emperor is treating for peace in the most steady and dignified manner."

General *La Fayette* opposed this measure; "There is but one measure," said he, "which can save the country; and if the Ministers of the Emperor will not advise him to adopt it, his great soul will reveal it to him."

This observation excited many murmurs, and much applause. Napoleon cast his eyes downwards, speedily looked up, and smiled with disdain.

M. de Flaugergues, after supporting the proposition of Count Regnault with additional arguments, concluded with a motion for a patriotic loan, for the purpose of repairing the *materiel* of the army, and to assist in the expences of a new levy.

M. Flahault proved, that under the actual circumstances in which matters were placed, that measure which appeared to be an expedient would prove an obstacle. He demanded its rejection.

The Duke de *Bassano* endeavoured to prove, that the recruiting of men and levying of money were not only not necessary, but would even be injurious, without preliminary measures were adopted. These measures, according to the honourable member, would consist in placing under the surveillance of a more severe, but above all, of a more immediate police, all those who for five-and-twenty years have made parts of different factions, the re-union of which forms a part of the opposition.

"The menaces of the existing police are reduced to empty sounds," said he; "it is necessary that they should justify their institution by real effects." This part of the opposition, recruited by the discontented of all the regimes, is the centre of correspondence to all our enemies beyond the frontiers, who are no more than its agents. The war thus becomes national, because its principle is factious. Cause those Chiefs to be punished who, from Paris, from *La Vendee*, from *Lille*, from *Toulouse*, from *Marseilles*, and from *Bordeaux*, feed the hopes of the Court of *Ghent*, and the animosity of Europe, which they have determined to unite in one coalition—exclude their accomplices of greatest influence from public functions, and, above all, from the higher ranks of the Magistracy; watch the inferior agents with more strictness, and you will have produced the double effect of disconcerting the foreign enemy, and of strengthening the Government and its friends. Had this measure been adopted, such a one, who now understands me, would not smile at the misfortunes of the country, and *Wellington* would not be marching on *Paris*.

Here marks of violent disapprobation broke out, which were, with great difficulty repressed by the respect due to the Majesty of the Sovereign. Count *Garat* refuted the measures demanded by the person who spoke last; he proved that it was useless and dangerous, and, rejecting all personalities, he desired that instead of exasperating the minds of men, it would be more proper to soothe them, by gentle proceedings. This discourse was much applauded

but general expressions appeared out of place, when the evil required practical remedies. Prince Cambaceres proposed that peace should be sued for, but on conditions the most honourable and the most conciliating.

Count Thibeaudeau observed, that no peace was to be expected from an enemy who would establish it on two impracticable conditions, namely, the exclusion of Buonaparte, and the restoration of the Bourbons. "That we might be brought to renounce glory is (said the speaker) possible, though cruel, because there are no sacrifices which the love and safety of one's country do not atone for; but what atonement can be made for the loss of honour? and what dishonour would be greater than that of receiving, at the point of English bayonets, those Princes who never were able to march a step but as they were supported by them? They have ceased to be Frenchmen, and the peace which you would make in accepting them would only change the seat of the war, which would, removed from the frontiers, steep these palaces in blood. All honour would then belong to prejudices, to excesses, to abuses! Woe, then, to noble ideas, to liberal institutions, and to every thing which would render life dear to the friends of liberty!"

General Count Drouet spoke to the same effect.

M. M. C. and S. D. cried aloud for war: "Open the frontiers! (said one of them) Let those barriers of steel which guard them fall; let the army rally under the rocks of Laon, and if it be necessary, even under the walls of Paris! Then covering your eagles with the crape of mourning, you will call to their defence every being that possesses a heart, an arm, and a weapon.—The enemy, like a torrent, will inundate the sacred territory, but this will be fatal to them; and placed between our concentrated phalanxes and all our citizens, in a state of insurrection against them, they will regret the victory which shall lead to their defeat."

M. R. and M. B. enlarged upon these martial ideas. The last mentioned, in the way of periphrase, but which was by no means equivocal to any one who possessed the sense of hearing, "Let us perceive the possibility—even the necessity of a change in the form of the government." He endeavoured to make it understood that when the question was, how to defend the rights of the nation, it was necessary that the liberties of the nation should not be mere chimeras, and these rights words without meaning. This speech, which had a republican tendency, was favourably received by a certain number of the members present, and very much disapproved of by others. The Emperor sneered very often while the speaker was delivering his harangue; and towards the end, he beckoned with his finger, for the Minister (Carnot), and for Prince Lucien, with whom he conversed for some minutes, in a low voice, and with much warmth.

M. M. C. already known, and remarkable for the dexterity with which he manages a speech and disposes the minds of men, undertook to turn the Ministers aside from all exaggerated measures, and to rally them at a middle point. These ambiguous terms, which decided nothing, allowing to each time for the erection of new batteries, or for the dismounting those of his adversaries, consequently were agreeable to all. It was, therefore, agreed upon—first, that the Chambers should be invited to treat with the Allied Sovereigns, through the medium of an embassy of their own choosing: (there was a very animated discussion on the word all, which M. M. L. and M. D. P. wished to be placed before the word Sovereigns;) secondly, that the Ministers should propose a law for the raising of men and money.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ORIGINAL HISTORY
OF THE MEMORABLE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN OF SUWOROW IN
1799.

SIR,

I need not inform you that one of the most splendid æras in the whole course of the war is the Campaign of Suworow in Italy in the year 1799, and you are doubtless equally well informed, that no history of this campaign has as yet been before the public. The following is at your service. Permit me to add my voice to the general approbation of the two last volumes of the Military Chronicle, which contain a greater portion of cotemporary history and original documents than any other work of any kind of the present day.

H.

IT was in the month of April, 1799, that the renowned Suworow opened the campaign which threw such brilliancy over the close of the eighteenth century, and which delivered Italy from the galling and disgraceful yoke, from the pillagings, the murders, and the sacrilege of the rapacious, bloody and impious republicans of France. This charming country had fallen, state after state, before the arms of the enemies of God and man. The Emperor's Italian possessions, those of the Dukes of Tuscany and Modena, had been over-run and revolutionized; Rome followed next, the aged Pope had been robbed, insulted, and led captive by a French Calvinist, acting under the orders of the infidels of Paris; lastly, the Kings of Naples and Sardinia had been driven from their dominions: so that, at the time Suworow entered Italy, the French were in possession of the whole country from Dauphiné to the gulph of Venice, and from Switzerland to the bay of Taranto

To defend this territory, to keep the Italians chained at their feet, and to sally out on their enemies, their force was evidently inadequate. Moreau with about forty thousand men, was stationed in the Milanese; Championnet, with eighteen thousand, in the states of the church; Macdonald, with twenty thousand, in the kingdom of Naples, and Scherer with forty-seven thousand on the banks of the Adige.

The insolent usurpers of France, still sacrificing safety to pride, and reason to presumption, instead of collecting their forces, which were scattered over the whole face of Italy, and opposing the entire body to the Austrians, who were preparing to attack Scherer on the Adige, were obstinately determined to keep possession of all their conquests,

On the 26th of March, Scherer, though inferior in force, attacked the Austrians under General Kray, who were posted on the opposite side of the Adige. This was little more than a drawn battle. Scherer did, indeed, inform his masters, that he had gained a victory and had taken four thousand Austrians and twelve pieces of cannon; but, it nevertheless appeared, that, even from his own account, this victory was confined to the carrying of two bridges. The two hostile armies renewed

the combat on the 31st of March, and again on the fifth of April, on which last day the French were driven from the banks of the Adige to Mantua with very great loss. According to General Kray's official accounts, the enemy, during the twelve days they were engaged, from the 26th of March to the fifth of April at night, lost twenty thousand men killed and wounded, and seven thousand prisoners.

Schérer did not attempt to make a stand at Mantua; he continued his flight till he got behind the Oglio and the Adda; and, by the 18th of April, the countries of Ferrara, Brescia and Mantua were in the hands of the Imperialists. The accounts of General Kray were probably exaggerated, but certainly the army of "invincible conquerors" were greatly reduced in number. Schérer was recalled by the mortified tyrants of France, and the remnant of his army, after leaving ten thousand men in the city of Mantua and five thousand in Peschiera, was put under the command of Moreau.

On the 14th of April twenty-three thousand Russians, led by *Field-Marshal Suworow*, reached Verona, and the next day proceeded on their way to join Field-Marshal Kray. The command of the combined Imperial armies now devolved on Suworow; nor was it long before the audacious and impious enemy began to feel the effects of his valour. Moreau, who had received great reinforcements, had posted his army on the banks of the Adda. The position was very strong, and reached from Lecco to Pizzighitone. It was absolutely necessary for the French to keep this station, or yield a very extensive tract of country. On the 23d of April the right wing and centre of the allies entered Bergamo and Bergamasco, while General Klenau passed the Po, and led a division of Austrians into the Modenese. The fate of Milan, therefore, and of the Cisalpine republic, depended on the preservation of the post of the Adda. This river was very difficult to pass, having in its course from the Lake of Como to Lodi, very steep banks, and having all its passes well guarded by intrenchments. The French had very faintly defended the space between the Mincio and the Adda, but on the banks of the latter they had taken every measure to make up for their inferiority of numbers and the decreasing courage of the troops. They had strongly fortified Cassano, which place and the right bank of the Adda were defended by formidable batteries and a well-constructed *tête-de-pont*. The head quarters of Moreau were at the village of Inzago, and two divisions of his army were posted there, in order to prevent the passage of the Adda at that place. Near Lecco the French were also strongly fortified, and had a *tête-de-pont* on the left bank. A division under General Serrurier defended the Upper Adda, one half of which was posted behind Lecco, a part near Port Imberzago, and another near Trezzo. On the Lower Adda, towards Lodi, the enemy had a detachment under General Delmas, and a strong garrison in Pizzighitone.

Thus posted, and thus fortified both by art and nature, it is not surprising that the French should look upon themselves as secure and unassailable; but they forgot, that Suworow was the assailant.

On the 26th of April the Field Marshal resolved to force the passage of the river, and on the 27th he put his resolution in practice.

Gen. Vukassowich crossed the river in the night near Brivio, by the means of a flying bridge, which had been nearly destroyed by the enemy, but was afterwards quickly repaired; and took a good position on the right bank.

An Austrian column arrived at nine o'clock in the evening behind the village of Gervasto, opposite to Trezzo, consisting of the division of Field Marshal Lieut. Ott, as advanced guard; and that of Field Marshal Lieutenant Zoph to support it. The captain of the pontoniers, who had been previously sent forward, reported that it was impossible to throw a bridge, owing to the declivity of the banks, and the sharp turnings of the river.

On receiving this report, the quarter-master general Marquis Chasteller went to the place himself, and finding the execution of this design difficult, though not quite impossible, resolved with the assistance of the fourth Bannat battalion, and that of the chasseurs (whose colonel volunteered the service), to have the pontoons carried down by men, and to attempt to re-establish the bridge.

Between twelve at night and five in the morning all the pontoons and beams were fortunately brought down; and at half past five the bridge was completed. Thirty chasseurs of the corps of Aspre and fifty volunteers of Nadasty were carried over in a boat to the opposite side, and remained at the foot of the rugged mountain, on which the castle of Trezzo is built, without making the least noise.

The bridges being finished, Major Retzer, with six companies of the above-mentioned chasseurs and one regiment of Russian cossacks passed the Adda: one battalion of Nadasty, two of Esterhazy, and the fourth Bannat battalion then passed the river, under the command of Col. Bideskuti, and fell upon the enemy in and behind Trezzo.

The French, who considered the building of this bridge impossible, had not the least notice thereof. The above brigades was followed by the seventh hussars and two cossack regiments. The enemy was driven back as far as Pozzo, where Field Marshal Lieut. Ott, whose whole division crossed the river, fell upon that of the enemy commanded by General Grenier, which was on the point of advancing against General Vukassowich at Brivio.

The battle was very obstinate; the enemy took post between Pozzo and Brivio, where it was most vigorously attacked.

The enemy, who in the mean time had drawn reinforcements from Victor's division, was on the point of turning the Imperial right wing, and the Bannat battalion had already begun to give way, when General Chasteller led up the two grenadier battalions Pers and Stentoch, which formed the head of Field Marshal Lieut. Zoph's division, just then coming up against the enemy.

The battalion Pers having attacked in front, suffered considerably; but the Stentoch battalion, with two squadrons of hussars of Archduke

Joseph's regiment, under the command of Captain Kirchner, led on by Lieutenant Bokarme of the engineers (to the sound of military music), fell on the enemy's left flank, which was totally routed; and the hussars, having broken through the French, made three hundred prisoners, and cut two hundred to pieces.

The village of Pozzo was carried sword in hand. The enemy, in the mean time had received reinforcements, and marched his troops up in order in the road that leads from Baprio to Milan, but was again attacked, and Major Retzer with the Nadasty battalion, took Baprio, and made two hundred prisoners.

The enemy was pursued; and near Gergonzollo the French General Beker, and thirty wounded officers, were taken prisoners.

At the same time General Melas marched against Cassano, and battered the intrenchments across the Ritorto canal with twelve-pounders and howitzers; and, as the French fell back, caused a flying bridge to be thrown over the canal di Ritorto. First Lieutenant of the pioneers, Count Kinski, completed it in spite of the heavy fire of the enemy. General Melas immediately ordered the Reisky's regiment against the intrenchments which covered the bridge, which, with three cannons, was carried with so much rapidity, that the bridge, which had been set on fire by the French, was saved.

General Melas crossed the Adda with his whole column; and the same evening marched to Gergonzollo, and the next day early (28th), to Milan.

The two divisions Frohlich and Ott advanced to Milan on the 28th; the right, under General Rosenberg, passed the Adda at Brivio on the 27th; but General Vukassowich, who had already passed the river, formed the advanced guard, met with a division of French under General Serrurier, at Bertero, which, after a most obstinate engagement, was beaten, and forced to capitulate. The whole corps laid down its arms; the officers were permitted to return to France on their parole, and the privates remained prisoners of war.

After this affair, General Vukassowich marched to Como, and the Russians to the right of Milan.

This battle (which has taken the surname of *The Adda*) cost the French 6,000 men in killed and wounded, 5,400 prisoners (amongst whom were three generals) and eighty pieces of cannon; the Austro-Russian army took fourteen standards. The loss on the part of the allies was stated at 3,000 killed and wounded.

In the plan and execution of this attack, Suworow discovered all that presence of mind and promptitude, for which he had long been celebrated, and which are the first requisites in a great general. His distribution of the several divisions under his command was admirable; every corps seemed to be the best fitted for the service which it was appointed to perform; his knowledge of the talents and qualities of the several general officers appeared to be as perfect as if they had all served under him for years; his orders were given with brevity and precision,

with dignity and solemnity; his name inspired confidence in the army and struck the enemy with terror. In his official account of the engagement he gives great praise to several of the Austrian and Russian officers, but particularly to Generals Melas and Chasteller. General Melas, with his division, carried the intrenchments on the opposite bank, and penetrated into Cassano in spite of a most obstinate and destructive resistance: and, it was owing to the skill and intrepidity of General Marquis Chasteller that the passage at Trezzo, which the enemy thought impossible, was so successfully effected.

Nor was the battle of the Adda more glorious in itself than important in its consequences. Moreau, with his defeated and disheartened army, passed the Tesino, abandoned even the Novarese and the valley of Sesia, and continued his retreat, till, on the 1st of May, he took shelter under the walls of Turin, the capital of Piedmont, and also the capital of the king of Sardinia's dominions.

Milan, which was the seat of government of the Cisalpine republic, and which was only fifteen miles from the hostile armies, waited with the utmost anxiety the event of the battle of the Adda, on which its fate, as well as that of the whole republic of which it was the capital, evidently depended. As soon, therefore, as certain fugitives brought the news to the city, the vile creatures of France, the Lombard republicans, the Directory and Legislative Representatives were seen making off like thieves, out of the gate towards Piedmont, while the honest and loyal part of the inhabitants were rushing to the opposite road to receive the Imperial troops. Here shouts of joy and blessings resounded all the way.

Three years before, when Massena, who then commanded the van of Buonaparte's army, approached this city, he was met by a band of traitors and rebels, who hailed him as the harbinger of *liberty*. Very different was the procession that went out to welcome Suworow. The archbishop of Milan, who, like his predecessor St. Ambrose, had scorned to abandon his flock to despair amidst the barbarians, was at the head, followed by his clergy, and the old magistracy who were so horribly oppressed on the invasion of the French. They met the Austro-Russian army at Crassenzago, and delivered to Suworow the keys of the city, but could not find language sufficient to express their joy and their gratitude. From Crassenzago to Milan, which was three miles, the way was so crowded that the army could scarcely advance. From the streets, the windows, the house tops of the city, the conqueror was saluted with continued shouts of "Long live religion, the Emperor, and Suworow!" Such were the lamentations, which, after a three years' trial, the loss of republicanism excited in Lombardy!

Very few excesses were committed. Some houses belonging to the leading revolutionists, such as Serbelloni at Milan, and Campara at Brescia, were plundered, and that more by the populace than by the troops. At the same time that an amnesty was published, a proclamation, as wise as necessary, was issued, forbidding all reprisals, all vio-

lence against the partizans of the annihilated system. The amnesty, however, could not be, nor was it extended to the principal authors of the public calamities, to those who before the French irruption and to the very last day persisted in preferring the interests of the Directory of Paris to those of their fellow-subjects, and in being the accomplices and executioners of the oppression under which Lombardy groaned. Some persons of ill repute were arrested for the sake of policy, but most of the great criminals and appointed agents had followed the French army to Turin.

The Cisalpine Directory was composed of five fellows named Savoldo, Alessandari, Testi, Lamberti, and Adelesio. Their brethren of Paris had inserted them in the national Almanack of France, *next to the Emperor of Russia*. One of these renegadoes thought it best to purchase his pardon by returning to the frontiers, where, by consent of the Minister of Finance and some other members of the administration, he gave up the secret repositories and archives of the runaway government.

Turin offering no security sufficiently stable to this horde of wandering dignitaries and their dependants, to the vultures, agents, and constituted robbers who followed the French army, the caravans of them made their way by Mount Cenis, flowing into France, that common sewer of the revolutionary filth of Europe, and into which the refuse of Switzerland, Italy, Ireland, and Germany, have been continually pouring. A spectator of this discharge of corruption tells us, that no pencil can paint the band, pursued in imagination by the cossacks, clambering over the precipices of the Alps, a-foot, on mules, on asses, and litters; nor the medley of directors, legislators, ambassadors, secretaries, prostitutes, players, deserters, sans-culottes, usurers, and dethroned delegates, here cursed and there laughed at by the people who were witnesses of this new flight to *paradise*, consoling themselves for their miseries, with imprecations, and loading one another with censure.

At the end of eight days, there remained not, in Milan, a vestige of the republican government. The Executive Directory, the ministers of war, of finance and of foreign affairs, the council of elders, the council of youngers, the committees of safety and of secrecy, the departmental administrators and municipal officers, the revolutionary tribunals and national guards, the requisitions, tricoloured flags, cockades, passports, certificates of civism, forced loans, jack-ketches, liberty-caps, and guillotines,——all were vanished like the phantoms of a dream! the Imperial government was re-established in all its parts. The armorial bearings of *the apes* of France, yet new and fresh, gave place to the Royal Eagle, and the Cisalpine soldiers, deserted by the rebel chiefs, enlisted under the banners of their lawful sovereign.

Thus perished, after an existence of three years that wonderful creation of Buonaparte's genius, the mighty Cisalpine republic! That state, in which all malignant republicans hoped to see another permanent example of successful rebellion, was vanquished by Suworow in one week; and the divans of rebels, who had tricked themselves out in robes and badges,

and who had treated nobles and princes with disdain, were, in a few hours, reduced to a handful of vagabonds, by whose flight Italy was purified, and the republican hordes at Paris augmented.

In the meantime the fortresses left behind, in the hands of the enemy, fell, one after another, before the Imperial arms. On the 30th of April fort Orzi Nuovo opened its gates. Peschiera, with a garrison of 1,500 men, capitulated with General Kray on the 5th of May; and Pizzighitone surrendered on the 10th of the same month to General Kaim. In the capitulation for the surrender of Peschiera, the French urged very strenuously that none of the inhabitants should be called to account for their political or religious opinions and principles, or for having served in the French army; but this condition General Kray absolutely refused to grant.

Beyond the Tesino, the northern part of Piedmont, from that river to the Doria Baltea, which descends from the Duchy of Aosta, Novara poorly fortified, Vercelli and Ivrea still worse so, the higher countries bordering on the Lake of Como and Lake Major, and the intermediate Swiss bailiwicks, were delivered. Parties were pushed on from Ivrea to Chivazzo, to within five leagues of Turin, and to the right of the Po.

To the left, Prince Hohenzollern and General Klenau overran the Duchy of Parma and the Modenese: Reggio, whose civism was distinguished by Buonaparte, and which had embraced the revolution with peculiar ardour, Reggio, after the battle of the Adda, hastened to send its keys and deputies, and the cries of *Viva la Religione! Viva l'Imperatore!* succeeded to those of *Viva l'Egalitia!*

In all these different countries, transports of joy, mingled with those of resentment against the Revolutionists, who were ironically called Patriots. At Pavia several of them were not able to escape the popular fury: they would all have fallen by the vengeance of the people, had they not been protected by those soldiers, whom three months before they spoke of with insolent contempt. This inevitable and natural resentment broke out particularly in the Swiss bailiwicks: that of Sugano did not wait for the arrival of the Austrians to drive out the French, and to exercise a bloody retaliation upon them. In a word, the predictions pronounced three years past of the fate reserved by the Italians for their oppressors, their institutes, their proselytes, and their insignia of rebellion, impiety, and anarchy were accomplished. This was the ninth time that the French thus expiated their conquests beyond the Alps.

These general insurrections, which in such cases were indeed become the most sacred of duties, powerfully concurred with the rapid march of the Allies to hasten the flight and disorder of the French. They had no time to save their magazines, to strip the evacuated towns, or carry off their stores of ammunition and other effects, which were abandoned to the conqueror. At Novara, by the collusion of one of the Milanese directors and the treasurers, General Vukassowich discovered the chest of the Cisalpine republic, containing seven millions of livres of the country in cash.

This happy change was owing to the wise policy no less than to the military skill and bravery of Suworow, who, after having by his arms struck terror to the hearts of the Republicans, issued the following proclamation:—

“ITALIAN NATIONS!—Arm, and unite under the banner of him who fights for God and Religion, and you will triumph over a perfidious enemy. The army of his Majesty the Emperor and King fight the French and shed their own blood in defence of our most holy Religion, and to restore to you your possessions and your ancient government. Were not the French perpetually demanding enormous sums of money? Did they not exact extraordinary requisitions of you? And, what to fathers of families is still more cruel, did they not tear your children from you at the chimerical names of Liberty and Equality, to make them fight against the troops of your legitimate Sovereign, of a father who loves you, of the most ardent protector of our holy Religion? Be comforted, Nations! There is a God who watches over you, and armies that defend you. Look at this host of soldiers: another army is sent by the Emperor of Russia, the ally of yours. See here the victorious army of your Emperor; see on all sides considerate nations full of enthusiasm co-operating to put an end to this bloody struggle. An immense number of noble warriors are come to deliver Italy. Fear nothing; the armies are fighting against the French Republic, in order to restore your laws, re-establish religion, and revive public and private tranquillity, by delivering you from the yoke under which you have groaned for three years past. The faithful servants of religion shall be reinstated in their offices and property. But, mark!—If there be found among you a being perfidious enough to bear arms against his Sovereign, or to favour the enterprises of the French Republic—such a traitor shall, without consideration of situation, birth, rank, employment or condition, be shot, and his property all confiscated from his family. Your wisdom, Italian Nations, gives every reason to hope that, knowing the justice of our cause, you will not reduce us to the necessity of putting these rigorous measures into execution, but that you will give us every possible proof of loyalty and gratitude to a sovereign so gracious to you.

(Signed) “Suworow.”

The writer of this address was certainly better acquainted with the genius of the Italians, than Buonaparte's poets and orators were. The end, the motives, the duties, the crimes and punishment, are stated ambiguously. *There is a God who watches over you, and armies that defend you!*—This is a different kind of eloquence from the impious rhodomantades by which the Generals of the Directory terrified the nations.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL LETTERS

WRITTEN BY OFFICERS DURING THE SEVERAL CAMPAIGNS
IN PORTUGAL AND SPAIN,

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE CAMPAIGNS.

The following Collection of Letters will be duly valued by our Readers, as being so many original cotemporaneous documents, written at the time, and on the spot, of the several Campaigns. They are arranged in distinct packets according as they belong to different Campaigns. Thus the first Packet is entitled,—LETTERS DURING THE CAMPAIGN OF 1808; and as the value of this kind of document depends upon its authenticity, at the end of every Packet is added the name of the officer by whom the Letters were written. And where the whole of the Letters are not by one Writer, but are intermixed, the intermixed letters are signed with the name of the Writer.

LETTERS DURING THE CAMPAIGNS OF 1808 AND 1809.

LETTER XX. *continued.*

BUT to the particulars of our march. We left our commanders in the town. The artillery and head-quarters proceeding first, leaving General Baird's column, and the cavalry under Lord Paget, to cover our rear, and to keep off the enemy, who were rather too close. However, whenever they were rash enough to attack us, they paid dearly for their temerity; and found that our retreat had bars in its tail that stung even unto death. At Calcavallas the dragoons and rifle corps most gallantly checked the career of the French, and added another fresh leaf to our drooping laurels. Withering as they were, their gloom bore no proportion to the sad cypress which at every step overhung our path.

What I had before witnessed on our march was but a faint sketch of what I was yet to see in the full horrors of death and desolation. We were now in the heart of a stupendous country cleft into abyss-like ravines, and overlaid with a deep and trackless snow. Thus did the month of January, 1809, close, as well as open a miserable new year on thousands. Brought into regions, in many parts above the clouds, with no provisions to sustain nature, no shelter to shield us momentarily from the storm, no fuel to warm us, no safe spot whereon to linger for an instant to rest; but all one waste of severest winter. Imagine such a place; then think of the other disasters incidental to war. The sick and wounded dragged over these immeasurable tracks; the beasts which draw their waggons failing at every step, and they left to perish in the snows, or to fall into the hands of the enemy. I shall never forget the horrors of these dreadful days. The field of battle is a festival of honour; a sublime pageant. But this is war! Here are the *red dragons yoked to her fiery car!* Here are her sufferings, her woes, her wide destructions. Every yard we passed over was marked with some heart-rending proof of our miseries. Ah, little need would the French have to seek our line of march! It might be traced for many a league by our over-turned baggage, by our maimed cattle, by our dying and dead.

When we had nearly gained the highest point of these slippery precipices, I looked round, and saw the rear of the army winding along the narrow road; I saw their way marked by the wretched people who lay on all sides expiring from fatigue and the severity of the cold. As their bodies reddened in spots

the white surface of the ground, I could not but think on the lines of Hohenlinden:

Ah, few shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding sheet ;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre !

But not so ; where they fell they lay. No turf covered them from the beating elements ; and as a sad memorial of our betrayed cause, their bones lie on the mountains of Spain, an everlasting reproach to her ungrateful sons.

I observed amongst the unfortunates a Portuguese bullock driver. He was on his knees amidst the snow, with his hands clasped, breathing forth a prayer for his soul. This poor fellow had attended us from the first day of our march, and, thus faithful to our service, expired. I was a very few paces from him when his last groan pierced my ears. Near him lay a woman, half enveloped in a blanket, the wife of a soldier ; she was also cold in death. A little infant, yet living, was hanging at the breast of its inanimate mother, vainly endeavouring to find that warmth and nourishment which fate had for ever withdrawn.

Were I to enumerate every afflicting object which met my view during this dreadful mountain-march, I should fill a volume instead of a sheet ; I should unman your heart, and send my reader weeping from the tale. But one more I will repeat, and then for a short time, at least, adieu to these narrations.

In winding round the road (which was bounded the whole way with terrific precipices) at the turning of an angle rather more sheltered than the rest from the iron-icy sleet that tore along the sloping ravines, we saw the body of a woman lying in a situation, that for misery, while she was sensible to its horrors, must have been unequalled. She was dead, and two little babes, to which she had just given birth, lay struggling in the snow. The scene was too agonizing to bear a second glance. A blanket thrown over her soon hid her from our sight ; and we had the satisfaction of seeing the poor infants given in charge to a woman who came up in one of the bullock carts.

A continuation of these spectacles opened upon us all the way to Lugo, and doubly proved the reasonableness of my former objections against women being the followers of an army into hostile scenes. If men find it hard to bear the fatigues of a severe campaign, how must women sink under them ? And if men find them insupportable, what must be the dreadfully varied fate of the feebler sex ! No wonder that the corpses of these unhappy females strew our path, when our bravest fellows fall faint and incapable of further exertion.

Two battles could hardly have cost us more men than I fear we shall find missing when we have leisure to enumerate our loss. The ascent of this mountain will have deprived us of thousands, besides the dead left on the way ; for those who yet survive and lie on the road must, in their defenceless state, surrender to the enemy.

The darkness of a Cimmerian winter night veiled these dismal pictures from our eyes : and we continued our weary route in a silence which was alone interrupted by the howlings of the blast, or the dying groans of our dropping companions. At last we arrived at what was denominated a village ; but it was almost buried in the snow, and with some difficulty a few of us made our way under shelter. Even so slight a comfort was comparative heaven. I, with my party, got into a poor hovel, and lighting a fire (our only refreshment, for provisions we had none), laid ourselves around it, placing our horses to enjoy it in an outer circle, till the dawn summoned us to advance and again rolled up the dark curtain of fate.

We now began to descend the tremendous pass, crossing several bridges, which we immediately attempted to destroy with the hope of impeding the approach of our enemy; but an evil genius seemed to thwart all our efforts. Every exertion that was made to compass their destruction failed; and thus all facility was left to smooth the passage of the French in their pursuit.

On the 4th we arrived at Lugo, where we shall remain to give time for our stragglers who are able to come up; and, I suppose, we shall here settle some plan for a division of our force; part to march to Vigo, and part to Corunna. At present, our numbers increase our distress.

Amongst the minor misfortunes which attended our hard pressed ascent up this terrible mountain was the necessity we found ourselves in to disencumber the march of a considerable weight of dollars. Unable to conceal them, we were obliged to hurl them into the adjacent valley. The means of transporting them farther had failed; the animals which had drawn them, fell down dead on the road; and as many thousands of horses and mules shared the same fate, to find any to supply their place was now impossible. The close pursuit of the French did not allow us time to distribute them amongst the officers and men; hence no alternative was left but to commit them to the bosom of the snow. There, I hope, they will be buried till the departure of the present wintry shroud unveils to some lucky peasantry this mine of silver.

The same reason that prevailed with us to sacrifice this wealth, also compelled us to abandon about seventy or eighty Spanish waggons filled with clothes, shoes, &c. for the use of the nation; all which we brought from England, and all which must now fall into the hands of our enemies. A hundred patriots we left as their guard; but I have no doubt that they, as well as their charge, are now in possession of the French, who must have come up with them on the second of this month, about a couple of leagues on this side of Villa Franca.

We have now taken up a position on a line of hills between three and four miles from Lugo, where our head quarters are, and consequently where I am stationed. Happy, you may be sure, we are to have arrived at a place of temporary repose. This city, in more honourable times to Spain, was once its metropolis; but now it is inferior to many of the provincial towns we have lately passed through; however, its fine encircling walls, towers, and gates, testify its ancient consequence, and frown sternly on its present totally defenceless and ruined state. A large church, and a palace, the residence of a bishop, ornament its streets. Two or three convents, besides hospitals, rearing their spires in the air, add considerably to the dignity of the view. A large square and a fountain finish the *agremens* of Lugo. The avenues leading to this antiquated metropolis, as well as the gates, are narrow in the extreme; and the dirt and rain still farther impeding our entrance into them, you will not wonder that we were much slower in egress than in wishes; and that wearied out with fatigue and watching, we sank down in the first shed to life-reviving sleep.

Here then do we await the arrival of our reserve and cavalry. The brigade of Generals Crawford and Alton have proceeded towards Vigo, and are followed by the division under General Frazer; consequently our part are determined to seek Corunna. In the word Corunna of course, we must include that of exit from this perilous scene.

LETTER XXI.

Coruña, January, 1809.

Our cavalry and the artillery horses on entering this city were found in such a state of debility and lamentable lameness from the want of shoes, that many fell dead in the streets, and more were obliged to be shot in mercy to their sufferings.

The streets, the grand square, and piazzas are now filled with their putrifying bodies. Horrible is the sight, and more horrible is the sound, for not a minute of the day is permitted to elapse without our hearing the report of some pistol or musket, depriving these once noble creatures of life. The heavy rains have swollen and burst many of the carcasses; and the infected air hovers rancorously about our heads.

Owing to our failure in the destruction of the bridges, the enemy advanced rapidly upon us, and appearing in sight, accumulated in great strength on a good position opposite to the ground we had chosen. A valley divided the two armies; each of course possessing the road leading through their separate lines.

On the 6th our out-posts were attacked. The dismounted *chasseurs a cheval* of the enemy advanced, and a couple of Spanish pieces of ordnance (one of which was a howitzer) they had taken on their march, opened upon us. They assaulted us with great spirit; but at that moment the depressed souls of our men seemed suddenly to revive; every arm was braced; the shock was received with a steadiness that excited even our own wonder; and the impetuous assailants were repulsed with much loss, while we were scarcely deprived of a man.

On the 7th our foe rallied, and again came forward with redoubled force. But our second reception was equal to our first; his charge was met with resistless gallantry; and rolling him back upon his ranks, we drove them before us into the narrow lines; filling the path with those men killed and wounded, whose eager onset had been checked by our bayonets, and whom we now laid in a bloody grave.

During this affair nothing could exceed my admiration of the conduct of our men, but the transcendent courage, coolness, and steadiness of our officers. All seemed like a race started from the dead. The moment they heard the shout of battle, their ardour burst forth as if they had never known despondence, never felt fatigue. The poor drooping individual who the instant before was lagging along the road, and leaning on any accidental support, as if to sustain him a moment from the death to which he was sinking,—no sooner heard that an attack was to be made, than springing from the earth, forgetting his misery, and newly inspired with life, his strong sinews grasped his ready bayonet, and he pressed forward to join his party or regiment, now hot in the contest.

In these actions I saw the demonstration of my opinion respecting the recent disorder of our men. It was despair; it was all that makes a soldier hold down his head and forget his responsibility to military law, indeed to any law. But now that honour again presented itself, each man fell into his line of duty; every man became obedient, and as ready to submit to the strictest discipline as when in the fullest tide of success, in the ample enjoyment of every hope and every comfort.

In the second encounter we took a considerable number of prisoners, and killed many of the enemy. Only one of our officers was wounded, Brigadier-

major Roberts, a brave veteran, whose right hand was carried away by a shot, but not until he had gallantly buried the point which it held repeatedly in the hearts of those whose bayonets threatened him on all sides.

We took more prisoners this day than in the preceding affair; and from them we learnt that large reinforcements had arrived to the enemy, under the command of General Soult. Consequently a third and a heavier attack was to be expected; and with every necessary preparation, Sir J. Moore prepared for the event.

The division under General Frazer was recalled from the Vigo road, and accordingly marched towards our position.

The artillery and the cavalry were placed in order on the morning of the 8th; by dawn we were all under arms, and the whole army present were drawn out to offer battle. That sun appeared which we expected would set in blood; it rose in storms, and a tremendously tempestuous day it proved; but, alas! it was only with the elements that we fought! Soult either did not conceive himself sufficiently strong to warrant his quitting his favourable position to come down and attack us, or his object was not to bring us to a decisive fight; for he must have known our miserable state with regard to supplies, and therefore left us to be defeated by the surer means of delay and disappointment.

It was our commander's wish that we should be attacked on the morning of the 8th. He was well assured that *every man would do his duty*; and more than hoped that in consequence of that the enemy would be so incapacitated as to allow us to get such start of him as would enable us to embark without molestation.

It was not in our power, nor was it our interest, to assault General Soult. In the first place, his position was excellent; and, secondly, his force was superior. However, from the break of day, until the gloom of evening shrouded our enemies from our view, we waited their attack. To linger longer in this expectation would have been very imprudent; therefore, when night came on, fires were lighted along our line; and thus deceiving our adversaries with a show of remaining stationary, we prepared for removal.

Had we been masters of any resource for the subsistence of the army, our greatest evil must have vanished, and Sir John Moore would have kept his sword extended as long as General Soult chose to stand at lock: but as we were situated, retreat was our only alternative.

Under the screen of our friendly fires, which lighted us on our way, and beguiled the French, to think we still remained stirring them, we again turned our course towards Corunna.

The bow was once more unbeaten; and on the 10th, Betanzas beheld our sad and disjointed brigades and regiments arrive; and a melancholy scattered and dreadfully dying march it was. Groups, similar to the pale and lifeless heaps we had left on the precipices of the Nazille mountains, again marked our starving and desolate advance. Amongst the number who fell, died a poor woman I mentioned to you in a former letter as having seen walking from Salamanca with her new-born babe in her arms; at this last exertion, fatigue and misery overcame her, and she expired ere we entered Betanzas.

Of course no longer time was allowed here than was necessary for the gathering in of the scattered troops, and to form them into a more condensed body. This done, we pushed on towards Corunna; and after paving the roads with our exhausted fellow-soldiers, who, dropping down, begged, as the last favour

we could grant, to be left to die—we arrived on the 11th at the wished-for port.

I shall never forget the joy which burst from the swelling hearts of the advancing columns when they ascended the hill which presented a view of the ocean and the British ships that were then riding its waves. We all could have shouted as if we had beheld a deity; the gracious protector that was to snatch us from the grasp of our enemy! Our proud vessels seemed to bear the sword of retribution; secure in the prospect of being soon under their flag, every fainting bosom beat with renewed ardour, and looking towards their swelling sails as they bounded forwards, our slackened swords were again grasped in our hands; and, like the returning prodigal son revisiting his home, we anticipated re-strung nerves, and a trial of strength with our proud foe, on some more faithful and propitious shore.—Adieu!

LETTER XXII.

Corunna, January, 1809.

My last to you, dear S——, contained the consolatory information that we had, at length, reached the wished-for port. It was on the 11th of this month; and had the transports been come round from Vigo we should have embarked without molestation; our rapid march after our rejected offer of battle to Soult, having given us greatly the advantage, in advance, before our enemies. But our brave fellows seemed fated to disappointment! The particular vessels we expected to meet were yet far away; and hemmed in between the sea and our accumulating foe, we were destined to await the issue.

Our general has taken up a position in front of Corunna; the best he could have assumed, in order to watch the coming in of the transports, and to cover our embarkation when we are fortunate enough to hail their arrival.

The French have overtaken us; our means to impede them have failed; one of which was the destruction of the bridge of Burgo, that crossed the Rio de Burgo; but, on the ebbing of the tide the water became fordable, and our ever-watchful enemies, taking advantage of the circumstance, are now in front of us, hourly increasing their numbers, and incessantly annoying our troops. They occupy the high ground before us with their right extending across the great road.

Thus then, in sight of each other, we are stationed; and whether we shall be obliged to dispute the little land now left between us and the sea I know not; but if they attempt to *drive us into its waves*, according to the proud declarations of their Imperial chief, I trust that none of us will stir a step; that not one individual will shrink from the spot, though it prove his grave, determining to conquer or to die, but never to yield an enforced possession.

However, as the enemy seem yet to eye us with the cautious glances of jealousy, should the transports soon arrive, I do not doubt but that, even now, we might embark with little loss, provided the elements do not also wage war against our poor remains.

We have another circumstance in our favour; the patriotic spirit and friendly activity of the governor and citizens of Corunna. They are resolved to render us every possible assistance; although they must be aware that in the case of our leaving the place free for the French to enter, their aids to us will be repaid by our enemies by consequences too terrible for anticipation to dwell on. When I think of what may be their fate, their noble ardour greatly deepens my regrets for them.

The whole city of Corunna is in one uninterrupted bustle; the streets are filled with our troops; the inhabitants, both male and female, transporting cannon and ammunition to the walls; and all the tradesmen are armed, doing duty at the gates in conjunction with our own troops.

This town, now so momentous a place to us, is situated at the foot of a range of heights, and is built on a peninsula. Nature has accommodated it with a very fine harbour on the one side, and an extensive bay (called Orson Bay) on the other.

The town is regularly built; having a very fine row of houses looking into the harbour, and commanding a magnificent view towards the coast of Ferrol. Corunna occupies the neck of land which divides the bays; and the ground gradually rising, is covered by the citadel; a work on which much expence and time has been bestowed. This august fabrick, as is also the castle of St. Antonio, is built on a rock at the entrance of the harbour; and yields a good protection from marine attacks: but were we to abandon our present position and retire into the city, it would not be tenable an hour.

In the citadel are several churches and chapels, as well as the governor's residence, and those of several grandees. A theatre, also, enlivens its embattled walls; at least, its gay architecture reminds us of more tranquil times, when Thalia sported on the lap of peace; but now the comic troop have given place to our soldiers who are quartered in it; and more serious scenes are perhaps destined to be exhibited on its boards.

When the army of General Baird landed here, gaiety of every description bade them welcome. Plenty greeted them from all sides, and the joyful inhabitants opened their houses and their hearts to their defenders. Balls and fetes were given; and the drama represented patriotic pieces in unison with the united zeal of England and Spain, and with the brilliant hopes which were expected to crown the coalition.

What a change do we behold! Houses abandoned, the once smiling faces of the women bathed in tears; and every prospect of want, with all the miseries that war and massacre can bring, rising before their almost frantic senses.

I must mention a circumstance which occurred this day whilst I was riding towards the outposts. All of a sudden the earth seemed to tremble beneath my horse's feet; and in an instant two explosions, the most terrible and loud I ever heard, rent the air. They were followed by a column of smoke that rose gradually to an immense height in the sky, and then overspreading the clear ether with volumes of rolling darkness.

At first I believed it to be an earthquake; but the latter effect undeceived me: and as soon as my animal recovered its fright, and to my surprise, I proceeded towards the point whence the smoke issued, and there learnt its cause.

Two magazines of gunpowder had been found. The powder had been sent from England for the use of the patriots; but like our other presents of arms, cloathing, &c. had been allowed to remain unappropriated. The junta of this district, like those of some other provinces, was so inert, or so blind to their true interest, as to leave it there useless to the patriots; but a very rich depot for the invaders.

To prevent this event, as soon as our commanders discovered these magazines, orders were issued for their destruction.

LETTER XXII.

Atsea, January 19, 1809.

Before this reaches you, no doubt you will have received better information respecting the events of the few past days than can at present be transmitted by me; although I have been on the spot, and witnessed scenes as much to the honour as to the grief of England. Long ere this meets your eye, you must be made acquainted with the general particulars of the glorious and calamitous battle of the 16th. Official communications having been yesterday dispatched to ministers at home, in a light-sailing vessel that must arrive many days before our heavily laden transports; you may be mourning the result of our action, the details of which, though steeped in blood, would make the proud consciousness of an Englishman check his lamentations, to break forth in glorying admiration of the slain.

The images of the recent battle are too many and too prominent in my mind to allow me the power of much individualizing; but as far as my yet confused thoughts permit, I will make you still more intimate with the dauntless courage of our brothers in arms, as well as draw forth a sigh of regret for those who now lie cold on the field of death.

In my last I noted our relative situation with regard to the enemy. I think it was on the 14th that the transports from Vigo, accompanied by ten or eleven ships of war, came round. Their arrival gave us great joy, as we saw in them an asylum from all our fatigues; and every exertion was made for instant embarkation.

The artillery, a few horses, and our useless people, were put on board first. This we accomplished with ease; and as the enemy did not advance a foot of ground, but rested their hopes of annoying us in a range of guns which they had opened upon us, but which failed to affect our present movements, we proceeded quietly with our embarkation; having before secured all the points on this side, from which the enemy, had they seized them, might have distressed us.

On the 15th, our ever watchful adversary received considerable reinforcements; and on the morning of the following day, by certain movements on their right, we could plainly see that something was meditating to prevent our easy departure.

Our right was upon the village of Elvena, and under the command of the gallant Baird. A strong column of the enemy, covered by several pieces of the artillery which opened from an adjacent wood to the right of the village, opposed this force. For a short time this point of attack seemed to be the grand object of the French. To force our right was their aim; and the weight of the tremendous column falling at once upon our brave fellows, was enough to have struck terror into any hearts but those of Englishmen.

The brigade of Lord William Bentinck poured a well-directed fire into this concentrated mass of destruction. Three cheers from us sealed their destiny; and the bayonets of the 50th, 42d, and 4th regiments soon completed the confusion their balls had begun. The numbers of the enemy augmented their own consternation; they fell back on each other, making a confusion as successful as our arms: and, in short, this glorious scene of valour was soon terminated by the total defeat of the column.

(To be continued).

HISTORY OF THE WAR IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

(Translated from the French of General Sarrazin.)

(Continued from our last.)

THE loss of the allies from the third of May to the tenth, amounted to about three thousand men *hors de combat*; that of the French to about four thousand. Their principal loss was occasioned by the ridiculous obstinacy, with which they persisted in the attempt to drive the English from Fuentes-de-Onora. Had it not been for this fault, they would not have lost more than the allies. Lord Wellington, aware of Massena's ardent disposition, ably availed himself of the advantages afforded by the ground, as he had done at Busaco. This second reverse wounded the vanity of the French general to the quick; and he determined to resign. After having recrossed the Agueda with his army, he left Spain, under pretence of being in a bad state of health. Massena was succeeded in his command by Marshal Marmont. Though greatly mortified at the escape of the French garrison from Almeida, Lord Wellington could not impute to his brave army a measure, the attempt and success of which were alike improbable. His Lordship justly lavished the highest praises on his troops; and both Houses of Parliament unanimously voted their thanks to the conquerors of Busaco and Fuentes-de-Onora. Instead of becoming the boasted prey of Massena, so celebrated for the vivacity of his attacks at the head of the advanced guards in Italy, Portugal was freed from the presence of French armies; and their expulsion being the glorious result of victory, every thing announced that the kingdom would long be safe against a new invasion. But, notwithstanding this happy prospect, Lord Wellington caused the works of Almeida to be immediately repaired, in order to secure that place against a *coup de main*. He could not have chosen a more favourable point for the general storehouse of the army, whether he intended to continue on the defensive, or whether circumstances would permit him to penetrate into Spain. His Lordship was presiding over the execution of these measures, when General Beresford informed him of Marshal Soult's march to the relief of Badajoz, and expressed the satisfaction which he and his army should feel in fighting under his directions, provided his Lordship's presence was not necessary to observe Massena.

Lord Wellington accordingly set out from Almeida, on the sixteenth of May, and arrived on the nineteenth at Elvas, where he received the report of the battle of Albuera. He learnt, with pleasure, that Badajoz had been invested anew on the same day,—that Soult was in full retreat towards Seville, and that General Beresford greatly harassed his rear guard, with the flower of the allied army. His Lordship immediately undertook the direction of the operations on the Guadiana. The trenches were opened before Badajoz in the night of the twenty-ninth to the thir-

tieth of May. On the sixth of June, the breach, made in Fort Sanchristoval, was judged practicable. The assault was made on the same day, towards ten o'clock in the evening : but in spite of the valour of the assailants, they were repulsed ; contrary to the rules of the art, they had not taken the precaution of being masters of the ditch, in order to prevent the entrance of the besieged into it. This blunder, on the part of the English engineers, had not escaped the observation of the French governor, Phillippon. As soon as it was night, he had sent miners into the ditch, to clean the foot of the breach, and thus render it impracticable. When the English came, they not only could not reach the steep breach by climbing, but their ladders also proved too short, on account of the height to which the miners had raised the new parapet. After three very sanguinary attempts, they were obliged to retire. The firing against Sanchristoval was continued on the following days ; and on the ninth the breach was again judged practicable. Lord Wellington ordered a fresh assault of the fort in the evening : but the same obstacles were encountered as in the evening of the sixth ; because the same fault had been committed. The troops displayed an ardour and bravery worthy of a better result ; and their loss was increased by their obstinacy in continuing at the foot of the breach ; sometimes on the defensive, and sometimes renewing the attempt to scale the wall, in the constant expectation that Fortune would reward their intrepidity. It required peremptory orders from Lord Wellington to withdraw them from so perilous a post, and to make them return to the camp, so great was their amazement at being unable to execute the commands of chiefs, who had their entire confidence and attachment.

The sad result of these two assaults, and the news of the preparations of the French for the relief of Badajoz, determined Lord Wellington to postpone the conquest of that place to a more favourable opportunity. On the tenth, orders were given to raise the siege. The unexpected opposition which Marshal Soult had met with at Albuera, induced him not to renew the attack, but with numbers superior to those of the allies. A few days after the sanguinary battle of Albuera, he had been furnished with fresh evidence that the English cavalry, though inferior in number, was not afraid of meeting the French. On the twenty-fifth of May, General Montbrun attacked General Lumley, near Usagre. He fancied that the bare sight of his numerous columns would induce the allies to make a precipitate retreat. How great then must have been his surprise, when he saw his advanced guard, consisting of three regiments, boldly attacked, and completely overthrown, by the third regiment of dragoons, supported by the fourth ! The result of this skirmish strengthened Marshal Soult's apprehensions of not being strong enough to encounter Lord Wellington. He ordered Marshal Marmont to join him on the Guadiana, with the choicest troops of the army of Portugal. Marmont was not able to leave the environs of Ciudad-Rodrigo before the fifth of June ; on the thirteenth he reached Almaraz, on the Tagus, and on the eighteenth he formed his junction with Soult in the neigh-

bourhood of Merida. On the seventeenth, Lord Wellington had set out from before Badajoz, which, ever since the raising of the siege, had been closely blockaded. His Lordship did not think proper either to march to the French, or to wait for them. The whole allied army crossed over to the right banks of the Guadiana, and took a position on the Caya, in the neighbourhood of Arronches. Soult and Marmont arrived at Badajoz on the twentieth. On the twenty-second they marched a strong body of troops to Elvas, and Campo-Mayor; in order to cover them, while they reconnoitred the environs of those two places, and procured accurate accounts of the allied army. They returned to Badajoz on the same day, satisfied with having relieved that place, and undoubtedly convinced, in their own minds, that Lord Wellington was in a situation to frustrate all their ulterior efforts.

The combined army of the French was rated at seventy thousand men under arms, ten thousand of whom were cavalry; that of the allies at sixty thousand, including six thousand horse. But, in spite of this inferiority, the English commander had made several judicious dispositions to prevent the junction of the two French armies. He collected the flower of his infantry and cavalry at Albuera, in order to fight Marshal Soult separately, if the latter should march immediately to Badajoz. After having forced this army of the south to retreat, the allies would have rapidly marched to Merida, and stopped the progress of the army of Portugal; which, on hearing of Marshal Soult's retreat, would have fallen back to Almaraz without fighting. This important operation was to be executed by fifty thousand of the allies attacking successively two French armies, each of thirty-five thousand men; whilst a corps of ten thousand would have been left to continue the blockade of Badajoz. Such was the plan of the English commander, which would have completely succeeded, had he been opposed by a less experienced General than Soult, whom the battle of Albuera had taught additional prudence. Lord Wellington's worthy competitor felt how critical his situation would be, if he did not take the greatest precautions to avoid a battle on the part of his army alone. He left Llerena only on the twelfth, and on the sixteenth he was still in a position at Fuente-del-Maestro, where the roads of Badajoz and Merida meet. Though he had heard, on the seventeenth, that Lord Wellington was recrossing the Guadiana, and though he might easily have harassed his Lordship's rear guard, by marching to Badajoz through Albuera, yet afraid of this retreat being a feint on the part of the English general to bring about a battle with him separately, he marched to Almendralejo, on the Merida road. This great circumspection is, unquestionably, the highest eulogium of Lord Wellington's excellent measures. Had the engineers followed the rules of fortification, with as much ability as his Lordship displayed in the application of the principles of the higher branches of tactics, Badajoz would no doubt have surrendered about the fourteenth or fifteenth of June.

Whenever a place is properly attacked, it never resists above two or three days after a breach has been rendered practicable; and for such a protracted defence there must be in the bastions additional works, which did not exist at Badajoz. It scarcely would be believed, were it not expressly mentioned in the official reports, that, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, troops should have been sent to the assault with ladders, after the breach had been judged practicable. If they wished to scale the town, they only needed to make a false attack at the breach, where the enemy was in great force, and climb up the ramparts, on divers other points, where success was so much the more infallible, as the besieged, not expecting such an attack, would have been taken unawares, and would, of course, have opposed little or no resistance. But in spite of these gross blunders, the loss of the allies, according to Lord Wellington, both during the siege, and in the two assaults, did not exceed twelve hundred men *hors de combat*. The garrison lost nearly the same number in their sorties against the works of the besiegers.

The rules of fortification were better followed by the French before Tarragona, which General Suchet had besieged since the fourth of May. He had reached the environs of the place on the twenty-sixth of April; after having several times fought against the garrison, which made many successful excursions against the French moveable columns, sent to oppose the introduction of provisions into the fortress. On the fifth, the garrison of Fort Oliva made four sorties, successful at first but afterwards repulsed by superior forces. On the eighth the French established a great redoubt on the sea-shore. The guns of the English squadron in the roads warmly opposed the construction of a work, intended to intercept, or at least to obstruct, the communication of the town with the fleet. But the obscurity of the night, added to the great number of the labourers, defeated the attempts of the English.

On the tenth, General Campoverde entered Tarragona, with troops from Catalonia. On the fourteenth, a sortie of six thousand men attacked the troops which invested the place, overthrew whatever opposed their passage, destroyed several works, and returned only after the French had collected the greater part of their troops. This attack took place on the side of the Francol, a river to the south of Tarragona. On the twenty-first, General Sarsfield, at the head of several thousand *miquelets*, drove the French from Alcover, on the high road to Lerida. Suchet sent against him a corps of choice men, who easily dispersed such irregular troops. The latter were, indeed, less calculated to fight in the plain, than to act as riflemen on the rocks of the Pyrenees. On the twenty-seventh, four heavy batteries were completely mounted against Fort Oliva. The garrison made a sortie to oppose this operation. They had overthrown the first posts, and were about to destroy the work, when General Salm arrived, at the head of three battalions, to protect the labourers; and the garrison was obliged to return to the fort. General Salm was killed on the spot by a musket ball. He was a very active officer, but of little ability and more brave than prudent. He was not

beloved by the troops, on account of his frequently groundless, and always excessive severity. On the twenty-eighth, the batteries began to play; and notwithstanding the brisk fire of the Spaniards, the superiority of the French became sensible on the evening of the very same day, when the fort returned their fire but feebly. On the twenty-ninth, at the approach of night, Suchet ordered the assault. The garrison defended the breach with the greatest intrepidity. The assailants were repulsed, and the attack would have thoroughly failed, had not the darkness of the night favoured the march of a column, which, possessing themselves of the gate, broke it open with hatchets. The Spaniards, who were not sufficiently numerous to defend that point, retired in confusion, and were soon followed by the remainder of the garrison, to a small barrack, protected by a ditch. Of the two thousand five hundred men, who defended Fort Oliva, more than two-thirds were put to the sword. The rest, consisting of about nine hundred, surrendered at discretion; and their lives were spared.

On the thirtieth, at nine o'clock in the morning, three thousand men left Tarragona to retake Fort Oliva. They were repulsed, as might easily have been foreseen. The governor had committed the fault of not sending this reinforcement the night before, to repel the assault. He would then have caused a great loss to the French. But instead of repairing his first error, he committed a second, in diminishing the forces of the place, by the loss of the brave men, who perished in the attack of the thirtieth. The least sagacious officer must have perceived, that an enemy, who is enterprising, and numerous enough to carry a work by main force, would not neglect the measures requisite to prevent its being retaken, especially when he has an army of five-and-twenty thousand men at his disposal. A sound judgment, and coolness not to be disturbed, are two essential qualities, without which the governor of a strong place exposes himself, not only to personal disgrace, but even endangers the safety of the state, by sacrificing his garrison in attacks, better calculated to make a vain parade of unprofitable courage, than to protract the defence of the important post, with which he is entrusted by his sovereign.

The conquest of Fort Oliva left Tarragona to its own strength; and in the night of the first to the second of June, the besiegers opened their trenches. The first parallel was constructed at the distance of one hundred fathoms from the body of the place. To prevent the entrance of any succour by sea, it was of essential importance to obtain possession of the lower town, which comprises the harbour and the pier. But the progress of the works was slow, and attended with great losses. A half moon, which covered the curtain between the bastions, called *des Chanoines* and *St. Charles*, was carried only at the third assault. In this work a battery was erected, the support of which required ten thousand sandbags. Its fire was opened on the twenty-first, together with that of two other batteries. Towards noon three breaches were judged practicable. The declivity of the ditch had been made at the projecting angle of the bastion *des Chanoines*; this was wrong. It ought to have been against

the fore part of the bastions, on the front of attack. But it is probably a mere mistake in the report of Suchet's aide-de-camp, who very likely is rather a brave grenadier, than a clever engineer. At seven o'clock in the evening, five columns were marched to the intended points of attack. One was for each of three the breaches; the two others, provided with ladders, were to scale the ramparts, make a diversion in favour of those who were ordered to the breaches, and, by a serious attack, penetrate, if possible, into the town, thereby forcing the besieged to retire into the upper part of it. General Suchet succeeded beyond his expectation. Four columns penetrated into the town, notwithstanding the dreadful fire of the besieged. The fifth which was advancing by the sea-shore, was overthrown by General Sarsfield. But this advantage was soon rendered of no use by the arrival of other French troops, who, setting aside all feelings of humanity, made a dreadful slaughter of the inhabitants and soldiers that fell into their hands. The garrison had two thousand men killed. No prisoners were taken. The remainder, amounting to three thousand, took refuge in the upper town. When the French soldiers thought they had plundered the place sufficiently, they set fire to most of the houses. Considerable warehouses of cotton and sugar became the prey of the flames. The commander of the English squadron could not remain a tranquil spectator of the horrible situation, in which the inhabitants of Tarragona were placed: he approached the lower town: and opened the fire of all his vessels on the French posts. The garrison of the upper town, encouraged by this assistance of the English squadron, attempted a sortie, but unsuccessfully. They quickly retreated within the ramparts, when they saw the French ready to attack them.

In the night of the twenty-first to the twenty-second, the trenches were open before the upper town. The breach having been judged practicable on the twenty-eighth, the assault was made with impetuosity, and feebly opposed. To have a just idea of the disastrous scene that ensued, it will be sufficient to recollect the expressions of its author, who is interested in diminishing its horror. "The rage of the soldiery," says General Suchet, in his report to Prince Berthier, dated Tarragona, the twenty-ninth of June 1811, "was increased by the resistance of the garrison, which every day expected deliverance, and wished to insure its success by a general sortie. The fifth assault, still more vigorous than the preceding ones, attempted yesterday at noon, against the inner rampart, has been attended with dreadful slaughter, but with inconsiderable loss on our side. The terrible example which I foresaw, to my sorrow, and foretold in my last report to your Highness, has been made; and will long be remembered in Spain. Four thousand men were slain in the town: from ten to twelve thousand tried to escape into the country by leaping from the walls; but one thousand of these were cut to pieces, or drowned. About ten thousand, (five hundred of whom are officers) have been taken prisoners, and marched to France. Nearly fifteen hundred lie wounded in the hospitals of the town, where their lives have been spared in the midst of the slaughter. Three major-generals,

and the governor are among the prisoners. Several other superior officers are among the dead. Twenty stands of colours, three hundred and eighty-four battering pieces, forty thousand cannon balls, or bombs, and five hundred thousand quintals of gunpowder and lead, are in our power, &c." No mention is made in this report, of the inhabitants that fell victims to the rage of the French soldiers, who, on entering the town, indistinctly slew all they found in their passage. An eye-witness asserts that the slaughter was as dreadful as Suchet describes it. The capture of Tarragona is undoubtedly a very brilliant conquest; but it would far more redound to the honour of the French troops, if they had not stained the renown of their arms with so much blood.

The blame, however, falls lighter on General Suchet than on the Governor of Tarragona, whose improvidence and obstinacy cannot be palliated by his courage. He had witnessed the equivocal conduct of his troops in former assaults, and he might easily have foreseen that he would not prove more fortunate in a fresh attack, when the French, to achieve their object, would act with increased ardour against enemies, whom they were wont to conquer. He should, therefore, have come to an honourable arrangement, especially as the Marquis of Campoverde, who had left Tarragona, to collect an army for its relief, did not make his appearance. Moreover, the Valentians and Arrogonese did not attempt the expected diversion. And, what should have removed all scruples in the governor's mind, as to the propriety of a surrender, the English refused to join the garrison. The governor himself, in his report to the Council of Regency, says: "The garrison has displayed the greatest heroism in the defence of the place, until the assault, which was feebly opposed. The soldiers yielded, and were intimidated. Every thing conspired against this unfortunate garrison. General Campoverde, on leaving the place, promised to return soon to its relief and deliverance; a promise which he never performed, though he renewed it every day. General Miranda, sent to the succour of the place by the kingdom of Valentia, landed at Tarragona on the twelfth of June, and re-embarked the next day, to join the army under Campoverde. An English division arrived on the twenty-sixth. Colonel Skerret, its commander, came on shore to confer with me. On the twenty-seventh English artillery officers and engineers came to reconnoitre the front of attack, and, being convinced that the place was incapable of opposing any resistance, returned to their vessels; so that all hastened from the town, and yet they were sent all to its succour! To be forsaken by those, who came to assist us, was the worst, &c." This short extract from General Contreras's long report, evidently shows that the task, with which he had been entrusted, was beyond his means. When he saw the English engineers convinced that it was impossible to protract the defence of Tarragona, when he saw them return to their vessels, thus confirming their opinion in the most authentic manner, he ought to have sent offers of capitulating to the French general, who, being himself a man of honour, would have proposed none but honourable terms. It is, therefore, from mistaken

vanity, and inconsiderate bravery, that General Contreras, instead of capitulating, committed the melancholy fault of awaiting the assault on the twenty-eighth. But these errors of the governor are far from justifying Suchet's arbitrary conduct. Valour and severity have both invariable bounds, prescribed by reason and honour. Whoever oversteps them, he it even from excessive zeal, ought to be considered as dangerous to the state, and incapable of holding a superior command.

No sooner was General Suchet master of Tarragona, than he ordered the fortifications to be repaired. He left a strong garrison in the place, and marched to Montserrat, where the Marquis d'Ayroles had established his *dépôt général*. On the twenty-fourth of July he formed his junction with a detachment from the garrison of Barcelona, commanded by General Maurice Mathieu. Montserrat, which entirely differs from other mountains, is an assemblage of immense pyramids, seated on a great number of insulated rocks, whence it derives the name of *Monte Serrado*, or the *Sawed Mountain*. This post was so strong by nature, that the Spaniards supposed the French would confine themselves to a blockade of it. They had increased the difficulties of an attack by main force, having cut the road which leads to the convent, and constructed redoubts on very steep rocks, to the top of which they had carried some pieces of ordnance. Suchet had been informed that the Marquis d'Ayroles had too small a number of troops to defend himself against many attacks, the success of any one of which would put him in possession of what he termed "*the den of the insurgents of Catalonia*." His troops carried three redoubts, which were at the foot of the mountain, whilst several columns of *Voltigeurs* climbed the rocks, wherever they were accessible. The peasants, stationed on the summits of the mountains, kept up a very brisk fire, whilst others placed on the brinks of the intermediate projecting places, rolled down stones and pieces of rocks upon the assailants. The whole mountain, however, was carried with the bayonet; and the Marquis d'Ayroles himself owed his safety only to the darkness of the night, and the perfect knowledge he possessed of the passes. This conquest was extremely beneficial to Barcelona; the supplies of which had often been intercepted by the Spaniards of the mountain. General Maurice Mathieu returned to Barcelona, and Suchet went to Arragon; there to make the necessary arrangements for his expedition against the kingdom of Valentia.

(To be continued).

ORIGINAL NARRATIVE OF MY SERVICES,
IN THE YEAR 1813.

(Translated from the French.)

(Expedition against the Village of Albrecht, March 24, continued.)

THE command of this sortie was confided to Count D'Heudelet. On the firing of the morning gun, all the disposable troops of the garrison assembled at the Petershagen gate, which leads directly to the suburbs of Ohra. Whilst a part of the troops made false attacks on different points, the remainder manœuvred with rapidity upon a plain, in the woods which lie before Ohra. Our soldiers in a moment were engaged on this side; the cavalry pushed forward; and, in a charge, in which Colonel Tasin highly distinguished himself, carried off two hundred men. At the same time, General Bachelu, an officer of the greatest enterprise, and particularly fortunate in conducting sorties or unexpected attacks, led on the Polish infantry against a Russian corps, which he forced instantly to fly, by the fire of his artillery. The banks of the river were covered with dead bodies, amongst which were numbers of a Russian corps of soldiers, who, in order to impress more terror on their adversaries, had a Death's head affixed to the front of their caps; and had declared they would never give quarter or make any prisoners; but their frightful appearance could not intimidate our soldiers, or hinder them from rushing on them with fury. A gunner of the name of Kraft, attacked by two Russians, killed one, and took the other; and a young Polish drummer fought a Russian grenadier, and made him a prisoner, after a severe conflict. The Bavarian Major Seifferlitz, seeing a number of the enemy save themselves in the water, rushed in after them, and, followed by a few of his troop, pursued, and put them to the sword. The enemy abandoned the village of Saint Albrecht, from whence our troops returned into the city, bringing with them some prisoners, provisions, and forage. They also were enabled, by this sortie, to acquaint the Governor with the circumstantial accounts of the magistrates and country people, who all uniformly agreed in relating the progress of the enemy on the Saxon territory. The most useful effects resulted from the expedition to Saint Albrecht; as from it the Governor ascertained that the Russians were not in any great force, and that although their numbers were far superior to ours, yet he could attack them with impunity.

On the 18th day of April, being the hundredth day of the blockade, and Easter Sunday, the Governor, in a moment of enterprising confidence, ordered the troops to parade beyond our advanced posts; several thousand men, infantry and cavalry, assembled at the distance of a league and a quarter from the city, in the beautiful plain shaded by the forest of Oliva. Our troops, with inconceivable boldness, slowly defiled amidst the flourishing of trumpets, at only fifteen paces from the enemy's lines, who remained motionless with astonishment.

The Governor now thought a favourable opportunity had occurred to permit an incursion into the surrounding country, in order to carry off cattle and forage in sufficient quantity to enable him to await the maturity of the harvest, which the surrounding fields gave promise of. To the east of Dautzie lies an extensive and fertile track of country, called the Noehrung; one side of

which is bounded by the Baltic, whose waves throw up on its banks an odorous amber; on two other sides it is inclosed by the Vistula, and forms a peninsula, ornamented with orchards, lakes, large plains, forests of fir, and full of small farms and fields, covered with numerous herds of cattle.

The inhabitants of this district are laborious and peaceful; however, it was into their possessions that the besieged resolved to make an irruption, in order to provision the place, the wants of which were every day growing more pressing. The 27th of April, troops marched out of the city, under the command of General Bachelu, to the number of fifteen hundred infantry, and two hundred cavalry. Our soldiers in a short time came up with the Russians, who guarded the roads towards the country; they rushed upon their first post. Colonel Reden, known in all the different armies, by thirty years of honourable service, was struck by four balls; the Commissary of War, M. Belissali, a brave soldier, fell wounded by his side; Colonels Baron Farine, Kiener, Nauman, Desseur, and Kamiński, merited, by their conduct and bravery, the highest praises. We made four hundred prisoners; the remainder was dispersed; and General Bachelu, after having forced this barrier, advanced into the country to the distance of eight leagues from Dantzic, and remained four entire days out of that city. We must contemplate with admiration the sang-froid and contempt of danger displayed by this small number of men, who for such a length of time, and so far from their ramparts, dared to remain in a country covered with numerous battalions of the enemy, and full of inhabitants, whom the Tocsin could suddenly assemble against them. But so great are the excesses authorized by war, that the admiration we at first grant to the dauntless courage of the soldier, is quickly dissipated in reflecting on its dreadful consequences. For what was the course these men were obliged to take to supply a garrison, sinking under its privations and its wants? They rushed into the granaries and fields of the laborious peasant, to carry off his grain and flocks. At the unexpected appearance of those troops, who had hazarded their safety, at such a distance from their fortifications, fear and desolation spread amongst those hamlets, so lately the abodes of peace; the soldiers eagerly poured in amidst those rural habitations, and seized on all the corn, cattle, and forage they could discover; whilst some collected the plunder, others conducted in haste the booty they had obtained, to the neighbouring banks of the Vistula, where the boats lay moored, which Rear Admiral Dumanoir had given orders to be ready to receive, and transport all that could be obtained to the walls of Dantzic.

The soldiers seized on the Peasants, and forced them to assist in driving the numerous herds of cattle, which were increased in every village they passed through; and the labourer, with sighs, was obliged to yield up the heifer, whose milk gave nutriment to his children, and the oxen, the companions of his toils, to the wants of the garrison. However, to assuage the misery of these country people, and to soften the severity of the sacrifices they were compelled to make, the Governor ordered, that bills payable after the siege, on the French Treasury, should be delivered with the utmost expedition.

On the thirtieth of April the French Troops returned to Dantzic, with eight hundred head of cattle, and forage for two months; the besieged received with shouts of joy those provisions, which enabled them to await with security the proper moment for gathering in the harvest. The environs of Dantzic, which, until now, the Governor had been enabled, by means of videttes, field works, picquets, advanced posts and sharp-shooters, to prevent the Russians from

approaching, became clothed with a rich and abundant vegetation; and every day, a reviving dew adding fresh verdure to the fields, gave vigour to the productions of the earth. The ground, which the besieged had as yet been enabled to preserve round the place, was the constant object of their vigilance and their cares: they reckoned on these future harvests as the means of prolonging their defence; and day and night they watched, with arms in their hands, the growing herbage, and green corn around them, with the same anxiety they would have guarded the treasures of Indostan. The Russians, who wished to accelerate the surrender of Dantzic, by making famine an auxiliary to their designs, felt how important it was to deprive the garrison of those resources which nature was preparing for its support, and, in consequence, they resolved on making incessant attacks in order to seize from the defenders of the place the possession of those fertile fields they held, and to shut them closely up within the walls of the city. The execution of this project appeared less difficult to the enemy, as he had received considerable reinforcements, and the command of the place had been entrusted to the Prince of Wirtemberg, uncle to the Emperor Alexander. The presence of this august personage before the walls of Dantzic, gave an assurance that the environs were soon to become the theatre of the most important operations. Immediately the tents and barracks of the enemy were extended on every side, and numerous detachments began to harass our videttes and advanced posts. Every moment, night and day, it became necessary to fly to arms, in order to repulse those continual attacks. Often our soldiers, too weak to resist superior forces, found themselves obliged to give way, until the troops in the interior of the place hastened to their succour. A state of such continued alarm, marches and fighting, which allowed no repose to the French, redoubled their fatigues, and wasted away their diminished numbers. A thousand times were those growing harvests, they had as yet secured, bedewed with the blood and sweat of those heroes. They formed of their artillery, their bayonets, swords, and even of their very bodies, the inclosure of this land of promise, which, could it have had the power of bearing testimony to so many prodigies of valour, proud of such labourers, spontaneous laurels would have started up to cover its bosom. Count Rapp perceived that those incessant struggles, if not interrupted, would insensibly waste his troops, and that, in order to relieve himself from the wearying assaults of the besiegers, it became imperious on him to try a general engagement. On the ninth of June, the Governor ordered a general sortie of the entire garrison: the command of the right was given to General Grandjean; the left was entrusted to General Heudelet; General Heusson, at the head of six hundred picked men, and six pieces of cannon, passed the wood of Ohra, and, protected by the defence it formed, drew up his troops in advance; on his left was a hollow way, beyond which Major Schneider, with one hundred and fifty men, observed the road to Dirchau, a little more to the Southward, and near the valley which extends from the side of Schonfeld, General Cavaignac was placed with his cavalry, and some light artillery. General Breissand, with a number of battalions, had taken up a position near the suburbs of Stoltzenburgh, not far from which in the centre, in the valley of Schidlitz, General Devilliers was posted with the troops of the Confederation of the Rhine; lower down from Schidlitz to Langfuhr, General Grandjean, with his corps, kept the left of the enemy in observation; a strong force composed of Neapolitans, Bavarians and artillery, formed the reserve. The ramparts of the city were covered with inhabitants, anxious to be spectators of the com-

bat. As soon as the Russians saw our troops advance, they fired the alarm guns, lighted their signals, and united their forces. General Heusson was the first who attacked the enemy, and merited, by the valour he displayed in this affair, the highest encomiums. Our artillery commenced its fire, the cannon of the enemy replied to it, and the engagement became serious on several points. The Russians, drawn up to the southward of the place, displayed their strength, and allowed us through the midst of clouds of smoke, to calculate their imposing numbers. Four thousand of their infantry were stationed to the right of the village of Wonneburg, three thousand men were in front of General Heusson, and two thousand had taken a position at the strong village of Pietzkendorf; the Russians had besides those troops, fifteen pieces of cannon, and fifteen hundred cavalry—their united force was three times more numerous than the garrison; however, the French had a much more powerful artillery than the enemy, and, finding their superiority in that respect, they used it with such effect, that they dispersed with their cannon all the masses of infantry which were brought against them: some thousands of Cossacks began then to scatter themselves round our positions, and to disturb our sharp-shooters; one time they would unite to make a charge, they then in a moment dispersed, and, by the extreme rapidity of their movements, shewed themselves on every side, yet were not any where accessible to attack.

Although the French appeared too few in numbers to continue to support themselves against the enemy, they endeavoured to seize the opportunity afforded by this sortie, to gather forage and cut the corn, although, as yet, green in the fields they fought in; and during the time the greater part of the army was engaged on an advanced line, the remainder collected the plunder, loaded the waggons, and drove them into the city. Whilst the tremendous fire of thirty-five pieces of artillery from the troops commanded by General D'Heudelet, forced the army to give way, and retire in disorder behind the heights of Borgfeld and Miggan, the Russians, by a rapid movement, poured in with new battalions upon General Grandjean; both sides evinced the greatest bravery, attended with various success; the carnage was dreadful, and night alone terminated a battle in which the besieged had a great number wounded. They did not lose so many killed as the enemy, whose loss in this affair could not be less than 1,500 men. But at the very time the besieged were fighting with such fury, a truce, in which they were comprehended, had been concluded between the Emperor Napoleon and the coalesced Powers. That great Captain had fought, in the fields of Lutzen and Bautzen, two eventful battles, where each party claimed the honour, but which the French had reason to estimate as important victories. The political preponderancy, and military weight, which these events seemed to bestow on the Chief of the French Government; the mediation of Austria, which, previous to an open declaration against Napoleon, wished, in appearance, to acquit herself of what she owed to the alliance she had contracted with him, by making some plausible efforts to procure peace; and indeed the necessity which all the Belligerent Powers had for a suspension of arms, induced the different parties to agree to an armistice. All Germany rejoiced at this repose, which they considered as the forerunner of a general reconciliation; and Dresden, surrounded by peaceful camps, had become the scene of festivity and pleasure. Dantzic was as yet uninformed of these happy tidings; an officer dispatched from the grand army, charged with the intelligence, used the utmost expedition, in the hope of stopping the effusion of blood. Each step of this joyful messenger might save the life of a brave man: but in

vain was his speed; he could not arrive until three hours after the battle of the 9th of June, when the environs of Dantzic were stained with the recent slaughter; the blood that had flown was yet smoking, and the bodies of the slain were scattered unburied on the fields. The French officer, Captain Planat, shewed his dispatches at the head-quarters of the enemy, and was permitted to enter the city; the Governor received him, and immediately all the garrison and inhabitants of Dantzic were informed of the armistice, and the events which had preceded. After having remained such a length of time in a state of painful uncertainty, unacquainted with the fate of their fellow-soldiers, and the state of France, with what rapture did the besieged receive those consoling accounts! Transported with joy, they were all anxious to speak to each other, to communicate their thoughts, their sentiments, and their hopes; they accosted one another with smiles of delight beaming on their countenances. A siege of so many months—battles—privations—watchings—sickness—sufferings and sorrows, were all forgotten. The officer was overwhelmed with questions; they interrogated eagerly all those with whom he had discoursed; they wished to know by what miracle the French, after the disasters of 1812, had all at once been enabled to repair such losses, and dispute the palm of victory with all the powers leagued against them. Some sighed at the recital of battles, where they had not fought and conquered with their brothers in arms; others felt a pride in having preserved a city, which the successes of the Emperor would render of such importance, and from which they could pour on the enemy, in his precipitate flight. In one place, they spoke of the loss of the heroes Bessieres and Duroc, who found, in the field of honour, a glorious death. In another, they calculated the advantageous consequences which the days of Lutzen and Bautzen must produce upon the campaign, opened with such splendor. When these ideas of war and of ambition, kindled in the minds of the troops, by the unexpected news they had received, began to subside, they indulged in milder reflections; their hearts became softened by the hope of an approaching peace, which would again open to them the road to their beloved country, and restore so many thousand soldiers to their families, their property, and to all the beloved objects of their secret affections. Although General Rapp shared in those pleasing hopes, he could not remove from his mind the possibility of a renewal of hostilities. On this supposition, all the works which a prolongation of the war required, were continued. He took advantage of the quiet of the armistice, which was to be continued from the 10th of June to the 25th of August, to arrange the different branches of the military administration, and to fortify the ramparts in those points that were weakest, which, although certainly not authorized by the laws of war, which forbid any addition to intrenchments or fortifications during an armistice, yet were the necessary consequences of the conduct of the Russians, who made new works round the place.

Quickly indeed did a variety of disagreeable symptoms, uncertain alarms, and the reserve the enemy maintained with the garrison, prove that these precautionary measures were not superfluous, and that the proceedings of the Congress at Prague did not promise a favourable termination.

The prospect of a new siege did not shake the fortitude of the French; and they proved, by the most energetic and determined measures, that they were prepared to brave the most awful crises of the war. Nearly three-fourths of the troops had been carried off by pestilence and the sword; a crowd of officers, without soldiers to command, and consequently without any fixed

duty to perform, remained. Those officers, to the number of sixteen hundred, desirous of giving a new proof of their willingness to devote themselves to the defence of the city, by an active and continued service, required permission to serve as private soldiers, and, formed into a chosen regiment, became an invincible and sacred phalanx; animated by honour, and enlightened by a martial spirit, they presented a model of the most admirable discipline, and military precision. To their care was particularly confided the guard of the magazines, the hospitals, gates of the city, the maintenance of public order; and when required, they were to act as a reserve, on whose heroism the last hopes of the battle might depend. The officers of engineers and artillery used every exertion to add to the fortifications of Dantzic; several redoubts were raised in advance of the city, to which the Governor gave the names of his friends and companions, who had fallen in the field of battle; the chief redoubts were named Montebello, Gudin, Frioul, and Istria. Among the severe measures which the anticipation of hostilities suggested for the defence of Dantzic, there was one, which the example of every nation and every place justifies, but which was not the less cruel and afflicting to humanity. The besieged dreading a famine, drove from the city four hundred foundlings, and ten thousand persons, whose indigence and total want of means compelled their banishment to be enforced in those moments of difficulty. The Governor, and the officers of the garrison, lamenting the rigor an inflexible duty demanded, softened, by every aid in their power, the miseries of those unfortunate people, whom they were obliged to doom, on account of their poverty, to become wanderers through a country ravaged and laid desolate by war. The four hundred orphans already so unfortunate in never having experienced the blessings of parental tenderness spread themselves amongst the surrounding villages, sometimes repulsed by the inhabitants, whose hearts had become hardened by the horrors of war and sometimes relieved by the pity their state excited. Thousand of poor people, who could not, like these forlorn children, claim the compassion particularly due to that weak and tender age, experienced the most bitter repulses; however, some found shelter in the Russian camp, whilst others were relieved in the city of Elbing; and it is a certain fact, that Providence did not suffer one to perish for want. The term of the armistice having expired, Napoleon refused to accede to any arrangement on his part, which had for its basis any essential sacrifice, and put an end to the Congress at Prague, using those presumptuous words, "Aut Cæsar aut nullus," an alternative he could not have adopted without the most unfeeling temerity, nor even without the destruction of his own interests, from the distressed and exhausted state to which France was reduced, by his victories and his disasters. The two months of tranquillity which Dantzic enjoyed in consequence of the armistice, divide the history of the siege of that city into two periods of equal duration, but totally distinct in the events they produced. In the first part of the siege, we have seen the miseries produced by an epidemic disease, and the constant but often unimportant assaults made by the besiegers, and the besieged, on their respective posts. In the second part, we shall witness the most sanguinary combats both by land and sea; for months, by night and day, did the banks of the Baltic and Vistula resound without interruption with the thunder of a murderous artillery.

In the midst of conflagrations which threatened general devastation, and during the most frightful inundations while famine decimated those whom disease had spared, and a bombardment left the finest parts of Dantzic a heap of ruins, upon those remains which the flames and waves seemed combined to

destroy, in the midst of the ruins or a city bathed with so much blood, and consecrated by so many glorious deaths, with what admiration must we contemplate those heroes who stood at their posts immovable and invincible; without weakness and without alarm, striking the very enemies that assailed them with admiration and astonishment. The belligerent parties renewed hostilities with fresh advantages, which, stimulating their ardour, rendered the attack and defence of the place more dreadful, and on every side increased the scenes of carnage. The enemy, who had assembled eighty thousand men under the fortifications of Dantzic, was also assisted by an Anglo Russian fleet, fifty sail of which cruised in the Baltic, at the mouth of the Vistula. The French had eight thousand men, who were divided into more than two hundred posts, but still the repose of the armistice had recruited their exhausted strength, and the most urgent wants of Dantzic had been relieved by the forage collected in the sorties from that city. Besides, what constituted the principal force of the French, what rendered them confident, bold, and invincible, was the expectation of being delivered by Napoleon. The brilliant opening of the campaign of eighteen hundred and thirteen, the advantages of which were exaggerated, seemed to guarantee the future successes of the grand army. According to their suppositions, the triumphant course of the Emperor would quickly extend itself to the extremities of Prussia. This hope frequently was productive of illusions; from the heights of the ramparts, the soldiers on duty would strain their eyes in gazing on the distant horizon, expecting to behold clouds of dust, announcing the approach of their companions. At night they would listen with eager attention, in the hope of hearing the cannon of their Emperor, which, according to an expression of that ambitious Captain, resounded through the universe. Meantime, the Russians had marked out their line of circumvallation, but with a precaution which disclosed the fears the former sortics of the besieged had caused, they opened their first trenches at the distance of nine hundred toises from Dantzic; an operation which appeared timid to the French, who, six years before, had attacked the same city, and opened their first parallel only three hundred toises distant from its walls. Yet every measure which may spare the effusion of human blood merits our praise; and besides, the Russians here united bravery to prudence, as they proved in the attack which they commenced on the 27th of August.

Amongst the positions which they most earnestly desired to make themselves masters of, were two heights of the utmost importance to the besieged. One called the Belvidere, because from its summit a lovely view of the city and surrounding country was discovered, if possessed by the enemy, would render him master of the suburbs of Langfuhr; the other, still more important, was the post of L'Etoile, which commands the suburbs of Ohra. From this position, the very interior parts of Dantzic were overlooked, and from this formidable fortification the city itself could be easily annihilated. The French were so firmly assured of the immediate arrival of the grand army before the walls of Dantzic, that they supposed the design of the enemy to possess himself of the heights of Langfuhr and Ohra, was in order to defend the two roads by which they intended to make their retreat, and to hinder the besieged from annoying them, when raising the siege. This opinion rendered the garrison more daring in defending the post that had been attacked, and on both sides there was an incredible carnage. The Russians, not satisfied with menacing the defence of Ohra and Belvidere, poured in on the city discharges of Congreve rockets, and on every point cannonaded the French advanced posts.

In order to disconcert those attempts, it was determined that a sortie should be made by a part of the garrison. General Heusson saw, on his approach, that our first lines had given way before a numerous enemy ; in an instant, he formed from the picked battalion of the ninth demi brigade a close column, which pushed on at the pas de charge, on the wood of Ohra, and regained that position ; at the same time the troops of major Chneider, availing themselves of their success, rushed with fixed bayonets on the Russians, whom they drove from the different points where they had established themselves. Whilst those important movements were executing, in accomplishing which the brave Aid de Camp Besancon expired covered with wounds ; and the chiefs of battalion D'Ellambert, Dupray Bellanger, and the brave Major Glieze, were wounded ; the cavalry of the garrison, supported by the infantry, advanced under the orders of Generals Cavaignac, and Fariuc, and pushed back the besiegers on their line of circumvallation ; the cavalry burning with ardour drove the enemy before them into their trenches, which were filled with the slaughter that took place. The contest now became dreadful ; the Prince D'Arenberg, whose wounds, received in the campaign of Moscow, were not yet closed, had three horses killed under him ; that brave and noble officer had the grief to behold his intimate friend, and élève, the interesting Cinturione, perish by his side in the flower of his age. This admired youth, a Page to the Emperor Napoleon, sprung from a family which gave Doges to ancient Liguria, had only a few days before received the rank of Sub-Lieutenant, and in this engagement fought for the first time, at the head of his troop ; he was the pride and hope of his parents, and scarcely had attained his sixteenth year, when he fell, far from his own mild and genial clime, near the shores of the tempestuous Baltic. From Ohra to the post of Heubude, the fighting raged on every side : night itself could not terminate the attacks ; whilst the combatants were engaged in various different places, under the walls of Dantzic, a freezing wind blew along the banks of the Vistula, and a cold rain fell in torrents ; yet it was the month of August, a season generally burning in those northern climates, where the summers, although short, are warm ; a little while before, the heat of the day was insupportable ; and now, by an extraordinary revolution in the atmosphere, the disorder and confusion of the elements were mingled with the fury of the combatants. In vain were the efforts of the Russians directed, almost solely, against the positions of Belvidere and Ohra ; the French remained masters of them, and every approach to those posts was covered with heaps of the enemy's slain ; the next day, however, the enemy again endeavoured to gain possession of them. Ten thousand Russians advanced in good order against Belvidere, and endeavoured to scale the fortifications ; they were repulsed, and again returned to the charge, a second time fell back, and once more rushed forward, besieging with so much obstinacy, and such an immense number of troops, this important height, that General Rapp, unwilling to sacrifice his troops in defence of a post, which for so many days, had cost such invaluable blood, and which it would be impossible hereafter to preserve, gave orders to evacuate it.

(To be continued.)

THE HISTORY OF THE WAR,

From the year 1792 to 1814; in which the Military Transactions of each Campaign are related separately and in detail.

CAMPAIGN OF 1793, continued.

BOOK II. CHAP. VIII.

The allied Courts agree to divide their Forces—Melancholy State of France—Menaces of the Jacobins—Houchard is appointed to the Command of the northern Army—The Duke of York makes an Attempt on Dunkirk, in which he is foiled—Action at Maubeuge—Capture of Quesnoy.

WHILE France was thus distracted in itself, the capture of Valenciennes, and the forced retreat of the wreck of the French army from under the protection of Cambray, seemed once more to afford a fair opportunity to the combined forces of marching to the capital, and deciding the fate of the empire. Nothing indeed could withstand the effort of such a force whilst united; it was only by its division that it could be overcome. And the allied courts unhappily resolved to divide it. Accordingly, while the Austrians undertook the siege of Quesnoy, the duke of York, at the head of the English troops, and a body of Dutch and Hanoverians, advanced and occupied a camp in the neighbourhood of Menin. The situation of France promised success to these hopes. The greater portion of the convention either arrested, put to death, or proscribed. Forty thousand royalists in the west triumphed over the ignorant generals and undisciplined armies opposed to them. In the north, the Austrians, after subduing Belgium, menaced the capital; in the south, Lyons and Marseilles were scarcely subdued; and Toulon was known to be already in possession of a British admiral. In every quarter the enemies of France were victorious. The king of Prussia after driving the French from Franckfort and Costheim, had obtained Mentz. A large army was preparing to force the lines of Weissembourg. The empire had declared war against France. Landau was blockaded; Strasburgh menaced; the territories bordering on the Pyrenées were overrun by the Spaniards; the colonies in the East and West Indies were either already conquered or threatened with immediate subjection by the English, while the French flag was no longer seen in the Channel, the Atlantic, or the Mediterranean.

But France was at this time in possession of men whose audacity was their power. The industry, the wealth, and even the lives of near thirty millions of inhabitants were at their disposal. Terror became their engine. They employed a revolutionary tribunal, a revolutionary army, and stationary as well as travelling guillotines, to repress and punish all those who opposed their authority. A multitude of spies, informers, and executioners, carried fear into every house, and into every bosom.

No one was either exempt from dread or from punishment. An obnoxious deputy suffered as a federalist ; the noble was accused of emigration ; the lawyer perished as a traitor, the banker as a counter-revolutionist, the merchant as a forestaller. Safety was to be found no-where but in the armies ; and immense multitudes repaired thither for protection. The public coffers were supplied by confiscation, and in consequence of a report from the committee of public safety, August 8, 1793, all Frenchmen were declared, by a solemn decree of the convention, to be at the service of their country until its enemies should be chased from the territories of the republic. "The young men shall march to the combat ; the married ones shall forge arms and transport the provisions ; the women shall fabricate tents and clothes, and attend the military hospitals ; the children shall make lint to serve as dressings for the wounds of the patriots ; while the old men shall cause themselves to be carried to the public squares to excite the courage of the warriors, to preach the unity of the republick, and inspire hatred against kings."

They had thus raised the nation in mass, and eleven distinct armies formed a chain around the frontiers of France. All the unmarried males from eighteen to forty years of age were put in what was termed permanent requisition, and a draft of three hundred thousand made at one time. These immense resources enabled them to strengthen and new model the army of the north, extending from Dunkirk to Maubeuge ; that of the Ardennes, reaching from Maubeuge to Longwy ; that of the Moselle, from Longwy to Bitche ; that of the Rhine, from Bitche to Porentrui ; that of the Alps, from the Aisne to the borders of the Var ; that of Italy, from the Maritime Alps to the mouth of the Rhone ; the army of the Oriental Pyrenées, from the mouth of the Rhone to the Garonne ; the army of the Western Pyrenées, from the department of the Upper Pyrenées to the mouth of the Gironde ; the army of the coasts of Rochelle, from the mouth of the Gironde to that of the Loire ; the army of the coasts of Brest, from the mouth of the Loire to St. Maloes ; and, lastly, that of the coasts of Cherbourg, from St. Maloes to the northern department.

No sooner did the French learn that the combined forces intended to separate, than they determined once more to resume offensive operations, and assail their enemies in their disjointed state. Advantage was taken of the inactivity of the Prussians after the conquest of Mentz, and drafts were accordingly made from the armies of the Rhine and the Moselle, while the new levies were clothed, embodied, and disciplined. A Jacobin general, who had ascended through all the various military gradations from the station of a trooper to the chief command, was assigned to them for their leader : this was Houchard, already celebrated by his exploits in Germany ; and who, after possessing in succession the command of the forces stationed on the banks of the Rhine and the Moselle, was now placed at the head of the army of the north.

The French having attacked Lincelles, a post lately taken and occupied by command of the hereditary prince of Orange, major-general

Lake, with three battalions, consisting of the first, Coldstream, and third regiment of guards, was sent to the assistance of the Dutch troops, who had unluckily retreated by a different road. But notwithstanding this discouraging circumstance, and the manifest superiority of the enemy, an immediate attack was determined upon. The English were accordingly formed (Aug. 18), and advanced under a heavy fire against a redoubt of uncommon size and strength, erected upon a height in front of the village. After firing three or four rounds they charged with bayonets, stormed the works, drove out the enemy, dispersed them after they had rallied, and took eleven pieces of cannon, and about fifty prisoners.

In the mean time field-marshal Freytag, at the head of the Hanoverians, defeated the French at Oost Capelle, Rexpede, and Hoenchoote, and took eleven pieces of cannon, and two hundred prisoners, while the duke of York (Aug. 22.) advanced with the besieging army in three columns from Furnes, to attack the camp of Ghivelde. On this the enemy abandoned their position during the night, and a redoubt in the course of next day. Field-marshal Freytag at the same time seized on the posts of Warmarthe and Eckelsbeck, and the bridge of Lefferink's Hocke; the English also, after repulsing a sally, and experiencing some loss in consequence of approaching the place during the ardour of pursuit, obtained possession of the ground near Dunkirk, which it became necessary to occupy previously to the siege, and summoned the place in the name of the king of Great Britain.

But after the operations of this day, the success of the English ceased; and it soon became evident, either that the plan of the campaign was faulty, or that the vigour and resources of the enemy had not been sufficiently appreciated. No sooner did the committee of public safety receive intimation of the separation of the grand army, and the march of the Duke of York against Dunkirk, than the most effectual means were taken for the defence of that place. General Souham, who had risen from the ranks, was accordingly ordered to march with a chosen body of troops to the assistance of the garrison; these soon after entered the town under the command of Hoche, now an adjutant-general, and formerly a private in the French guards. The presence of the two representatives, Hentz and Duquesnoy, also animated the soldiery, and inspired the townsmen with confidence; while O'Moran, who commanded at Cassel, being suspected of treachery, was seized, conducted to Paris, and perished soon after in consequence of a sentence of the revolutionary tribunal. Houchard having now arrived with an immense body of troops, it was determined to relieve the place by general and frequent attacks. The French accordingly marched out from the camp of Cassel, as well as from the towns of Bergues and Dunkirk, for the purpose of assaulting the whole of field-marshal Freytag's posts; and although his troops displayed great bravery, yet the enemy not only obtained possession of Bambecke, Rousbrugge, and Poperinge, but obliged part of the army to retreat to Hondschoote. Next day (Sept. 7.) the field-marshal was attacked again; on the succeeding morning, the

centre of the line was forced, and general Walmoden driven behind a canal, with the loss of three pieces of cannon, and about three hundred men.

This action, in the course of which field-marshal Freytag and prince Adolphus were both wounded, and for some time prisoners, proved decisive of the fate of Dunkirk, and of the campaign; for his royal highness the commander in chief was obliged to abandon his position, resign the intention of a siege, and leave thirty-two heavy cannon, much baggage, and many of the military stores behind him. The retreat, however, was conducted with equal ability and success by general sir William Erskine.

So far were the French from being dazzled with the late success, and the subsequent capture of Furnes and Menin, that Houchard was immediately arrested, and soon after put to death, because he had not completed his triumph by the capture of the army destined to besiege Dunkirk*. On the other hand, care was taken to reward such officers as had distinguished themselves; and Jourdan, who had attacked the right and centre of the camp at Hond-schoote, as well as Hoche †, who had charged the left wing, were both promoted; a decree passed at the same time, declaring, "that the army of the north had deserved well of the country.

The Austrians were more fortunate than the British; Quesnoy was now taken, and the garrison made prisoners of war: the French were also defeated at Villers en Couché; and the prince de Cobourg having passed the Sambre (Sept. 29.), drove all the detached bodies of the enemy into the entrenched camp of Maubeuge, and actually invested both it and the fortress; while Cambray and Bouchain were successively threatened by field-marshal Clairfayt.

But these successes were not durable. A formidable train of heavy artillery was now brought into the field, numerous bodies of troops were assembled, the representatives of the people not only harangued the army, but placed themselves at the head of the columns, while another Jacobin leader was found in the person of Jourdan. No sooner was that general invested with the chief command, than he determined to have recourse to the same system that had proved successful at Hond-schoote. An attack was accordingly made on the troops posted near

* Houchard suffered by the guillotine at Paris, November 15, 1793. The four following were the charges against him, drawn up by Barrere.

1. That after defeating the English, he did not drive them into the sea;
2. That when he had surrounded the Dutch, he did not cut them in pieces;
3. That he sent no succours to the troops butchered near Cambray; and
4. That he abandoned Menin, and in his retreat exposed his army to considerable danger.

† This wretch contrived to inspire the garrison of Dunkirk with a portion of the enthusiasm with which he himself was actuated. The following are his paroles and countersigns while at Dunkirk:—"Cassius—Sparte. Montague—Posterité. Despotes—Mort. Pitt—Neant. Liberté—Univers."

the village of Wattignies, and although this at first was unsuccessful, yet being renewed with increased vigour on the succeeding morning, proved at length decisive. Accordingly, the communication with the army of observation before Maubeuge being now cut off, and the prince de Cobourg beaten in an action that lasted two days, he deemed it prudent to repossess the Sambre; but his retreat was conducted with such firmness, that two detached bodies of troops, under lieutenant-general Benzowsky and count Haddick, took fourteen pieces of cannon, and some hundred prisoners.

The French being now the assailants, the war once more assumed a new appearance; and the armies which had so lately been summoning towns and provinces in the names of the king of Great Britain and the Emperor of Germany, found it difficult to defend Austrian Flanders. The enemy had by this time seized on Werwick and Furnes; they also obtained possession of Menin, and were only prevented from occupying Nieuport by the gallant defence of colonel de Wurmb; in consequence of which, time was given for the arrival of generals Grey and Dundas, who secured the possession of that place by means of the same troops with which they afterwards achieved so many conquests in the West Indies. The remainder of the campaign in this quarter was spent in actions of little note, with the exception of an attack upon Marchiennes, by major-general Kray, under the direction of the duke of York; in consequence of which the enemy lost twelve pieces of cannon, and about two thousand troops, including killed and wounded.

At the very moment when the French struggled hard to obtain possession of the provinces bordering on the narrow seas, they were obliged to contend with superior fleets in the Mediterranean, and combat for the possession of its shores against the united efforts of many powerful nations.

BOOK III. CHAP. I.

The combined Fleets enter the Mediterranean—Lord Hood negotiates with the disaffected Cities—Obtains Possession of Toulon—Siege of that important Place—Bonaparte appointed to the Command of the French Artillery—Evacuation of the Town and Harbour, after setting fire to the Arsenal and several Ships of the Line.

WHILE the south of France was a prey by turns to terror and insurrection, the fleet of Great Britain, under the orders of lord Hood, and that of Spain, commanded by don Juan de Langara, had made their appearance in the Mediterranean. This event tended not a little to infuse new hopes into the malecontents, and confirm the spirit of revolt that began to prevail every-where. The recent misfortunes of the republic, the victories of the combined armies, the scarcity of corn, the hostile conduct of the Italian states, and above all, the countenance and the protection of England, seemed to evince the probability of a successful resistance. Every thing at this period appeared to demonstrate the de-

clension of a cause, now only supported by the zealots of the revolution; and the declining fortunes of the convention, as well as the increasing despair of the republicans, indicated a fatal crisis.

Lord Hood did not fail to take advantage of the commotions that prevailed in the great cities of the southern departments. He accordingly, August 22d, 1793, appeared off the islands of Hieres, and received commissioners from Toulon and Marseilles on board the Victory, which carried his flag. It was decided in this conference, that the first constitution should be recognised; that the English should take possession of all the towns delivered up in the name of Louis XVII.; and that a supply of corn should be furnished for the use of the inhabitants. In the course of the succeeding day, a preliminary declaration was issued by the British admiral, in which he stated, that if a candid and explicit declaration in favour of monarchy was made at Toulon and Marseilles, and the standard of royalty hoisted, the ships in the harbour dismantled, and the port and forts provisionally placed at his disposal, the people of Provence should have the assistance of his Britannic majesty's fleet, and not an atom of private property be touched." His lordship at the same time, added, "that having no other view than that of restoring peace to a great nation, upon just, liberal, and honourable terms," whenever this event took place, "the port, with all the ships in the harbour, and forts of Toulon, shall be restored to France, with the stores of every kind agreeably to the schedule that may be delivered." Lord Hood also published a proclamation, in which, after stating the anarchy and misery of the inhabitants of the south of France, he concluded with observing, "that he had come to offer them the assistance of the force with which he was furnished by his sovereign, in order to spare the further effusion of human blood, to crush with promptitude the factions, to re-establish a regular government in France, and thereby maintain peace and tranquillity in Europe." "Decide, therefore," added he, "definitively and with precision. Trust your hopes to the generosity of a loyal and free nation. In its name I have just given an unequivocal testimony to the well disposed inhabitants of Marseilles, by granting to the commissioners sent on board the fleet under my command, a passport for procuring a quantity of grain, of which that city stands so much in need. Be explicit, and I fly to your succour, in order to break the chain which surrounds you, and to be the instrument of making many years of happiness succeed to four years of misery and anarchy, in which your deluded country has been involved."

On the receipt of these declarations, they were immediately communicated by the general committee to the sections of Toulon, and a reply returned in the name of the inhabitants, expressive of "their unanimous wish to reject a constitution which does not promote their happiness, to adopt a monarchical government, such as was originally decreed by the constituting assembly of 1789; and that in consequence they have proclaimed Louis XVII. son of Louis XVI. king, sworn to acknowledge him, and no longer to suffer the despotism of the tyrants which at this

time rule France." They also promise, "that the white flag shall be hoisted the moment the English squadron anchors in the road of Toulon;" "that the ships of war now there shall be disarmed;" that the citadel and the forts on the coast shall be provisionally at the disposal of the said admiral;" but stipulate that when peace is re-established in France, "the ships and forts which may be put into the hands of the English, shall be restored to the French nation in the same state they were in when the inventory was delivered."

However, although the central committee, composed of the chief inhabitants of Toulon, had agreed to surrender the port, arsenals, and forts, in trust to admiral Hood, and had proclaimed Louis XVII.; yet a great portion of the people, were averse from both of these measures. But the most formidable opposition originated on the part of the sailors on board the fleet. Rear-admiral Trogoff had indeed entered into all the views of the British commander, but he found a powerful adversary in St. Julien. This officer had been charged by two of the deputies on mission at Marseilles, to cause himself to be recognised as admiral in chief, and to adopt proper measures for the safety of the navy; he accordingly assembled and communicated the order to the crews of the men of war, by whom he was instantly elected their chief. On this, Trogoff retired to the city, and took possession of the forts on the left of the harbour; after a variety of measures had been recurred to in vain, on purpose to gain over the captains, the revolutionary committee declared, that it would only allow the space of half an hour for them to consent to the introduction of the combined fleet, at the expiration of which period, the forts should fire with red-hot shot on their ships. These menaces, instead of intimidating the squadron, seemed to render it more determined; and it was declared by the council of officers, "that they would rather demolish the city, and perish themselves, than consent to the entrance of the enemy's squadron into the port of Toulon."

Both parties were now about to recur to extremities when some of the townsmen, knowing that the commanders of several of the ships were not unfriendly to their views, determined to enter into a negotiation, and depend upon seduction rather than force. Means were accordingly recurred to for this purpose, which in the end proved successful; and Trogoff having hoisted his flag on board a corvette, under protection of the ramparts, immediately sailed for, and anchored in the roads. On his arrival within sight of the fleet, he fired a gun, and threw out a signal for the ships to join him. On this, nearly all of them saluted their former admiral, and placed themselves under his command. St. Julien, to whom the crews of seven vessels still remained faithful, was desirous of opposing the entrance of the enemy, but seeing himself abandoned by the officers, he was under the necessity of withdrawing, and made his escape in his boat".*

* When admiral St. Julien had landed, he at first purposed to join the army of Carteaux, then before Marseilles; but not choosing to trust to a sanguinary government that made but little difference between the innocent and the guilty, he

All opposition being now at an end, fifteen hundred men were landed from the English fleet, who immediately took possession of fort Môle, by means of a detachment under captain Elphinstone, as well as of the batteries at the mouth of the harbour. On this (Aug. 28) the ships were warped into the inner road according to agreement, and the Spanish admiral having joined next day, the combined squadrons anchored in the outer road, after which one thousand Spaniards were sent on shore to augment the English garrison; rear-admiral Goodall was declared governor, and rear-admiral Gravina commandant of the troops.

In the mean time general Carteaux having advanced against and taken possession of Marseilles, the wreck of the departmental army took refuge in Toulon, and was accompanied by a crowd of unfortunate individuals of both sexes, who fled from death and persecution, to court the protection of the English. On the other hand, the latter had scarcely taken possession of the place, when Barras and Freron, the two national commissioners at Marseilles, made incredible exertions to regain the chief sea-port in the Mediterranean. They accordingly pressed the siege of Lyons, that the troops employed in the conquest of that city might be at their disposal, and subjected the merchants of Marseilles to a loan of four millions of livres. The convention also displayed an uncommon degree of energy upon this occasion, and not only ordered all the departments of the South to provide bodies of troops, but transmitted immense sums in assignats, for the purpose of raising, arming, and equipping a multitude of new battalions.

While the army destined to besiege Toulon was collecting, Carteaux approached that place, and took post at a small distance. On this captain Elphinstone marched out (Aug. 31) with a body of troops, consisting of three hundred English, and an equal number of Spanish, and found the French force to consist of about seven hundred men, with ten pieces of cannon, and a few cavalry. The enemy was stationed in the village of Ollouilles, upon the side of a steep hill, having a deep ravine in front with a stone bridge over it, defended by two pieces of artillery; the windows of the adjoining houses were filled with musquetry: about two hundred yards further up the eminence, at a ruinous castle, were also posted a couple of cannon, and the walls of the adjacent vineyards were lined with soldiers.

took once more to his boat, and surrendered himself to the Spanish admiral, who sent him a prisoner to Barcelona.

Trogoff repaired to the combined fleet, and died on board the Commerce de Marseilles. Many hundreds of the sailors continued so refractory, that it was soon after found necessary to send them to a French port.

(To be continued.)

THE
Lives of the Great Captains of Modern History.

IT is our purpose under this head to execute a task very much wanted, that of giving a complete collection of THE LIVES OF THE GREAT CAPTAINS OF MODERN HISTORY. As far as respects France this has been already executed by Brantome, but we have no English Writer who has attempted it. The materials of these Lives will be as follows: 1. Where the subjects themselves have left their own Memoirs, they shall be given in full. 2. Where these Lives have been written by any author of authority, they will likewise be given in full,—such work being translated or reprinted. 3. In want of such materials, the best will be selected from the annals and memoirs of the age in which they lived.

THE LIFE OF JOHN DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

BOOK IV.

TO THE END OF THE CAMPAIGN IN 1707.

(Speech of the Deputies of the States to the Congress continued.)

“THAT their high mightinesses, for their own parts, were resolved to stick to the measures they had taken, and to the alliance made, which God had hitherto so wonderfully blest, and to execute and observe sincerely what was stipulated and promised by the treaties; and therefore not to enter into any negotiation of peace, but jointly with their high allies, and not without communicating to them faithfully, conformably to the said treaties, the overtures that might be made to them on this subject; expecting that the high allies would do no less on their part.”

The grand pensionary, and the duke of Marlborough, spoke very nobly and prudently on this occasion, and both concluded for continuing the war. They also desired the ministers to write to their principals, to exhort them to exert their best efforts for carrying on the war effectually, and to take example by England and Holland, who were determined to make a most vigorous campaign. The assembly was exceedingly charmed and satisfied with the sincere, obliging, and honest communication of the aforesaid premises. After this his grace, having finished his affairs at the Hague, set out for England, where he arrived towards the end of November.

On the 3d of December the house of commons resolved *nemine contradicente*, that the thanks of their house be given to his grace the duke of Marlborough, for his eminent service to her majesty and this kingdom, in the great and glorious victory and successes obtained over the common enemy in the last campaign; and appointed a committee to attend the duke of Marlborough with the said thanks. He was attended upon the next day, and told them, in answer to their speech; “That if any thing could add to his satisfaction in the services he had endeavoured to do to the Queen and his country, it would be the particular notice which

the house of commons was pleased to take of them, so much to his advantage."

On the 5th of the same month, the duke having taken his seat in the house of lords, the lord-keeper, Cowper, informed his grace, that he was commanded by that house to give his grace their acknowledgement and thanks for the eminent services he had done since the last session of parliament to her majesty and his country, together with the confederates, in this just and necessary war.

"Though your successes (said that great orator) against the power of France, while it remained unbroken, gave most reasonable expectation that you would not fail to improve them; yet what your grace hath performed this last campaign has far exceeded all hopes, even of such as were most affectionate and partial to their country's interest and your glory. The advantages you have gained against the enemy are of such a nature, so conspicuous in themselves, so undoubtedly owing to your courage and conduct, so sensibly and universally beneficial in their consequences to the whole confederacy, that to attempt to adorn them with the colouring of words would be vain and inexcusable, and therefore I decline it; the rather because I should certainly offend that great modesty which alone can and does add lustre to your actions, and which in your grace's example has successfully withstood as great trials as that virtue has met with in any instance whatsoever: and I beg leave to say, that if any thing could move your grace to reflect with much satisfaction on your own merit, it would be this, that such an august assembly does with one voice praise and thank you: an honour, which a judgment so sure as that of your grace's to think rightly of every thing, cannot but prefer to the ostentation of a public triumph."

His grace replied, "that he esteemed it a very particular honour which their lordships were pleased to do him, and that nobody in the world could be more sensible of it than he, nor more desirous to deserve the continuance of their favour and good opinion." On the 26th of the same month the house of lords presented an address to the Queen; setting forth, "that having with much satisfaction considered the many great actions which the duke of Marlborough had performed in her majesty's service, to the honour of his country, and for the good of the common cause of Europe, their lordships were desirous to express the just sense they had of his merit, in a peculiar and distinguishing manner, and, in order to perpetuate the memory thereof, to settle and continue his titles and honours, with his right of precedence, in his posterity, by act of parliament, as the method most effectual for that end, and best suiting so great an occasion: but yet, having always a just regard for the prerogatives of the crown (her majesty being the sole fountain of honour) they thought it their duty, in the first place, to have recourse to her majesty for her royal allowance, before any order given for bringing in a bill of such a nature; and at the same to desire her majesty would be graciously pleased to let the house know in what manner it would be most acceptable to her majesty, that the said titles and honours should be limited."

Her majesty's pleasure was soon signified by her most gracious answer.

"Nothing, says she, can be more acceptable to me than your address. I am entirely satisfied with the services of the duke of Marlborough, and therefore cannot but be pleased you have so just a sense of them.

"I must not omit to take notice, that the respectful manner of your proceeding, in desiring my allowance for bringing in the bill, and my direction for the limitation of the honours, does give me great satisfaction.

"My intention is, that after the determination of the estate which the duke of Marlborough now has in his titles and honours, the same should be limited to his eldest daughter, and the heirs-male of her body, and then to all his other daughters successively, according to their priority of birth, and the heirs-male of their respective bodies; and afterwards in such manner as may most effectually answer my design and your's in perpetuating the memory of his merit, by continuing, as far as may be done, his titles and name to all his posterity.

"I think it would be proper, that the honour and manor of Woodstock, and the house of Blenheim, should always go along with the titles; and therefore I recommend that matter to your consideration."

Then the duke of Marlborough, after expressing the sense he had of the great and distinguishing honour which the house had been pleased to do him in their resolution, and their application to her majesty, informed their lordships, "that in relation to that part of her majesty's gracious answer, which concerned the estate of Woodstock and the house of Blenheim, he had made his humble request to the Queen, that those might go along with the titles: and I make, says he, the like request to your lordships, that after the duchess of Marlborough's death (upon whom they are settled in jointure) that estate and house may be limited to go always along with the honour."

On the 28th of December, a bill from the lords, for an act for settling the honours and dignities of John duke of Marlborough upon his posterity, and annexing the honour and manor of Woodstock, and house of Blenheim, to go along with the said honours, was read three times by the house of commons, and passed *nemine contradicente*: and the very next day it received the royal assent, when the Queen told both houses of parliament, that the particular notice they had taken of the eminent services of the duke of Marlborough was very agreeable to her, and she did not doubt would be so to the whole kingdom.

We are now come to the end of that campaign in which the allies gained more advantages than in any other during the whole war: and here, according to my custom before observed, I should make some reflections by way of recapitulation, had not that part been excellently well done to my hand, in the petition of the Dutch council of war to the states general, as delivered in at the end of the year to their high mightinesses. It goes back to the beginning of the war, and contains, in few words, a judicious summary of all the most material transactions to this time. Though it seems to respect most peculiarly the interests of the

states general, the reader will find in it a faithful representation of whatever concerns the grand alliance, and the general reasons for making new efforts in the next campaign.

“In 1702, say they, when the war was begun in these parts, as it had been before in Italy, the enemy were indeed dislodged from the frontiers of this state along the Rhine and the Maese, by the taking of Keyzerswaert, most of the towns and forts in the Spanish Guelderland, and Liege; and the expedition by sea against Spain, after much loitering and fruitless attempts about Cadiz, was no less advantageously than luckily terminated at Vigo. But, in the mean time, we were not without apprehension of danger from the enemy's attempts on the side of Nimeguen and Hulst; and the state was obliged, for its better security, to take more troops into service, besides the recruits and levies that were already made.

“These progresses and efforts putting the enemy upon recruiting their old troops and raising new, establishing great magazines on their frontiers, and making all manner of preparations to render themselves superior in arms to the allies in all parts, your high mightinesses, with her majesty the queen of Great Britain, found it necessary, in 1703, to augment your forces with 20,000 men more: and though the military operations on this side were not unprosperous that year, particularly on the Lower Rhine and the Maese, Bon, Huy, and Limburg being taken, and though that year the king of Portugal and the duke of Savoy came into the grand alliance, yet the affairs of the high allies did not go so successfully in other parts. In the Netherlands, about Maestricht and Antwerp, we found ourselves in very great danger; and in Germany the enemy had so great a superiority, what with their own and their confederate forces, that early in the spring, even before the winter was well over, they passed the Rhine, and making themselves masters of fort Kehl, and other places thereabouts, marched through very difficult and barren ways to the Danube; put the two adjacent and not the least circles of the empire, and even the archdukedom of Austria, and county of Tirol, into great perplexity; took (notwithstanding the succours sent up by your high mightinesses) the fortresses of Brisac and Landau; and lastly, by their advantages in the Spierbach, spread the terror of their arms to the Maine and the Moselle.

“The campaign of 1704 was opened by the enemy on the Upper Rhine and the Danube: and, to redress the imminent danger it brought upon the allies, and prevent the fatal consequences that were apprehended from it, your high mightinesses, with her majesty the queen of Great Britain, were obliged to send up a very considerable number of troops, which had such success, that a stop was put to the progress of the enemy; and by the great battle of Hockstedt, fought soon after that at Schellenberg, all that was lost was recovered, Brisac and fort Kehl only excepted: but in the mean time, the arms of the allies had not the same success in other parts, particularly in Portugal and Piedmont; where, besides the reduction of the duchy of Savoy, several places

were forced to submit to the enemy, though not without putting them to very great expence of blood, especially Verrua, which cost them a hard siege of about six months.

“ These successes, high and mighty lords, gave us good ground to hope that the enemy, who in the battle of Hockstedt, and the siege of Verrua, had in effect lost two armies, could not repair that loss, at least not so speedily as to hinder the military operations of the allies the next year on the Moselle and the Saar, and country adjacent, where France is least fortified by art. But the event was very different from those hopes and appearances. The enemy took the field first again on the Moselle, with a formidable army, and pushed themselves in such a manner, that the army which marched up thither could undertake no enterprise of consequence. At the same time the enemy appeared superior on the Maese; so that, to secure the state from the disaster, the troops were obliged to come back from the Moselle: yet such success attended them, that, in a little time after, the enemy's lines in Brabant were forced. In Spain, by means of the new succours sent thither, who took Barcelona, the face of affairs was happily changed; and on the Upper Rhine, the arms of the allies broke through the enemy's lines about Haguenau, deep into Alsace. On the other hand, the enemy reduced all Piedmont, the capital (which was threatened hard too) and two or three other places only excepted.

“ Lastly, To come to the successes of the past campaign, they have in several parts (by the goodness of God) been very great and advantageous, beyond all human expectation. In Spain, Barcelona was relieved, and the enemy forced to draw off, with the loss of almost a whole army, and of a considerable train of artillery, and of all manner of stores of war. This was attended by the submission of the entire principality of Catalonia, and of the kingdoms of Valencia and Arragon, to king Charles III; as also of several maritime places in the Mediterranean. In the Netherlands, by the glorious battle of Ramillies, and the affright and confusion into which it put the enemy, three Spanish provinces, and several great and opulent cities and places in them, were likewise reduced to the obedience of king Charles III; and afterwards several other towns, as Ostend, Menin, Dendermonde, Aeth, were, with uncommon vigour and bravery, taken in much less time than the like was ever done before. And in Piedmont, the city of Turin was in a most wonderful manner nobly relieved, and the enemy before it routed, and, with great loss of men, artillery, and stores of all sorts, forced to retire out of Italy over the mountains into their own country.

“ Yet, though so great, so surprizing, so memorable advantages and victories were obtained, affairs in Spain were first brought to the utmost extremity by the enemies forming the siege of Barcelona by sea and land, and pushing it on with so great vigour, that had not the succours sent thither arrived just as they did, the place must have submitted, to the ruin, it is to be feared, of king Charles's cause. On the Rhine, the enemy, before the German troops were out of their quarters and re-

cruited, with a considerable body of forces raised the blockade of fort Louis, and afterwards retook Druzenheim and Haguenau, with a great train of artillery that was in it; and, in general, recovered all that was taken from them in those parts the preceding year, and even straitened Landau. In Lombardy, the enemy gained a great advantage over the allies near Montechiari, by means whereof they put back their operations, and gained time to besiege Turin, and press it very hard. From all this, and also from the affairs of Spain seeming at this time not to be in so prosperous a course as they were at the opening of this campaign, but to require new succours, it evidently appears, that although the successes of this war have hitherto been very great and advantageous, yet they have always been accompanied with great difficulties, toil, and hazard, and have not gone on in such an uninterrupted train, as might well have been hoped, had the arms of the allies been superior to the enemy in all parts; and as those advantages could not have been maintained, so neither can they be pursued, if any diminution had been, or should now be made, of the force hitherto employed against so powerful an enemy."

The troops were in motion on both sides in the month of March, to begin the campaign in the Netherlands. The French cavalry was very well mounted and numerous, but their infantry in an indifferent condition; whereas all the troops of the allies were completely recruited, and made the finest appearance in the world. They were pretty equal in number on both sides; but the French being made up of new-raised men, chiefly forced into the service, the allies seemed almost confident of success, if they could but engage the enemy.

The duke of Marlborough, having been detained several days at Margate, by contrary winds, embarked the 13th of April in the evening, designing to reach Ostend; but the wind changing again, his grace landed at the Brill the 16th, and the next day arrived at the Hague, to the great joy of the ministers of the allies, who expected him with the utmost impatience. The next day his grace received and returned several visits, and on the Sunday following he had a long conference with the deputies of the states on the affairs of that juncture. Amongst other things, he told them, that it being absolutely necessary to put an end to the troubles in Saxony, occasioned by the presence of the king of Sweden in that electorate, he was resolved to go thither, and had for that purpose the necessary powers from the queen his mistress, and desired to have the same from their high mightinesses. The states of Holland and West Friesland met the Wednesday following in the morning, when the pensionary having communicated to them the necessity of the duke of Marlborough's journey, they heartily concurred in those measures, and his grace set out the same evening for Lipsick, by way of Hanover. His grace had several conferences with M. d'Auverquerque, who set out the day before his departure for Brussels, to assemble the confederate troops in their respective rendezvous.

The duke made no stay at Hanover, but having taken his leave of the electoral court on the 24th in the evening, he set out the next morning at four o'clock. His grace lay that night at Halberstadt, where he was complimented by the magistrates. The 26th in the morning he continued his journey to Hall, where he was met by Mr. Robinson envoy extraordinary from her majesty of Great Britain, count Zinzendorf envoy from the emperor, and M. Cranenbergh the Dutch minister. After dinner his grace received the compliments of the magistrates, and of the university: then proceeded to Alt-Ranstadt, accompanied by Mr. Robinson and M. Cranenbergh. He waited privately on Baron Goertz; went directly to count Piper's quarters; and, after some conference with him, came to the quarters the king had ordered to be prepared for him. The 27th in the morning he was complimented upon his arrival by the ministers and general officers, and about ten o'clock had his first audience of the King, which lasted near two hours. After dining with his majesty, his grace had a second audience, at which were count Piper and M. Hermelin, the two chief ministers, and Mr. Robinson. His grace then spent the whole evening in visits to count Piper, and the other ministers and general officers, and seemed perfectly well satisfied with his reception. Count Wackerbach, lieutenant-general of king Augustus's forces, and his envoy to the court of Vienna, arrived the same afternoon with a compliment from his master; intimating, that he would be that night at Lipsick.

Upon this notice his grace went the next morning from Alt-Ranstadt, to wait on king Augustus, with whom he had a private conference of about half an hour, and then returned to count Piper's quarters, where he dined. In the evening he supped with field-marshal Renchild. The 29th his grace was visited by count Piper, field-marshal Renchild, field-marshal Ogilvi, and several general officers and persons of quality; and after having dined with baron Goertz, had his audience of leave of the king of Sweden. Before it was ended, king Stanislaus came in, and was complimented by his grace, who soon after took his leave, came to Lipsick, and thence without making any stay, proceeded on his journey to Berlin.

On the 30th the duke arrived at Charlottenberg; the king of Prussia having sent M. Grumhow to desire his grace would pass that way. He supped that night with the king, and was lodged in an apartment belonging to the margrave. On Sunday, May the 1st, his grace went to divine service with the king, who had given particular orders to M. l'Enfant to preach in French on that occasion. On the 2d, his grace left Charlottenberg, in order to proceed towards Hanover, where he arrived on the 3d; and the day following, after a private conference, he dined with his electoral highness. In the afternoon he set out for the Hague, and returned thither on the 8th, having all along received the highest marks of esteem and distinction in the several courts through which he passed.

(To be continued.)

MEMORIALS
OF THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE OF FREDERIC
OF PRUSSIA.

FREDERIC IN HIS YOUTH.

I shall now proceed to mention some facts that took place previous to my residing at Berlin; after first premising, that the reader is not on this account to withhold his confidence in their veracity, as I write from the most unquestionable and authentic evidence, or from the lips of witnesses in every respect worthy of our confidence. William the first did not love his eldest son—"He is a mere coxcomb," said he; "a coxcomb and a French wit, who will spoil all my labour." This monarch was much more satisfied with his three youngest sons, William Augustus (his favourite), Henry, and Ferdinand. Frederic was in some measure himself the cause of the prejudices that existed against him. He took little pains to counteract those conceived by his father; he loved and cultivated the arts and sciences, of which William was wholly regardless, the time of the latter being much taken up in watching for new modes, which he was always the first to adopt and imitate. He seldom meddled with military service, which seemed to inspire him only with dislike.

The first trait that presents itself to my recollection, is the barbarous manner in which William treated the daughter of a tradesman of Potzdam, because she had suffered young Frederick to accompany her at her music. Unfortunately for the young woman, she had learned to play on the harpsichord; and though no proficient in the science, she was notwithstanding a valuable resource to the prince, who was passionately fond of music, and who had no one else in Potzdam capable of accompanying him. This person, though young, was not handsome: her features were too masculine to leave room for the apprehension of her inspiring him with the tender passion; besides, she was always under the eye of her parents, with whom she lived. But all these considerations, which would effectually have tranquillized a man of moderation and reflection, made no impression on the mind of William. To be told that his son had passed several evenings with her, was in his eyes a sufficient proof that they were in love with each other, and that the parents connived at their mutual attachment. He concluded that music was merely a pretence, and that it was absolutely necessary to have recourse to violent and decisive measures to break off so scandalous a connection. To conceive and execute such an idea was one and the same thing with this sovereign, worthy of reigning in the centre of Africa, or in the furthest extremities of America. Accordingly, without seeking a further explanation, without consulting with any one, he caused the wretched victim to be taken up and delivered into the hands of the common hangman, who, agreeably to the orders he had received, whipped her publicly through the streets of Potzdam; William being determined to inflict on her a disgrace of so ignominious and

public a nature, as should effectually prevent the possibility of any future intercourse between her and the prince. When Frederic succeeded to the crown, he remembered this horrible adventure, and bestowed a pension of a hundred and fifty rix-dollars on the unfortunate person, who was married to a poor carman of Berlin.

It is known to every one that William wanted to bring his son Frederic to the scaffold; but the particulars of this important circumstance are not so well known, and I shall therefore relate them faithfully and correctly. Young Frederic's mother, who for the most part was a woman of amiable character, was strongly attached to the house of Hanover, the stock from which she was descended: she considered it a piece of good fortune that she had prevailed on her husband and son to consent that the latter should espouse Ann, princess royal of England, the same who afterwards espoused the Stadtholder, and was mother to the last Stadtholder the Dutch have had. The prince had seen this young princess in a journey he was making in company with his father: he found means to procure her portrait, with which he was much pleased. His next desire was to write to her; when, discovering in her answers the wit and intelligence to which he aspired, he became as deeply enamoured of this princess as Frederic could possibly be with any one!

M. de Seckendorff, ambassador from Vienna to Berlin, being minutely informed of all these circumstances, considered the impending project of marriage as likely to prove fatal to the house of Austria, and imagined he should render an essential service to his sovereign if he could prevent it from taking place. To this effect he contrived to gain the knowledge of all that was said and intended to be done at the court of London that would be particularly obnoxious to William. The Austrian minister in England assisted his brother ambassador with great fidelity, and Seckendorff adroitly contrived that every thing said by George should reach the ear of William. The English monarch held his brother-in-law in great contempt, spoke of him in the same spirit, and generally called him *his brother the corporal, or the subaltern officer of Potsdam*. William was extremely exasperated at the language used by his relation, and he carried his anger so far, that he would no longer listen to proposals of marriage between his son and the English princess, and even forbade the queen from again mentioning the subject.

The queen, so timid in the presence of her husband, could not however prevail on herself to follow his injunctions on this occasion; she, together with the prince and the princess her daughter, who afterwards became Landgravine of Bareith, deplored in secret their misfortune. This trio concerted a plan for effecting the intended alliance at some future time: the correspondence between the two lovers was therefore continued, but with infinite trouble and circumspection. In the mean while William conceived a desire that his son should marry some other princess, and left him to choose for himself. He daily importuned him on the subject, and consequently caused him the most poignant uneasiness: at length the danger appeared so imminent that it was ne-

cessary to come to a positive resolution ; accordingly it was determined, between the mother, the sister, and the brother, that the latter should escape secretly to England, there espouse the princess, and remain in that country till his father were either appeased or dead.

I mentioned that the greatest circumspection had been used to conceal the correspondence with England ; and in fact the letters from London were forwarded by a commercial house in that city, under cover to a magistrate held in high esteem, and a man the least calculated to meddle with political intrigues ; but he had been assured that the correspondence related purely to private affairs and commercial subjects. The magistrate put the letters he received, and which were addressed to a merchant at Berlin, into the post-office ; the merchant opened his cover, and found enclosures to the address of one of the aid-de-camps of the prince, both of whom were also confidants and favourites. These last had nothing further to do but to take off a cover, and deliver the letters to their intended destination. The dispatches from Berlin to London were forwarded in an inverse order, so that the merchant at Berlin supposed these letters to relate to the pecuniary concerns of some of the young prince's household in Franconia, and which were pursued agreeably to the advice of the magistrate of Nuremberg. The magistrate at length, however, conceived some uneasiness on the subject, and became somewhat scrupulous : he was at a loss to imagine why two commercial houses should choose so circuitous a route for the discussion of fair and honourable proceedings, and which for the most part must be supposed to require dispatch. His scruples soon became suspicions, next apprehension, and at length ended in a breach of trust. He opened a packet that came from Berlin, and by a singular fatality it contained the plan for the prince's escape, and the steps that had been taken to ensure its success. It would be difficult to describe the alarm of the merchant on finding himself implicated in so serious an affair. It appeared to him that the most effectual way of securing his own safety was to send the letter to the king of Prussia, accompanied with the disclosure of all that had passed between himself and the two commercial houses.

William observed the most profound secrecy respecting this discovery, but took effectual measures for seizing the prince at the moment of his escape. The king went once a year, on fixed days, into the provinces, for the purpose of reviewing his troops. During his journey into Westphalia, he slept one night with his suite in a small village a short league distant from the frontiers of Saxony. In this village the young prince and his attendants slept in a barn on some straw ; and from this village he was to make his escape, about midnight, in a cart that was to come from Saxony and meet them at that time near a certain tree in a field. As on these occasions it was customary for the king to set out early, he naturally went early to bed ; and the fatigues of the day gave reason to hope that every eye would be closed by midnight. The prince accordingly left the barn while all around him seemed perfectly quiet ;

even the sentinels made as if they did not perceive him; and he arrived without accident at the fatal tree; but here no cart appeared, different patrols having stopped and detained the man who conducted it near half an hour; and when it at length arrived, and the prince was getting into it, the same patrols again made their appearance, and stopped him. Frederic perceiving himself surrounded, leaned upon his hand against the tree, and suffered his person to be seized and conducted back to the village without pronouncing a single syllable. The king, who was risen, sent instantly an order to Berlin to arrest the prince's two confidants, and to put his seal on the papers and effects of the former. An astonishing circumstance, the means of which was never brought to light, was, that the queen was informed of the prince's arrest more than two hours before the arrival of the king's express; she accordingly took all possible advantage of the interval: she first sent a message to the two confidants, enjoining them to make their escape, and next sent for a locksmith, who ever remained unknown, and caused him to force the lock of the prince's writing desk; and, after carefully taking out of it such papers as would most have exasperated the king, it was again locked in so able a manner, that the king, on his return, though he mistrusted every thing, was unable to detect the smallest trace of what had been done. This is the account I have heard of the affair; but I confess there appears to me something in it either so obscure or so miraculous, that I can with great difficulty rely on its veracity. I am rather inclined to believe that the Queen Dorothy had a second key to the prince's desk, and that she lost no time in using it. What is certain is, that she took particular care to take out of it the letters that had passed after the prohibition of the king, which formed a considerable packet that remained in the queen's hands as long as she lived. In 1757, finding herself at the point of death, she folded them in some large sheets of paper, sealed them with black sealing-wax at all points, and, after writing on the outside her son's address, she confided this valuable deposit to the care of a confidential person, who promised to deliver it to the king as soon as he should be returned to his dominions. In 1763, when Frederic, on his return, was passing through a turret that formed a small cabinet, from which he was contemplating the view it commanded of his capital, the injunctions of his august mother were executed. He no doubt knew what the packet contained, for he cast on it no more than a single glance, and desired it might be placed on a table that always stood in the room, where it remained during the rest of his reign without having been either moved or opened. In this place I myself saw it in 1784, when I left Berlin.

I return to the two unfortunate confidants of the prince. The first, named Keith, made an instant escape and was never taken. It is said he wandered through different countries, and ended his career in Portugal, but little known, and unfavoured with the gifts of fortune. This may be considered as a new proof, that through prudence and silence we may succeed in involving in complete uncertainty and obscurity, in less than half a century, facts that naturally fall within the reach of every one. I

have met with persons who maintained that, after the death of William, this M. Keith returned to Prussia; that Frederic appointed him his aid-de-camp and lieutenant-general; that he had contracted for him a marriage with a lady of fortune of Knyp-Hausen, to whom, on her becoming a widow, he granted a pension of fifteen hundred rix-dollars. It may be that the last M. Keith, who held the charge of aid-de-camp, with whose son I was acquainted, was brother to the fugitive M. Keith.

The other confidant, named M. le Baron le Catt, stayed to take leave and make some arrangements relative to his absence, in which he spent more than two hours; so that the king's order having arrived, he was arrested. William conducted his son to Berlin as a state prisoner, and had him confined in the *palace of the prince of Prussia*, while M. le Catt was thrown into a dungeon. The seals were taken off in the king's presence, and all the papers contained in the desk and elsewhere examined. Different circumstances convinced the king that his eldest daughter was concerned in the intended escape; and he punished her by beating her with his stick, and kicking her so violently that she would have been precipitated from the window to the pavement if her mother had not held her by the petticoats.

William resolved that his son should perish on the scaffold. "He will always be a villain," said he, "and I have three other sons of better qualities than he." It was in this temper of mind that he ordered his ministers of state to put the prince on his trial. This order was a source of infinite perplexity to the ministers, since they knew not what means to devise to save the heir to the throne. One of them, I think it was M. de Podewilts, found at least a pretence that exempted him from being one of the judges in this affair; he represented to his majesty, that the prince being an officer, his crime was consequently aggravated, and that he ought to be tried by a council of war: and the rather, as the empire in that case would have no right of interference, the laws of the empire not extending to the discipline of the army. William, unable to reply to these suggestions, but irritated by the occurrence of obstacles, and suspecting his ministers of the desire to defeat his purpose, told them they were a *pack of scoundrels*; that he understood their project: but that, in despite of them, his son should suffer death, and that he should have no difficulty in finding among his officers men who were more attached to the true principles of the government. He accordingly appointed a council of war, composed of a certain number of generals, under the presidency of the Prince d'Anhalt-Dessau, known by the name of *d'Anhalt-les-Moustaches* (d'Anhalt with the Mustachioes), the same who is often mentioned in the wars of Frederic, and who in 1733, at the head of 6000 Prussians, succeeded in compelling the French to raise the siege of Turin. Frederic was tried at this tribunal; and when sentence was about to be passed, the president, with his formidable mustachioes, rose and declared that, on his honour and conscience, he, for his part, perceived no cause for passing sentence of death on the accused prince, and that none among them had a right to pass such a sentence: then drawing his sword, he

swore he would cut off the ears of any man who should differ from him in opinion. In this manner he collected the suffrages, and the prince was unanimously acquitted. William, rendered furious by this decision, substituted another council of war, which consisted of men of timid and docile tempers, who had no will but his own.

M. de Seckendorff now perceived the prince's fate to be inevitable, without immediate assistance, and persuaded himself that, having rendered one essential service to the house of Austria, in preventing a dangerous alliance, he should render it a second of no smaller importance, if in the name of that house he should save the future King of Prussia, and thus attach himself to his employers by the bonds of affection and gratitude. To this effect, he undertook to suppose orders which had not had time to reach him, and in the name and on the part of the emperor demanded a private audience that William did not dare refuse. In this audience he announced, in the name of chief of the empire, that it was to the empire itself Prince Frederic belonged, that he in consequence made requisition of the maintenance of the rights and laws of the Germanic body: he insisted that the accused should have been delivered up, together with the official charges existing against him, to this body; and finally declared, that the person of his royal highness Prince Frederic, heir to the throne of Prussia, was under the safeguard of the Germanic empire. This was a terrible stroke for William: he dared not bring on himself the resentment of all the states of the empire at once, and thus involve himself in a destructive war. He was, therefore, obliged to yield, notwithstanding his ferocious choler and unrelenting temper. The life of the prince was saved, but he was still detained a state prisoner for an indefinite period. He had been previously stripped of his uniform, and dressed in a grey coat, such as is worn by the counsellors of war. In this attire he was conducted to the fortress of Custrin, in Pomerania, and also the unfortunate Le Catt; the latter of whom was on foot, and dressed in a soldier's frock, with his hands tied behind him. Le Catt belonged to a family widely extended in its connections, powerful, and in high consideration at court. He was the only son of the field-marshal of that name. The whole of these threw themselves, bathed in tears, at different times, at the feet of the king, and solicited the pardon of a young man, in whose fate the whole court and city felt the warmest interest. William was inexorable, and grief for his situation became general. The young Le Catt was declared to have forfeited all his military and other titles, and was beheaded in sight of the prince in whose cause he died. A scaffold was erected for him under the window of Frederic, to the level of which it was raised. The prince was compelled to stay at the window, that he might share as much as possible the punishment of his friend. When Le Catt appeared on the scaffold, Frederic, overwhelmed with grief and horror, exclaimed, in a heart-rending voice, *My friend!* and fell senseless in a chair that had been placed at the window to enable him to see the execution. It was some time before he recovered from his fainting

fit, and he at length opened his eyes only to shed the bitterest tears over the memory of his friend.

The grief felt by Frederic on this occasion was for a considerable time his principal or only occupation in the prison, where he was indifferently treated, particularly at the beginning. The commandant of the fortress brought him his dinner and supper in person, which consisted of such ordinary kind of food as is commonly used in the lowest tradesman's family. At nine o'clock the same commandant made his appearance to take away his candle. By degrees, however, he had less to complain of. The contrivance of self-interest, which never fails to insinuate itself into every department of society, whether from motives of humanity or of a nobler nature, in this case produced an accommodation to the prince: in a short time, when one candle was taken away, it was soon succeeded by two candles. The next step was to suffer him to spend his evenings at the castle of Tamsel, a short mile from Custrin, to which place he went on foot by a private and beautiful avenue which reached the whole way. This castle belonged to one of the most ancient families in the country, that of the barons of Wrech: it was inhabited at that time by the baron and baroness, and their seven children; of which three were boys, and four girls, all young. It was from this family that Frederic derived his greatest consolation. He was at a time of life to feel the absolute necessity of some favourite pursuit, and the science of music was the one he fixed on: at Tamsel he accordingly found every thing that was calculated to favour his predilection; the amusement of the evening was generally music, in which the daughters, especially the youngest, particularly excelled. The castle of Tamsel also furnished him with books, bougies, and even with money; for though the family was numerous, and the education of so many children expensive, no means were spared to set their royal visitor entirely at his ease. The different loans they advanced him, by the time of his liberation, amounted to no less a sum than six thousand rix-dollars, which I have been informed were never reimbursed.

But though Frederic had paid this debt, it might still with truth be observed that the family of Wrech had little reason to congratulate themselves on the services they had done him. In fact, it was publicly known to have been of the number of those who, during his reign, appeared under a sort of cloud: never did he shew them consideration; never did he bestow on them the smallest favour; but the whole family, together with the relations of the unfortunate Le Catt, were suffered to remain undistinguished by any mark of his kindness. In the court of Prince Henry it was that they were appointed to any offices; in that of the king, the only advantage they enjoyed was that of being exempted from persecution. It is natural for persons of warm and benevolent affections to take offence at traits that exhibit so decided an ingratitude; but it should be remembered that Frederic, once become a king, would calculate and act only as a king; that he had laid it down as a rule that it was his indispensable duty to sacrifice every thing to the interests of

the body politic ; that every consideration that was foreign to that interest should be repudiated and proscribed by the sovereign's authority ; consequently, the persons who had been of service to the prince royal must necessarily be objects of suspicion to the king. For this reason, no doubt, it was that he constantly kept at a distance such persons as manifested a marked attachment toward his brothers or other branches of his family, though in other respects he so arduously fulfilled the claims of consanguinity. Louis the Twelfth observed, that it was beneath the dignity of a king of France to revenge the quarrels of a duke of Orleans : Frederic was of opinion, that a king should take care to alarm those who devote themselves rather to others than himself, especially those who devote themselves to his or their nearest relatives, when such a devotion may promote their alienation from the king himself.

I ought to inform the reader, that there exists in Prussia a law that prohibits the lending any sum of money either to the princes of the royal family, or to players, and declares the debts of such persons to be null and void. It is well known that Frederic was the strenuous advocate of such laws as tended to restrain the expences of princes ; nor less so that, on succeeding to the crown, he faithfully discharged the debts he had contracted with foreigners, though he so flagrantly dispensed with that duty toward his own subjects.

William did not content himself with compelling his son to wear the garb of a counsellor of war, but gave orders that he should also exercise the functions of that office : this employment, therefore, was one of his principal occupations, particularly during the latter part of his imprisonment. When he had been about a year in confinement, the Duchess of Brunswick, his sister, came to pay her parents a visit ; a circumstance that gave occasion to different entertainments, in which the queen deplored with bitterness the absence of her son. The affliction of the mother, and the entreaties of the daughter, produced a happier effect than could have been expected. William, without saying any thing of his intention, caused the prince to be brought, dressed in his grey frock, and placed behind the queen's chair as she sat at cards. It is said that no scene could be more affecting than that witnessed by the court when, turning round her head, she perceived her son.

The marriage of Frederic in a short time succeeded his liberation ; his sister, the Duchess of Brunswick, by dint of reasoning, and the most affectionate entreaty, having at length prevailed on him to gratify the king in his favourite project. He accordingly espoused Elizabeth Christina, daughter to Count Ferdinand Albert, of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel. This princess was then turned of seventeen years of age, extremely handsome, and, though somewhat irritable in her temper, was possessed of so much goodness of heart as to be a model for queens : she survived her husband several years. This marriage seemed to be the means, in some degree, of reconciling Frederic with his father, though they still continued toward each other on terms of cold reserve. The prince was extremely averse to military concerns ; he also detested

the military uniform, which he wore only till night, and when he was required to be in the king's presence. At nine o'clock he never failed to dress himself in a style of the greatest elegance and fashion. At Rheinsberg, where he was under no restraint in this respect; he was in full dress from morning till night; for the king, upon his marriage, had given him the castle of Rheinsberg, which Frederic afterwards gave to Prince Henry his brother. In this place, therefore, it may be supposed he indulged all his inclinations; for no where else was he entirely at liberty. No one at this time doubted that he would one day become the most amiable sovereign of Europe, and at the same time the most decidedly addicted to habits of pleasure and magnificence. Those, however, who took a nearer view of him might, from a singular and striking circumstance, have formed different expectations: it was, that this prince never left his apartment, or received any one in it, till twelve o'clock; it was at the same time well known that he rose extremely early. In what therefore did he employ himself for six or seven hours successively? This no one could divine, for to no one did he confide the secret. In the sequel, it became self-evident that they had been employed in a course of study, and in an epistolary correspondence with Rollin, d'Argens, Wolff, and others. This at the time no one could have suspected.

At this period a fortunate accident occurred that brought him into favour with the king, at least for a certain time. His majesty, anxious to be truly informed how the prince passed his time at Rheinsberg, left Potsdam one morning very early, without having given to any one the smallest notice of his intention; he proceeded straight to Ruppın, where the prince's regiment was stationed, from whence he purposed to dine at Rheinsberg, about two miles distant; intending to surprise the prince, and with his own eyes to convince himself of the nature of his employments. He arrived very early at the gates of Ruppın, and found his son exercising his regiment. The surprise of the king was extreme, and still more so his satisfaction: he began to think the prince had more valuable qualities than he suspected. It was insinuated at the time that Frederic had received notice very early the same morning of his father's design: and this, it must be confessed, considering the habits of this prince, is highly probable.

I shall mention in this place two other circumstances, of the truth of which I have received the most positive assurances: one is, that William, notwithstanding the peculiar singularity of his character, was not without ambition: he wished, it is said, to make his eldest son emperor, and his second son King of Prussia; but though his affection for the latter so much exceeded that he bore his eldest son, and was, no doubt, in some measure the reason of this project, he soon relinquished an idea that could not but present itself surrounded with insurmountable obstacles.

The second anecdote is, that it is affirmed, though Frederic consented to espouse the princess of Brunswick, he declared he never would cohabit with her as his wife. Hence it has been inferred, that Nature had withheld from Frederic the passions which would have rendered this conduct extraordinary: however this may be, his queen uniformly professed to have once miscarried; though such an insinuation only excited the sarcastic smiles of the ladies of the court.

OFFICIAL NARRATIVES
OF THE
CAMPAIGNS OF BUONAPARTE,
SINCE THE PEACE OF AMIENS.

BEING A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF THE WHOLE OF THE BULLETINS
PUBLISHED BY BUONAPARTE TO HIS ABDICATION.

IT is the well known opinion of some of our ablest Generals, that the French Bulletins of Buonaparte contain the most complete practical lessons of modern warfare, and with a due allowance for some exaggeration, include the fullest narrative of the most memorable campaigns on record. A wish, therefore, has often been expressed that they were all published in one form, so as to form a portable manual as well for future reference as for present study. It is our present purpose to effect this. In this, and in the following numbers of the Chronicle, we shall accordingly give a complete collection of the whole of the Bulletins published by Buonaparte. This began only in the first Campaign after he was Emperor. The form of a Bulletin being considered in foreign Cabinets as belonging only to Sovereigns.

CAMPAIGN IN GERMANY OF 1809.

THIRTEENTH BULLETIN.—*Continued from our last.*

THE archduke John, who, so short a time since in the excess of his presumption, degraded himself by his letter to the duke of Ragusa, evacuated Gratz yesterday, the 27th, taking with him hardly 25, or 30,000 men, of the fine army with which he entered Italy. Arrogance, insults, excitements to revolt, all his actions, which bear the stamp of rage, have turned to his shame.—The people of Italy have conducted themselves as the people of Alsace, Normandy, or Dauphine, would have done.—On the retreat of our soldiers, they accompanied them with their vows and their tears, and led individuals who had lost their way, by bye-paths, five days march to their army; and when any French or Italian prisoners were brought by the enemy into their towns or villages, the inhabitants brought them assistance, and during the night endeavoured to disguise them and assist them in their flight.—The proclamations and the discourses of the archduke John inspired only contempt and scorn; and it would be difficult to describe the joy of the people of the Piave, the Taglimento, and of the Frioul, when they saw the army of the enemy flying in disorder, and the army of the sovereign and the country returning in triumph.—When the papers were examined which belonged to the intendant of the Austrian army, who was at the head both of the government and the police, and which were taken at Padua, in four carriages, the proof of the love which the people of Italy bear to the Emperor was then discovered. Every body refused the places offered them; no one was willing to serve Austria; and among seven millions of men, who compose the population of the kingdom, the enemy could not find more than three wretches who did not repel seduction.—The regiments of Italy, who had distinguished themselves in Poland, and who had emulated in the campaign in Catalonia, the most ancient French campaigns, covered themselves with glory in every engagement. The people of Italy are marching with rapid strides to, the last period of a happy change.

That beautiful part of the Continent, to which are attached so many great and illustrious recollections, which the Court of Rome, that swarm of monks, and its own divisions, had ruined, is appearing with honour again on the theatre of Europe.—All the details which reach us of the Austrian army shew, that on the 21st and 22nd its loss was enormous. The choice troops of the army have perished. The good folks of Vienna say, that the manœuvres of gen. Danube saved the Austrian army.—The Tyrol and the Voralberg are completely subjected. Carniola, Styria, Carinthia, the territory of Salzburg, Upper and Lower Austria, are pacified and disarmed.—Trieste, that city where the French and Italians suffered so many insults, has been occupied. One circumstance in the capture of Trieste, has been most agreeable to the Emperor—the delivery of the Russian squadron. It had received orders to fit out for Ancona, but, detained by contrary winds, it remained in the power of the Austrians.—The junction of the army of Dalmatia will soon take place. The duke of Ragusa began his march as soon as he heard that the army of Italy was on the Isonzo. It is hoped that it will arrive at Laybach before the 5th of June.—The robber Schill, who assumed, and with reason, the title of general in the service of England, after having prostituted the name of the king of Prussia, as the satellites of England prostitute that of Ferdinand at Seville, has been pursued and chased into an island of the Elbe.—The king of Westphalia, independently of 15,000 men of his own troops, had a Dutch division and a French division; and the duke of Valmy has already united at Hanau two divisions of the corps of observation, commanded by generals Rivaud and Despeaux, and composed of the brigades Lameth, Clement, Tappin, and Vauflerland.—The rage of the princes of the house of Lorraine against Vienna may be painted with one stroke. The capital is fed by 40 mills, raised on the left bank of the river. They have removed and destroyed them.

FOURTEENTH BULLETIN.

LEBERSDORF, June 1.—The bridges upon the Danube are completely re-established; to these have been added a flying bridge; and all the necessary materials are preparing for another bridge of floats. Seven machines are employed to drive in the piles, but the Danube being in many places 24 and 26 feet in depth, much time is spent in order to fix the anchors, when the machines are displaced. However, our works are advancing, and will be finished in a short time. The gen. of brigade of engineers, Lazowski, is employed on the left bank upon a tête-de-pont of 1,600 toises in extent, and which will be surrounded by a trench full of running water.—The 44th crew of the flotilla of Boulogne, commanded by the captain de vaisseau Baste, is arrived. A great number of boats, cruising in the river about the islands, protect the bridge and render great service. The battalion of marine workmen labour in the construction of little armed vessels, which will serve completely to command the river.—After the defeat of the corps of gen. Jellachich, M. Matthieu, capt.-adjutant of the staff of the army of Italy, was sent with an orderly dragoon upon the road to Saltzburgh, who having successively met with a column of 650 troops of the line, and a column of 2,000 militia, both of whom were cut off, and had lost their way; they, on being summoned to surrender, laid down their arms. The general of division Lauriston is arrived at Oldenburgh, the first country town of Hungary, with a strong advanced guard. There appears to be some ferment in Hungary, where men's minds are divided, the

greater part of them not seeming favourable to Austria. The general of division Easalle has his head-quarters opposite to Besborough, and pushes his posts to Altenborough, and Rhaab. Three divisions of the army of Italy are arrived at Neustadt. The Viceroy has been for the last two days at the head-quarters of the Emperor. General Macdonald, who commands one of the corps of the army of Italy, has entered Gratz. There have been found in this capital of Styria immense magazines of provisions, clothing, and equipments of every kind. The duke of Dantzic is at Lintz. The prince of Ponte Corvo is marching to Vienna. The general of division Vandamme, with the Wirtemburghers, is arrived at Polten, Mautern, and Crems. Tranquillity reigns in the Tyrol; cut off by the movements of the duke of Dantzic and of the army of Italy, all the Austrians who have engaged in that point have been destroyed; some by the duke of Dantzic, others, such as the corps of Jellachich, by the army of Italy. Those who were in Swabia had no other resource than to endeavour to cross Germany as partisans, directing their march by the Upper Palatinate. They formed a small column of infantry and cavalry, which, after escaping from Lindau, was met by col. Reiset, of gen. Beaumont's corps of observation. It was cut off at Neumarck; and the whole column, officers and soldiers, laid down their arms. Vienna is tranquil; bread and wine are in abundance; but meat, which this capital used to draw from the bottom of Hungary, begins to be scarce. Contrary to all reasons of policy and motives of humanity, the enemy do all in their power to starve their fellow-citizens and this city, although it contains their wives and children. How different is this from the conduct of our Henry IV. who supplied a city then hostile to us, and besieged by him, with provisions!—The duke of Montebello died yesterday at five in the morning. Shortly before, the Emperor passed an hour with him. His majesty sent his aid-de-camp for Dr. Franc, one of the most celebrated physicians in Europe. His wounds were in good condition, but a dangerous fever had made in the course of a few hours the most fatal progress. All the assistance of art was useless. His majesty ordered that the body of the duke of Montebello should be embalmed, and conveyed to France, there to receive the honours that are due to his elevated rank and eminent services. Thus died one of the most distinguished soldiers that France ever produced. In the many battles in which he was engaged, he had received 13 wounds. The Emperor was deeply afflicted by this loss, which will be felt by all France.

FIFTEENTH BULLETIN.

EBERSDORF, *June 2.*—The army of Dalmatia has obtained the greatest success. It has defeated all that it has opposed in the battles of Mont-Kitta, Geadchatz, Lieca, and Attachatz.—The general in chief Sloissevitch has been taken.—The duke of Ragusa arrived on the 28th of May at Fiume, and thus the army of Italy has formed a junction with the grand army, of which the army of Dalmatia forms the right. The report of the duke of Ragusa respecting these different events shall be published.—On the 28th, an English squadron, consisting of four ships of the line, two frigates, and a sloop, appeared before Trieste, with an intention of taking the Russian squadron.—General count Copaulle had just arrived at that port. As the town was disarmed, the Russians landed 40 pieces of cannon, 24 of which were 36-pounders, and 16 of 24. They have placed their cannon on a battery under which the Russian squadron came to anchor with springs on their cables. Every thing was ready to receive

the enemy, who seeing that he had failed in his design, went off. One thousand Austrians, having passed from Krems to the right bank of the Danube, have been destroyed by the Wirtemberg troops, which took 60 of them prisoners.

SIXTEENTH BULLETIN.

EBERSDORF, *June 4.*—The enemy had thrown upon the right bank of the Danube, opposite to Presburg, a body of 9000 men who entrenched themselves in the village of Engorau. The duke of Auerstadt attacked them yesterday with the sharpshooters of Hesse Darmstadt, supported by the 12th regiment of infantry of the line. The village was speedily carried. A major and eight other officers of Beaulieu's regiment (one of them the grandson of field-marshal Beaulieu) and 400 privates, were made prisoners. The rest of this regiment were killed, wounded, or driven into the water. The remains of the enemy's corps found in an island the necessary protection for their re-crossing the river. The sharpshooters of Hesse Darmstadt acquitted themselves extremely well. The Viceroy of Italy has returned to his army, and for the present has his head-quarters at Oedenburgh, in Hungary.—All the valuable effects belonging to the court have been conveyed from Ofen, to Peterwaradin, on the frontiers of Servia. The empress has also repaired thither. The duke of Ragusa has arrived at Laybach. General Macdonald is master of Gratz, having reduced the castle, which seemed disposed to make some resistance.—In the battle of Esling, on the 21st and 22d of last month, brigadier gen. Fouters was wounded, in making a charge, and thrown from his horse. A similar accident befel the gen. of division, Durosnel, aid-de-camp to the Emperor, as he was carrying orders to a division of cuirassiers who were charging the enemy. We have had the satisfaction of learning that both these generals, and 150 soldiers whom we gave up for lost, were only wounded, and that they were left lying among the corn at the moment when the Emperor, on learning that the bridges had been broken down, ordered the troops to concentrate themselves between Esling and Great Aspern.—The Danube falls, but from the continuance of the warm weather we fear that it will rise again.

SEVENTEENTH BULLETIN.

VIENNA, *June 8, 1809.*—Colonel Gorgoli, aid-de-camp of the Emperor of Russia, has arrived at the Imperial head-quarters with a letter from that sovereign for his majesty. He has announced that the Russian army, which is marching upon Olmutz, had passed the frontiers on the 24th of May. The Emperor, the day before yesterday, reviewed his guard—infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The inhabitants of Vienna admired the number, fine appearance, and excellent condition of these troops.—The Viceroy has gone with the army of Italy to Oedenburgh in Hungary. It appears that the archduke John intends to rally his army on the Raab.—The duke of Ragusa arrived with the army of Dalmatia, on the 5d of this month, at Laybach.—The heat is very great, and persons acquainted with the Danube assure us that in a few days it will overflow. We shall employ this time to finish driving the piles, independent of the bridges of boats and rafts.—All the accounts which we receive from the enemy state, that the towns of Presburgh, Brunn, and Znaym, are full of wounded. The Austrians themselves estimate their loss at 18,000 men.—Prince Poniatowski, with the army of the duchy of Warsaw, is pursuing the advantages he has gained. After the taking of Sandomei, he took the fortress of

Zamora, where the enemy suffered a loss of 3,000 men and 30 pieces of cannon. All the Poles who are in the Austrian army desert.—The enemy, after having failed before Thorn, have been vigorously pursued by gen. Dombrowski.—The archduke Ferdinand will derive nothing from his expedition but disgrace. He must have arrived in Austrian Silesia with his force reduced to one-third.—The senator Wibiński has distinguished himself by his patriotic sentiments and his activity.—The count de Metternich has arrived at Vienna, he is to be exchanged at the advanced posts for the French legation, to whom the Austrians, contrary to the law of nations, had refused passports, and had sent to Pest.

This bulletin is followed by the details at length of the operations of the duke of Ragusa's army in Dalmatia; which state, that he gained a victory over the Austrians on the 16th of May, at Kitta in Croatia, in which the latter lost 400 killed, from 6 to 700 wounded, and 800 prisoners. And in another affair, on the 17th, at Gradschatz, the French are stated to have lost 300 men, and Marmont was himself wounded. Another victory is stated to have been subsequently gained by the French at Gospich, which they entered on the 23d, and arrived at Fiume on the 28th, after some skirmishes, from whence, he says, they were to march on the 31st, to unite with the army of Italy. In the whole of the actions 6,000 Austrians and Croatians are said, in this account, to have been put *hors de combat*. The loss of the French in the affairs subsequent to the 16th, is stated at 400 killed and wounded.

EIGHTEENTH BULLETIN.

VIENNA, June 13.—The division of gen. Chastelar which had raised the Tyrol, proceeded on the 4th of this month to the environs of Clagenfurth, in order to throw itself into Hungary. Gen. Rusca marched against it, and a severe engagement took place, when 900 prisoners were made. Prince Eugene with a large corps manœuvres in the centre of Hungary. For some days past the Danube has risen a foot.—Gen. Graben, with a Dutch division, having marched to Stralsund, where Schill had entrenched himself, carried the entrenchments by assault. Schill gave orders to burn the town to secure his retreat, but had no time. Schill himself was killed in the great square, near the Corps de Garde, and at the moment when he fled, and was endeavouring to reach the port in order to embark.—The archduke Ferdinand evacuated Warsaw precipitately on the 2d instant, so that the whole of the Grand Duchy is abandoned by the enemy's army, whilst the troops under the command of prince Poniatowski occupy three-fourths of Galicia.

NINETEENTH BULLETIN.

VIENNA, June 16.—The anniversary of the battle of Marengo has been celebrated by the victory of the Raab, which the right wing of the army, under the command of the Prince Viceroy, has obtained over the united corps of the Archduke John, and the Archduke Palatine.—Since the battle of the Piave the Viceroy has pursued the Archduke John at the point of the bayonet.—The Austrian army hoped to canton itself on the banks of the Raab, between St. Gothard and Kormond. On the 5th June, the Viceroy advanced from Neustadt, and established his head-quarters at Oedenburgh, in Hungary. On the 17th he followed up his movements, and arrived at Guns. Gen. Lauriston, with his corps of observation, formed a junction with his left wing. On the 8th, gen. Moutbrun, with his division of cavalry, effected the passage of the Raabnitz, near Sovenyhaga, routed 300 cavalry of the Hungarian in-

surrection, and drove them towards Raab. On the 9th, the Viceroy proceeded towards Sarvar. The cavalry of gen. Grouchy fell in with the enemy's rear-guard at Vasvar, and made some prisoners. On the 10th, gen. Macdonald arrived from Gratz at Kormond. On the 11th, gen. Grenier came up at Karako with a column of the enemy's flank corps which defended the bridge. He, however, passed the river in force. Gen. Debroc made a brilliant charge with the 9th hussars upon a battalion of 400 men, 300 of whom were made prisoners. On the 12th the army passed the bridge of Merse near Papa. The Viceroy, from a height, observed the whole hostile army in battle array. Gen. Montbrun debouched in the plain, and charged the enemy's cavalry, which he completely overthrew, after having made many skilful manœuvres. The enemy had already begun to retreat; the Viceroy passed the night at Papa. On the 13th, at five A. M. the army marched towards Raab. Our cavalry and the Austrians shewed themselves near the village of Szanach. The enemy were defeated, and we took 400 prisoners. The Archduke John having united with the Archduke Palatine, took a fine position upon some heights, the right wing rested upon Raab, a fortified town, and the left covering the road of Comorn, another strong place in Hungary.—On the 14th, at 11 P. M. the Viceroy drew up his army in order of battle, and with 35,000 men attacked 50,000 of the enemy. But the zeal of our troops was animated by the recollection of the memorable victory which had sanctified this day. All the soldiers shouted with joy when they saw the enemy, who were placed in three lines, consisting of from 20 to 25,000 men of the remains of the fine army of Italy, which had already imagined itself master of Italy; of 10,000 men under gen. Haddick; of 5 or 6,000 men of the remains of Jellachich's corps, and the corps of the Tyrol which had joined the army through the passes of Carinthia; of 10 or 12,000 of the Hungarian insurrection.—The Viceroy placed gen. Montbrun's cavalry, the brigade of gen. Colbert, and the cavalry of gen. Grouchy, on his right wing; the corps of gen. Grenier formed two platoons, whereof gen. Serre's division was the right one.—In the advanced guard an Italian division, commanded by gen. Baraguay d'Hilliers, formed a third platoon. The reserve of gen. Puthod formed the reserve; gen. Lauriston, with his corps of observation, supported by gen. Sahuc, formed the extremity of the left wing, and watched Raab. At two in the afternoon the cannonade began. At three our second and third platoons were engaged. The fire from the musketry was severe. The first line of the enemy was overthrown; but the second withstood for a moment the shock of our first division, which being speedily reinforced, also overthrew the line of the enemy. The enemy's reserve then appeared. On his side the Viceroy, who followed all his movements, advanced with his reserve. The fine position of the Austrians was taken, and at four the victory was decisive. The enemy, who were in complete disorder, could not easily unite, so that in no way was the movement of our cavalry obstructed. Three thousand prisoners, six pieces of cannon, are the memorials of this achievement. The enemy left 3,000 dead on the field of battle, among whom is a major-general. Our loss amounts to about 900 killed and wounded. Among the first is col. Thierry; and among the latter, brigadier-gen. Valentine and col. Expert.—The field of battle had long been pitched upon by the enemy, who had determined to make a stand in that fine position. On the 15th he was closely pursued on the road of Comorn and Pest. The inhabitants of the country remain tranquil, and take no part in the war. The Emperor's Proclamation has set men's minds reflecting. It is known that the

Hungarian nation always desired its independence. The part of the Insurrection which is now with the army was raised by the last Diet; it is in arms, and does duty.

TWENTIETH BULLETIN.

VIENNA, June 20.—When the news of the victory of Raab arrived at Buda, the Empress immediately left it. The enemy's army was pursued during the 15th and 16th. It passed the Danube over the bridge of Comorn. The town of Raab has been invested; we hope to be masters of it in a few days. We have taken the entrenched camp of Raab, which will contain 100,000 men. The enemy inundate the country with false reports; this is part of the system adopted for stirring up the lower classes. M. De Metternich left Vienna on the 18th. He will be exchanged for M. Dodun and the officers of the French Legation. Prince Gallitzen entered Galicia on the 3d, in three columns.

Imperial Decree, dated Vienna, 17th May, 1809, proclaimed in all the public Squares and Market-places of the City.

Napoleon, Emperor of the French, &c. taking into consideration that when Charlemagne, Emperor of the French, and our sublime predecessor, endowed the bishops of Rome with various lands, they were given as fiefs to maintain the peace of his subjects, and that Rome did not therefore cease to form a part of his empire: Considering further, that since that time the union of spiritual and temporal power has been, and still is, the source of dissention; that the Popes have but too frequently availed themselves of the one, to support their pretensions to the other; and that with spiritual concerns, which are in their nature immutable, have been confounded worldly affairs, which change with the circumstances and politics of the times:—Considering finally, that it is in vain to attempt to reconcile with the temporal pretensions of the Pope, all that we have concerted for the security of our army, the repose and prosperity of the nations over which we reign, and the dignity and inviolability of our empire,

We have decreed, and do decree as follows:—

Art. 1.—The Papal territory is united with the French empire.—2. The city of Rome, illustrious for the recollection it recalls, and for the monuments which it contains, is declared to be a FREE AND IMPERIAL CITY. Its government and administration shall be fixed by a particular decree.—3. The monuments of Roman greatness shall be maintained and preserved at the expence of our treasury.—4. The public debt is declared to be the debt of the empire.—5. The revenue of the Pope shall be fixed at two millions of francs, free from all charges and contributions.—6. The property and palaces of his Holiness shall be subject to no imposition, jurisdiction, or visitation, and shall besides enjoy especial prerogatives.—7. An Extraordinary Consulta shall, on the 1st of June, take possession in our name of the Papal dominions, and adopt measures that on the 1st of January, 1810, the Constitutional Government take effect.

(Signed) NAPOLEON.

Another Decree of the same date establishes an Extraordinary Consulta, consisting of the following members: Miollis, governor-general, President; Salcette, minister of the King of Naples; Degerando, Jannet, Del Pozzo, and Debalde, Secretaries. This Consulta is ordered to take possession of the Papal territory, so that the transition from the old to the new order of things

may be unperceived.—Then follows a Proclamation of the Consulta after its installation to the Romans, congratulating them upon the change in their situation.

TWENTY-FIRST BULLETIN.

VIENNA, June 22.—An aid-de-camp of prince Joseph Poniatowski is arrived at the head quarters of the army of the Grand Duchy. On the 10th of this month, prince Serge Galitzin was to be at Lublin, and has advanced to Sandomir.—The enemy pleases himself in spreading ephemeral Bulletins, in which he always boasts of victory. According to his account he took 20,000 muskets, and 2,000 cuirassiers in the battle of Esling. He says, that on the 21st and 22d he was master of the field of battle; he has caused to be printed, and circulated an engraving of that battle, in which we see him striding over both shores, and his batteries traversing the islands and the field of battle in every direction. He also imagines a battle which he calls the battle of Ketsee, in which a number of French have been killed or taken. These childish reports hawked about by small columns, like that of Schill, are tactics employed to unquiet and rouse the country.—General Marziarus, who was made prisoner in the battle of Raab, has arrived at the head quarters. He says, that since the battle of the Piave, the Archduke John has lost two thirds of his army: that he afterwards received recruits, which scarcely filled the vacancies, and who do not understand the use of arms.—He reckons the loss of the Archduke John, and Palatine, in the battle of the Raab, at 12,000 men. According to the report of the Hungarian prisoners, the Palatine was on that day the first to take to flight.—Some persons seem to wish to put in opposition the force of the Austrian army at Esling, estimated at 90,000 men, with the 80,000 men which have been made prisoners since the opening of the campaign!—They have shewn very little reflection. The Austrian army entered upon the campaign with nine corps of 40,000 men each; and they had in the interior, corps of recruits and landwehrs: so that Austria really had more than 400,000 men under arms.—From the battle of Abersberg, to the taking of Vienna, they reckon that in Italy and Poland we have taken 100,000 prisoners from the enemy, and he has lost 100,000 men in killed, deserted and dispersed. There still remains therefore to him, 200,000 men, distributed as follow:—The archduke John had, in the battle of Raab, 50,000 men. The principal Austrian army was previous to the battle of Esling, 90,000 men. There remained 25,000 men with the Archduke Ferdinand at Warsaw, and 25,000 men were dispersed in the Tyrol and Croatia, and spread in bands on the confines of Bohemia.—The Austrian army at Esling, was composed of the first corps, commanded by gen. Bellegarde, the only one which had not been engaged, and which was still entire, and the wrecks of the 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th corps, which had been crushed in the preceding battles. If these corps had suffered no loss, and had united such as they were at the commencement of the campaign, they would have formed 240,000 men. The enemy had no more than 90,000; thus we see how enormous the losses are which they have suffered.—When the Archduke John entered on the campaign, his army was composed of the 8th and 9th corps amounting to 80,000 men. At Raab he had only 50,000. But in these 50,000 were comprised 15,000 Hungarians of the insurrection. His loss was therefore really 45,000 men. The Archduke Ferdinand entered Warsaw, with the 7th corps, consisting of 40,000 men. He is reduced to 25,000. His loss is therefore 15,000 men. We will see how these different calculations

are made and verified.—The Viceroy has, with 30,000 French, beaten at Raab 50,000 men. At Esling 90,000 men have been beaten and restrained by 50,000 French, who would have completely routed and destroyed them, if the carrying away of the bridges had not caused a want of ammunition.—The great efforts of Austria have been the result of paper money, and the resolution of the Austrian government to risk all. In the danger of bankruptcy, which would have brought about a revolution, she has preferred to add 500 millions to the mass of her paper money, and try a last effort to have it circulated through Germany, Italy, and Poland. It is very probable that this consideration has influenced, more than any other, her determinations.—Not a single regiment has been drawn from Spain, except the Imperial Guard.—Gen. count Lauriston continues the siege of Raab with the greatest activity: the town has been on fire for twenty-four hours, and this army, which at Esling has gained so great a victory, that she took 20,000 muskets, and 2,000 cuirasses; that army which at Ketsee, killed so many, and made so many prisoners; that army which, according to its apocryphal Bulletins, has gained such great advantages at the battle of Raab, tranquilly sees its principal places besieged and burnt, Hungary inundated by parties, and to save its empress, its dicastus, all the precious effects of government, have removed them to the frontiers of Turkey, and to the utmost extremity of Europe.—An Austrian major had the temerity to cross the Danube at the mouth of the Marck, in two boats. Gen. Villy Vieux met him with some companies, drove him into the water, and made 40 prisoners.

TWENTY-SECOND BULLETIN.

VIENNA, *June 24.*

Raab has capitulated. This city forms an excellent position in the centre of Hungary; it is defended by bastions; its ditches are full of water, and an inundation covers a part of it. It is situated at the confluence of three rivers: it resembles, on a small scale, the reduction of the grand intrenched camp, where the enemy hoped to assemble and exercise the Hungarian insurrection, and where he had constructed immense works. The garrison, 1,800 strong, was insufficient. The enemy intended to have left 5,000 men, but by the battle of Raab, his army was separated from that place. The city has suffered considerably from a bombardment of eight days, which has destroyed its finest edifices; all that could be said as to the inutility of a defence was ineffectual: it was misled by the hope of being relieved.—Count Metternich, after having remained three days at the advanced posts, is returned to Vienna. The secretary of embassy, Dudon, and the persons attached to the allied legations, who had not withdrawn previous to the capture of Vienna, were set free on the confines of Hungary, when intelligence of the loss of the battle of Raab reached Buda.—Two battalions of landwehr, two squadrons of uhlans, and one battalion of troops of the line, forming together 2,500 men, have entered Bayreuth. They have, as usual, distributed proclamations, and endeavoured to excite insurrections. At the same time, general Amende entered Dresden with three battalions of the line, three battalions of landwehr, and a collection of men raised by the duke of Brunswick, and some squadrons of cavalry drawn from different corps, forming in the whole from 7 to 8,000 men.—The king of Westphalia has joined the 10th corps, and is on his march. The duke of Valmy has put in motion the advanced guard of the army of reserve which he commanded.

[Here follows the capitulation of Raab, dated 22d of June, by which it is agreed, that the garrison shall march out with the honours of war, and deposit their arms on the glacis, if not relieved by four o'clock in the afternoon of the 24th; they are afterwards to proceed to Comorn, and are not to serve against France or her allies during the war, or till regularly exchanged: the officers to retain their horses and swords, and the soldiers their knapsacks.

(Signed) MERCEZ, Ad. Commandante.
DORR, Major.

(Approved) LAURISTON.

Ditto PECHY, Col. Com. of Raab.]

TWENTY-THIRD BULLETIN.

VIENNA, June 28.—On the 25th of this month his Majesty reviewed a great number of troops on the heights of Schoenbrunn. There was observed a fine line of 8,000 cavalry, of which the guard formed a part, and in which there was only one regiment of cuirassiers. There was also a line of 200 pieces of cannon. The appearance and martial air of the troops excited the admiration of the spectators.—On Saturday the 24th, at four o'clock in the afternoon, our troops entered Raab; on the 25th, the garrison, prisoners of war, set out. According to an estimate made, they are found to amount to 2,500 men. His Majesty has given to the general of division, Narbonne, the command of this place, and of all the Hungarian states surrendered to the French arms.—The duke of Auerstadt is before Presburg.—The enemy works at the fortification; it was intimated to him to cease from his works, unless he wished to draw upon the peaceable inhabitants the greatest misfortunes: he took no notice of it; 4,000 bombs and obuses have compelled him to renounce his project, but the fire broke out in this unfortunate city, and several quarters have been burnt.—The duke of Ragusa, with the army of Dalmatia, passed the Drave on the 22d, and marched to Gratz. On the 24th gen. Vandamme embarked 300 Wurtembergers, commanded by major Kichler, at Molli, in order to throw themselves upon the opposite shore and gain intelligence. The debarkation has been effected. These troops routed two companies of the enemy, and took two officers and eighty men, of the regiment of Mitrowski, prisoners.—The prince of Ponte Corvo, and the Saxon army, are at St. Polten. The duke of Dantzic, who is at Lintz, ordered gen. Walle to reconnoitre on the left bank. All the enemy's posts were driven in; several officers and twenty men were taken. The object of this reconnoitring was also to procure intelligence.—The city of Vienna is plentifully furnished with meat; the supply of bread is more difficult, on account of the impediments in grinding. In respect of the subsistence of the army, it is secured for six months; it has wine and vegetables in abundance. The wines of the cellars of the convents have been placed in a magazine, to furnish distributions to the army. Several millions of bottles have there been collected.—On the 10th of April, at the very time when the Austrian general prostituted his character, and spread a snare for the king of Bavaria, by writing a letter which has appeared in all the public papers, gen. Chastellar excited the Tyrol to insurrection, and surprised 700 French conscripts who were going to Augsburg, where their regiments were, and who were marching in the confidence of peace—obliged to surrender and made prisoners, they were massacred. Among them were 80 Belgians, born in the same town as Chastellar.—Eighteen hundred Bavarians made prisoners at the same time, were also massacred. Chastellar, who com-

manded, was witness to these horrors. He not only made no opposition to them, but he is accused of having smiled at the massacre, hoping that the Tyrolians, having to dread the vengeance due to a crime which they could not hope would be pardoned, must be more firmly engaged in their rebellion. When his Majesty was made acquainted with these atrocities, he found himself in a difficult situation. If he had chosen to have recourse to reprisals, 20 generals, 1,000 officers, and 80,000 men, made prisoners during the month of April, might have satisfied the manes of the unhappy French, so cowardly butchered. But prisoners do not appertain to the power for whom they have fought; they are under the safeguard of the honour and generosity of the nation which has disarmed them. His Majesty considered Chastellar as acting without being authorized; for, notwithstanding the furious proclamations and violent language of the princes of the House of Lorraine, it was impossible to believe they could approve such crimes; his Majesty, in consequence, published the following

Order of the Day.

"Imperial head-quarters, Ens, May 5, 1809.—By order of the Emperor, the person named Chastellar, stiling himself a general in the service of Austria, the mover of the insurrection in the Tyrol, charged with being the author of the massacres committed on the Bavarian and French prisoners by the insurgents, shall, upon being made prisoner, be carried immediately before the military commission, and if judged guilty, be shot within 24 hours. The Prince of Neuchâtel, Vice Constable. Major-general ALEXANDER."

At the battle of Eslin, gen. Durosnel carrying an order to an advanced squadron, was made prisoner by 25 uhlands. The emperor of Austria, proud of so easy a triumph, caused to be published an Order of the Day, conceived in the following terms:—

Copy of a Letter from his majesty the Emperor of Austria, to Prince Charles.

"WOLKERSDORF, May 25, 1809.—My dear brother; I have learned that the emperor Napoleon has declared the marquis of Chastellar out of the protection of the law of nations. This unjust conduct, contrary to the usages of nations, and of which there is no example in the latter periods of history, obliges me to have recourse to reprisals, and in consequence I order, that generals Durosnel and Foulers shall be kept as hostages, to undergo the same fate and same treatment as the emperor Napoleon shall make gen. Chastellar suffer. It is repugnant to my feelings to give such an order; but I owe it to my brave warriors, and to my brave people, who may be exposed to a similar fate, while fulfilling their duties with ardent fidelity. I charge you to make known this letter to the army, and to send it by a flag of truce to the major-general of the emperor Napoleon. (Signed) FRANCIS."

"As soon as this order of the day came to the knowledge of his majesty, he ordered the arrest of the prince Colloredo, prince Metternich, count Perget, and count Harddick, and that they should be conveyed France, to answer for the lives of generals Durosnel and Foulers. The major-general wrote to the chief of the staff of the Austrian army the following letter:—

To the major-general of the Austrian army.

"SCHOENBRUNN, June 6, 1809.—Sir—His majesty the Emperor has been made acquainted with an order given by the emperor Francis, which declares that the French generals Durosnel and Foulers, whom the circumstances of war have placed in his power, shall answer for the punishment which the laws of

Justice may inflict on monsieur Chastellar, who has put himself at the head of the insurgents of the Tyrol, and who has permitted the murder of 700 French prisoners, and between 18 and 1900 Bavarians, a crime unheard of in the history of nations, and which might have caused a terrible reprisal on 40 field-marshal lieutenants, 36 major-generals, more than 300 colonels or majors, 1200 officers, and 80,000 soldiers, if his majesty did not consider prisoners as placed under his faith and honour, and had not besides proofs that the Austrian officers in the Tyrol have been as indignant at the action as ourselves.—His majesty, however, has ordered that prince Colloredo, prince Metternich, count Frederick Harddick and count Pergett, shall be arrested and conveyed to France, to answer for the safety of generals Durosnel and Foulers, threatened, by the order of the day of your sovereign: these officers may die, sir—but they shall not die without being revenged—this vengeance shall not fall on any prisoners, but on the relatives of those who shall order their death.—As to M. Chastellar, he is not yet in the power of the army; but if he should be taken, you may be assured that he will be delivered to a military commission, and that his trial will take place.—I request your Excellency to believe the sentiments of my high consideration.

(Signed) ALEXANDER."

The city of Vienna and the states of Lower Austria solicited the clemency of his majesty, and requested to send a deputation to the Emperor Francis, to convince him of the impropriety of the proceeding with respect to the generals Durosnel and Foulers, to represent that Chastellar was not condemned, that he was not arrested, but only accused before the tribunals, that the fathers, wives, children and property of the Austrian generals were in the hands of the French, and that the French army was determined, if a single prisoner was put to death, to make an example, of which posterity should long preserve the remembrance. The esteem which his majesty entertains for the good inhabitants of Vienna and the states, determined him to accede to this request. He granted permission to M. M. Colloredo, Metternich, Harddick and Pergett to remain at Vienna, and to the deputation to set out for the head-quarters of the emperor of Austria. This deputation has returned. The Emperor Francis has replied to these representations, that he was ignorant of the massacre of the French prisoners in the Tyrol, that he pitied the miseries of the capital and the provinces, that his ministers had deceived him, &c. &c. &c. The deputies reminded him, that all prudent men saw with pain the existence of a handful of intriguers, who by the measures they advised, the proclamations, orders of the day, &c. which they caused to be adopted, endeavour only to foment passions and hatred, and to exasperate an enemy who is master of Croatia, Carniola, Carinthia, Styria, Upper and Lower Austria, the capital of the Empire, and a great part of Hungary—that the sentiments of the emperor for his subjects ought to incline him to calm rather than irritate the conqueror, and to give to war the character natural to it among civilized nations, since it is in the power of the conqueror to render more heavy the evils which press on the half of the monarchy. It is said that the emperor Francis conceived that the greater part of the papers mentioned by the deputies were fictitious, and that those, the existence of which was not denied, were more moderate; that the editors were besides French clerks, and that even when these papers did contain some inconvenient things, they were not perceived till the mischief was done. If this answer, which is publicly reported, is authentic, we have one observation to make:—It is impossible not to perceive the influence of England; for this small number of men, traitors to their country, are certainly in the pay of that power.—When the deputies went to Buda, they saw the empress. She had been obliged to leave this city some days before. They found her dispirited, altered, and in consternation at the evils which threatened her house. The opinion of the monarchy is extremely unfavourable to the family of this princess. It was that family which excited the war. The archduke Palatine, and the archduke Regnier, are the only Austrian princes who defended the maintenance of the peace. The empress was far from foreseeing the events that have taken place. She has shed many tears; she has shewn great alarm at the thick cloud which covers the future. She spoke of peace; she requested peace; she conjured the deputies to speak to the emperor in favour of peace. They reported that the conduct of the archduke Maximilian had been disowned, and that the emperor had sent him into the interior of Hungary.

(To be continued.)

THE LONDON GAZETTES,

CONTAINING THE MILITARY AND NAVAL DISPATCHES, PROMOTIONS, &c.



The London Gazette.

Published by Authority.

From Tuesday, Oct. 10, to Saturday, Oct. 14, 1815.

(CONTINUED.)

War Office, Oct. 14.

3d Garrison Batt.—To be Captains of companies.—Lieutenant Carlisle Pollock, from the 27th Foot; Lieutenant Henry Somerset, from the 18th light Dragoons.

To be Lieutenants—Lieutenant and Adjutant Wilkinson, from the Cavalry Depot at Maidstone; Ensigns J. H. Taggart, Benjamin Barrie, from the 67th Foot; R. W. Lambrecht, from the 43d Foot; Anthony Donoghue, from the 81st Foot; Edward James O'Brien, from the 71st Foot; Thomas Lewis, from the 89th Foot.

To be Ensign—William Edward Alured Elliot, Gent. vice Taggart.

To be Paymaster—Paymaster Adam Gordon Geddes, from half-pay of the 22d Foot.

To be Assistant-Surgeon—Assistant Surgeon James Kennedy, from half pay of the 41st Foot.

3d Royal Veteran Battalion—Lieutenant Robert Nicholson, from half-pay, as Adjutant of a Recruiting District, to be Lieutenant, vice Robertson, placed on the retired list.

5th Ditto—Quarter-Master Richard Jefferson, from the 1st Regiment of Life Guards, to be Lieutenant, vice Squair, whose appointment has not taken place.

6th Ditto—Lieutenant Thomas Dillon, from half-pay of the late 2d Garrison Battalion, to be Lieutenant, vice Taylor, whose appointment has not taken place.

8th Ditto—Serjeant-Major John Gardner, of the late 3d Royal Veteran Battalion, to be Ensign; Paymaster Philip Jean, from the half-pay of the 98th Foot, to be Paymaster.

Nova Scotia Fencibles—E. T. P. Hinshelwood, Gent. to be Ensign, without purchase, vice, Howe, promoted.

Glengarry Light Infantry Fencibles—Serjeant-Major Jeremiah Levingstone to be Adjutant (with the rank of Ensign), vice Blair, who resigns the Adjutancy only.

New Brunswick Fencibles—Ensign Alexander Mackenzie to be Lieutenant, vice Kenah, promoted; George Bliss, Gent. to be Ensign, without purchase, vice Minchin, promoted.

STAFF.

Assistant-Commissary-General Charles John Forbes to be Deputy Commissary General to the Forces; J. Lewis, Gent. to be Dep.-As.-Com.-Gen. to the Forces.

De Roll's Regiment—Ensign Xavier Smith to be Lieutenant, without purchase, vice D'Erlach who resigns; Adolf Hanser, Gent. to be Ensign, vice Smith.

Meuron's Regiment—John M'Nabb Gent. to be Ensign, without purchase, vice Ros, appointed to the 103d Foot.

York Light Infantry Volunteers—Assistant-Surgeon John Reid, from the 101st Foot, to be Assistant-Surgeon, vice Cathcart, promoted.

The exchange between Lieutenant Edward Inge, on half pay of the 18th Foot, and Ford, of the 5th Foot, as stated in the Gazette of the 22d July last, has not taken place.

Lieutenant Lewis Gasquet, of the 1st Dragoons, is superseded, being absent without leave.

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, OCTOBER 12.

Corps of Royal Engineers—Gentlemen Cadets to be Second Lieutenants, Thomas Lempriere, vice Ker, promoted; Thomas Foster, vice Covey, promoted; George F. Bordes, vice Briscoe, promoted; Francis Randolph, vice Gregory, promoted; John J. Hope, Joseph Townsend, William Forbes, Richard Stotherd, and Henry P. Bruyeres, by augmentation; Alexander Gordon, vice Rutherford, promoted; Charles F. Fitzgerald, vice Kay, promoted; Cowper Rose, vice Page, promoted; William B. Marlow, vice Sandham, promoted.

Commissions signed by the Lord Lieutenant of the County of Montgomery:

Royal Regiment of Regular Militia—Second Lieutenant Charles Brown to be First Lieutenant, vice Flattery, appointed to the Line.

Royal Western Regiment of Local Militia—John Pugh, Gent. to be Quarter-Master, vice Hughes, resigned.

Montgomeryshire Volunteer Cavalry—J. E. Williams, Esq. to be Captain; Martin Williams, Esq. to be ditto, vice R. Pryce, resigned; Lieutenant Edward Farmer to be ditto, vice J. Pryce, resigned; Cornet W. P. Richards to be Lieutenant, vice Farmer, promoted; Quarter-Master Edward Bryan to be Cornet; Thomas Jones Gent. to be ditto; Richard Griffiths, Gent. to be ditto, vice Richards, promoted.

THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Published by Authority.

From Saturday, Oct. 14, to Tuesday, Oct. 17, 1815.

Crown Office, October 17.—Member returned to serve in this present Parliament: County of Oxford—William Henry Ashhurst, Esq. in the room of the Right Honourable Lord Francis Almaric Spencer, now Viscount Grauville, called up to the House of Peers.

Commissions in the King's own Regiment of Militia, signed by the Lord Lieutenant of the County of Stafford.

Ensign George S. Davis to be Lieutenant, vice Russell, transferred to the Line; Charles Orange, Gent. to be Ensign, vice Poingdestre, promoted; W. Legg, Gent. to be Ensign, vice Bissett, promoted.

Commission in the 1st or West Norfolk Regiment of Militia, signed by the Lord Lieutenant of the County of Norfolk.

Ensign Thomas Smallpiece Clarke to be Lieutenant, vice Damant, promoted.

Commission in the Nithsdale Regiment of Local Militia, signed by the Lord Lieutenant. Robert Richardson, Esq. to be Captain, vice Hamilton, deceased.

THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Published by Authority.

From Tuesday, Oct. 17, to Saturday, Oct. 21, 1815.

Whitehall, October 20.—His Royal Highness the Prince Regent has been pleased, in the name and on the behalf of his Majesty, to nominate and appoint his Excellency the Baron de Muffling, Major-General in the service of his Majesty the King of Prussia, to be an Honorary Knight Commander of the most Honourable Military Order of the Bath.

Carlton House, October 20.—His Royal Highness the Prince Regent has been pleased to appoint the Honourable William Thomas Graves to be a Page of Honour to his Royal Highness, in the room of Mr. Henry Murray, promoted.

Crown Office, October 19.—Member returned to serve in this present Parliament. County of Oxford.—William Henry Ashhurst, Esq. in the room of the Right Hon. Lord Francis Almaric Spencer, now Baron Churchill, called up to the House of Peers.

Commission signed by the Lord Lieutenant of the County of Berks—The Right Honourable Sir William Scott, Knt. to be Vice-Lieutenant.

War Office, October 21.—11th regiment of Light Dragoons—Serjeant-Major—Butcher to be Adjutant (with the rank of Cornet), vice Geo. Secker, who resigns the Adjutancy only.

12th Ditto Lieutenant William Drummond, from half-pay of the 41st Foot, to be Lieutenant, without purchase.

13th Ditto—Arthur Handcock, Gent. to be Cornet, without purchase, vice Irving, promoted.

1st Regiment of Foot—Lieutenant Richard Rothwell to be Captain of a Company vice Stoddart, deceased.

To be Lieutenants, without purchase—Ensign John Miller, vice Morrison, promoted; Ensign C. B. Vignoles, vice Rathwell.

To be Ensigns—William Thompson, Gent. vice Miller; A. Grant, Gent. vice Vignoles.

6th Ditto—Captain A. O'Keeffe, from half-pay of the 41st Foot, to be Captain of a Company, vice Crean, who exchanges.

12th Ditto—Lieutenant-Colonel John Castle, from the 6th West India Regiment, to be Lieutenant-Colonel, vice Cooke, who exchanges.

33d Ditto—Assistant-Surgeon James Ballingall, from the 1st Foot, to be Surgeon, vice Leaver, appointed to the 53d Foot.

43d Ditto—Captain S. Block to be Major, by purchase, vice Duffy, promoted in the 95th Foot.

53d Ditto—Surgeon Robert Leaver, from the 33d Foot, to be Surgeon, vice McIntyre, deceased.

58th Ditto—Assistant-Surgeon Robert Rule, from the 87th foot, to be Surgeon, vice Marsh, placed upon half-pay.

60th Ditto—Ensign James Lewis to be Lieutenant, vice Torbeck, deceased; Oliver Hutchinson, Gent. to be Ensign, vice Lewis.

64th Ditto—To be Lieutenants—Lieutenant Thomas Havelock, from half-pay of the 43d Foot, vice Hall, who exchanges; Lieutenant Joseph William Swayne, from half-pay of the 23d Foot, vice Blake, who exchanges.

75th Ditto—Colonel Patrick Ross, from half-pay of the late 8th Garrison Battalion to be Lieutenant Colonel, vice Swinton, who exchanges.

79th Ditto—Lieutenant William Maddocks, to be Captain of a Company, vice Neil Campbell, dead of his wounds.

To be Lieutenants—Ensign J. Tharpe, vice Maddocks; Lieutenant Robert Sutherland, from half-pay of the Cavalry Staff Corps, vice Carter, who exchanges.

To be Ensigns—Volunteer James Wight, without purchase; James Deane, Gent. vice Tharpe.

84th Ditto—Ensign and Adjutant William Green, from half-pay of the 6th Garrison Battalion, to be Adjutant and Ensign, vice Archdeacon, who resigns the Adjutancy only.

91st Ditto—Henry Gray, Gent. to be Ensign, by purchase, vice McKenna, who retires.

6th West-India Regiment—Lieutenant-Colonel H. F. Cooke, from the 12th Foot, to be Lieutenant-Colonel, vice Castle, who exchanges.

4th Ceylon Regiment—Charles Stutzer, Gent. to be Second Lieutenant, without purchase, vice Fletcher, who resigns.

Royal Waggon Train—Cornet C. E. Turner, to be Lieutenant, vice Sander, deceased.

2d Garrison Battalion—Lieutenant William Dumaresq, from the Royal Staff Corps, to be Captain of a Company, vice Oldham, appointed to the 8th Royal Veteran Battalion: Ensign ——— Molloy to be Lieutenant, without purchase, vice Dixon appointed to the 7th Royal Veteran Battalion; Robert Douglas, Gent. to be Ensign vice Molloy.

Garrison Company for Service of the Cape of Good Hope—William Williams, Gent. to be Ensign, vice Pole, deceased.

1st Royal Veteran Battalion—Captain Joseph Chapman, from the 43d Foot, to be Captain of a Company.

3d Ditto—Captain John Douglas, from the late 7th Royal Veteran Battalion, to be Captain of a Company.

To be Lieutenants—Robert Cartrae, Town Adjutant at Palermo; Quarter-Master George Wallace, from half-pay of the 92d Foot.

4th Ditto—Captain John Jenkins, from the Glengarry Light Infantry Fencibles, to be Captain of a Company, vice Flack, placed upon the Retired List.

6th Ditto—Ensign John Sutliff, from the late 5th Royal Veteran Battalion, to be Ensign.

8th Ditto—Brevet Major J. F. Oldham, from the 2d Garrison Battalion, to be Captain of a Company.

Glengarry Light Infantry Fencibles—Lieutenant George Jackson, from the 1st Foot, to be Captain of a Company, vice Jenkins, appointed to the 4th Royal Veteran Battalion.

STAFF.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir James Douglas, K. C. B. on half-pay, to be Deputy Quarter-Master General to the Forces in North Britain, vice Sir William Delancey, deceased.

Lieutenant James Findlay, of the late 11th Royal Veteran Battalion, to be Quarter-Master at the York Depot, Chelsea, vice Walsh, who retires to his former situation, upon half-pay.

HOSPITAL STAFF.

To be Physicians to the Forces—Edward Nathaniel Bancroft, M. D. from half-pay; Adam Neale M. D. from half-pay.

To be Apothecary to the Forces—Dispenser of Medicines J. Amc.

To be Hospital-Assistants to the Forces—Hospital-mate Francis Randazzo; Hospital-mate Dennis Alancy.

The King's German Legion.

1st Regiment of Hussars—Assistant-Surgeon Henry Gehse, from the 2d Light Battalion, to be Assistant-Surgeon, vice Meyer, appointed to the 1st Foreign Veteran Battalion.

2d Battalion of Light Infantry—Hospital-Assistant Joseph Tholon to be Assistant Surgeon, vice Gehse, appointed to the 1st Hussars.

5th Battalion of the Line—Hospital-mate Henry Meyer to be Assistant-Surgeon, vice Kohrs, placed upon half-pay.

1st Foreign Veteran Battalion—Assistant-Surgeon G. C. Meyer, from the 1st Hussars, to be Assistant-Surgeon.

MEMORANDUM.

The undermentioned Officers, who were superseded, as stated in the Gazettes of 13th August last and 23d ultimo, are reinstated in their ranks.

Ensign Thomas Adams, of the 38th Foot.

Ensign Philip Ryan, of the 10th Foot.

ERRATA in the Gazettes of 16th, 19th, and 20th ultimo.

46th Foot—For George Ash, Gent. to be Ensign, read William Ashe, Gent. to be Ensign.

Hospital Staff—For Staff Surgeon John Taylor, from half-pay, to be Surgeon to the Forces, read Staff-Surgeon Joseph Taylor, from half-pay, to be Surgeon to the Forces; for Staff-Assistant Surgeon William Tibbald to be Surgeon to the Forces, read Staff Assistant Surgeon William Sibbald to be Surgeon to the Forces; for Purveyor's Clerk J. Pringle to be Deputy Purveyor to the Forces, read Purveyor's Clerk William Henry Pringle to be Deputy-Purveyor to the Forces.

The Duke of Brunswick Oels' Corps—For Volunteer William Robert Wynne Playford to be Cornet, read Volunteer Robert Playford to be Cornet.

ERRATA in the Gazette of the 14th inst.

For James Tomlinson, Gent. to be Cornet, by purchase, in the 17th Light Dragoons, vice Harris, promoted in the 15th Light Dragoons—Read James Tomlinson, Gent. to be Cornet, by purchase, in the 13th Light Dragoons, vice Harris, promoted in the 15th Light Dragoons.

7th Light Dragoons—For Frederick Seymour, Gent. to be Cornet, by purchase, vice Grenfell, promoted—Read Frederick Seymour, Gent. to be Cornet, by purchase, vice Douglas, promoted.

101st Foot—For Hospital-Assistant David M'Kirkby to be Assistant-Surgeon, vice Reid, &c.—Read Hospital-Assistant Donald M'Kinlay, to be Assistant-Surgeon, vice Reid, &c.

3d Garrison Battalion—For Assistant-Surgeon James Kennedy, from half-pay of the 41st Foot, to be Assistant-Surgeon—Read Assistant-Surgeon John Kennedy, from half-pay of the 41st Foot, to be Assistant-Surgeon.

THE
ROYAL
MILITARY CHRONICLE;

OR

BRITISH OFFICER'S

MONTHLY REGISTER, CHRONICLE, AND MILITARY
MENTOR.

FOR JANUARY, 1816.

CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL NARRATIVE of the Battle of Waterloo, from the French, 157

HISTORY of the WAR in SPAIN and PORTUGAL. Translated from the French of General Sarrazin, continued, 165

ORIGINAL HISTORY of the memorable Italian Campaign of Suworow in 1799, continued, 173

ORIGINAL MEMORIALS for the History of the present Times.—Nuits de l'Abdication de l'Empereur Napoleon [*The Nights of the Abdication of the Emperor Napoleon*]: translated from the French of Didier, concluded 181

ORIGINAL LETTERS written by Officers during the several Campaigns in Portugal and Spain, arranged according to the Campaigns;—Letters during the Campaigns of 1808, and 1809, concluded, 186

The HISTORY of the WAR from the year 1793 to 1814—Campaign of 1793 continued, 189

ORIGINAL Narrative of My Services, in the Year 1813, translated from the French continued, 197

ADDITIONAL DETAILS of the Battle of Waterloo, 205

The LIVES of the GREAT CAPTAINS of MODERN HISTORY—The Life of John Duke of Marlborough continued, 213

OFFICIAL NARRATIVES of the Campaigns of Buonaparte.—Campaign in Germany of 1809, concluded.—24th Bulletin, 221; 25th, 222; 26th, 227; 27th, 228; 28th, 230; Treaty of Peace between France and Austria, 231

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NOTICES

OF WORKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

1. A JOURNAL of the THREE DAYS of the BATTLE of WATERLOO, being My own Personal Journal of what I saw, and of the events in which I bore a part, in the battle of Waterloo and retreat to Paris. By an Eye-Witness. Translated from the French. Price 5s. 6d. *bds.*
2. The Third Journal of the Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula. Price 2s. 6d.
3. The Fifteenth Number of D'Anville's Atlas and Geography of the Antients (which concludes that valuable work), price 5s. 6d.

THE ROYAL MILITARY CHRONICLE.

No. 21.]

NEW SERIES, JANUARY, 1816.

[Vol. IV.]

ORIGINAL NARRATIVE OF THE BATTLE OF WATER- LOO.

(From the French.)

THE French Nation is degraded (let it be confessed) by the eager servitude with which all classes are seeking to recommend themselves to the restored King. There are rights of kings; be it so, but are there not rights of the people likewise. Louis the 16th was most savagely murdered by the Jacobins of that day. I allow it; no one can more execrate that murder than myself. A most horrible anarchy succeeded, and was only terminated when Buonaparte arrived from Egypt, and became Consul. France then beheld that he fulfilled her hopes; his government was firm and vigorous; he subdued domestic factions and conquered peace. It was then put to the vote throughout France,—Shall Napoleon become Emperor of the French. The Nation (it becomes the honour of military men to be direct, open, and true), the Nation, I say, gave their votes by acclamation, that Napoleon had deserved well of the French people, and should therefore be their Emperor. Such was his title, and who will deny that it was legitimate,—the undoubted voice and choice of the people during a vacant throne. Napoleon therefore was Emperor of the French. An unhappy, or to speak with the same candour, a most atrocious career of ambition and despotism then seized upon the Emperor, and the vengeance of heaven awakened by so much blood, precipitated him into the abyss of misfortunes; he abdicated his throne and withdrew into exile. Louis the 18th was then placed upon the throne; the people received him, and he thereby became their legitimate king. The return of Napoleon was a breach of treaty both with France and with the other nations of Europe. The allied armies, therefore, as far as Napoleon was concerned, had a good right of war; and as Napoleon had already abdicated his original right, and France had contracted new obligations, it was a clear and decided treason in Frenchmen to desert Louis, and to go over to Napoleon. This is my political confession of faith, and upon this I have acted.—Napoleon was emperor till he abdicated. Louis is now the lawful sovereign because he was received as such by the French people upon the crown being thus vacated. I abhor Jacobinism; but upon the honour of a gentleman, and upon the faith of a soldier, I never have, and never will acknowledge any right in kings, but such as they have derived from the people.

But let me proceed to the subject upon which I regard it my duty to relate what I know and saw. I was present in that memorable and fatal battle which will bear a prominent part in our annals to the end of time.

As far as my humble talents can avail, neither faction, nor a meaner spirit of flattery, shall give any false colour. I pretend not to History, but to Testimony. I will relate what I saw,—let others adorn.

THE Imperial Guard, after having discharged its duty in the Champ de Mai, departed from Paris and directed its march upon Laon. A few days after, the Emperor Napoleon himself followed this movement, and travelled with his usual rapidity towards the frontier. In reality Napoleon and his guard arrived nearly at the same hour at Vervens, where he put himself at the head of his army. The passage of troops by Vervens and Avesnes was unbroken during many successive days. It seemed as if all France was hastening to one point, and as if all were occupied with but one mind. Was this a common and unanimous enthusiasm in favour of the Emperor? No,—it was the enthusiasm of Frenchmen to defend their country against foreign invasion; and Napoleon was welcome because a suitable instrument. A hundred victories had already declared him a conqueror. It might be wished that his civil government were more consistent with the principles of liberty and with his own frequent pledges and promises. But this was not a time to attend to these matters. Let the foreigners be expelled; let France reassume its ascendancy, and the government might be amended at leisure. Under these feelings the Emperor was every where received with acclamation. It is impossible to deny it.

It was at first thought, that the Emperor would not begin the attack, but would satisfy himself with taking up a long defensive line upon the frontier. But the moment of his arrival was that of the commencement of his characteristic activity; he reviewed every thing; he inspected every thing; he ordered every thing; he daily and hourly exhibited himself to his troops, and they hailed with rapture their leader in so many wars.

Upon arriving at Beaumont, the army of the North formed its junction with that of Ardennes, under the command of Vandamme, whose head-quarters were at Furnay. The army of the Moselle, under General Girard, quitting Metz by forced marches, debouched in the same period by Philipville, and brought itself likewise into line. Thus the army of the North was composed of five corps of infantry, under the respective commands of the Lt.-Generals D'Erlon, Reille, Vandamme, Girard, and the Count de Lobau. The cavalry, commanded in chief by Marshal Grouchy, was divided into four corps, under the orders of Generals Pajol, Excelmans, Milhaud, and Kellerman.

The Imperial Guard, which was 20,000 in strength, formed the head and point of the wedge; it was followed by a sufficient *materiel*, and there was no deficiency of every kind of equipage and appointment. Independently of the batteries attached to each division, each corps had its park of reserve. The Guard itself had a most superb train composed almost solely of new pieces.

These troops, all of them the flower of France, composed a force of nearly 150,000 men, of which 20,000 were cavalry ; the artillery was not short of 300 pieces.

Already, however, even in the very bosom of their country, these troops evinced their want of that military discipline, which constitutes the strength of armies, and renders them the sure defence of the countries which they occupy. With a total disregard for their unhappy countrymen, who zealously contended to supply them with the means of subsistence, the French soldiers treated the farmers and peasantry with the most extreme rigour ; and considering pillage as one of their most indisputable rights, almost made a merit of practising it in every excess.

Every where they sacked the houses ; and under the pretext of seeking for provisions, broke open the doors, committed outrages upon the inhabitants, and seized whatever suited their purposes. " We are now in the field," said they ; " we are wanted, and it is not much to allow us the ordinary licence of war, the cause is not too pure ; let them not demand of us, that of which they exhibit no example in themselves." Thus, going from house to house, from granary to granary, and from cellar to cellar, the soldiers returned to the camp loaded with the spoils of their countrymen ; and thus at one and the same moment rendered themselves unfit for war, and indisposed the country against them.

It is truly afflicting to acknowledge, that the greater part of the officers opposed only a feeble resistance to this infamous pillage, and even tolerated, if not encouraged it, under the ready excuse,—“ We must not be too severe ; the soldier must live. Why were there no magazines ?” And whilst the soldier had his subsistence, the officer, it may be imagined, had abundance, and was only perplexed by the difficulty of choice. Do we recognize here, it may be demanded, the frank and loyal character of the French officer. No, certainly not. But let not the French name be disgraced with posterity because the officers of Buonaparte were not those of Turenne and Villeroi.

In the midst of this herd of lawless and unprincipled devastators, there were doubtless not wanting many men of honour and principle, who most grievously lamented over this frightful disorder, and who served with profound regret in this rebellious army, but who endeavoured to persuade themselves that it was their duty to defend their country under any leader. A principle of military honour kept them firm to their post. They were indifferent to Napoleon but they loved France.

Nor was it perhaps possible to repress those disorders in an army which had been formed to them by the habit and example of twenty years. It was in fact by this system of brigandage, that the Emperor Napoleon had succeeded in so firmly attaching the soldiers to his name and cause.

The country which the army was traversing, covered with wheat already browning, promised a rich harvest ; but this abundance existed in vain ; woe to the fields through which was the passage of the troops ; and still more so to those which became the position of a camp. In a

few moments the labour and gift of the year were trodden under the feet of men and horses, or torn up by the roots for fodder.

The interior of the army was torn to pieces by an anarchy similar to that which reigned without. It seemed as if an implacable hatred animated one corps against another, and that there existed an open war between them. No mutual sacrifices,—no reciprocal confidence, no common feeling ; but every where selfishness, arrogance, and rapacity. When the Commander of a column or regiment arrived at the post which he was to occupy, his first care was to seize every thing within his reach, with a total disregard of any one who might succeed him. Guards were placed at the doors of houses which contained any provisions, and without any other right than that of being the first occupant, they opposed themselves to every kind of division. These sentinels were frequently attacked by soldiers of other parties, and the matter proceeded to blows, in the course many were wounded, and some even killed, on both sides.

The Imperial Guard, in its character of being the Janissaries of the Despot, were extremely arrogant towards the other troops ; they repelled with disdain all commerce and contact with the other branches of the service, and were justly detested by them. Their comrades submitted to this presumption only so far as the Imperial Guard were sufficiently numerous to enforce it ; but when they were in less number, they retaliated upon them. The different arms of cavalry were equally jealous and contentious of each other and of the infantry ; whilst the latter, confident of its strength and numbers, threatened the cavalry with their bayonet, and insisted upon their own equality of rights and respect.

Such was the spirit of the army whilst on its advance towards the frontier ; a spirit which rendered them as formidable to their officers as to their enemy ; which rendered it a matter of doubt to the farmers whether their own army or that of the enemy were most to be dreaded.

The army pursued its march with the most inconceivable rapidity ; the weather, though stormy, was dry, and the roads were not so much trodden as to impede the artillery and equipages. The movements were thus made with a celerity which partook of precipitation. It was now the evident hope and purpose of Napoleon to fall by surprise upon the enemy, and there was no longer any doubt with respect to the general plan of the Emperor.

On the 14th of June, 1815 (for as every cotemporary record of this great campaign will descend to remote posterity, let me mark the date), the French army, with the Emperor Napoleon at its head, was united upon the extreme frontier, when the following proclamation, marked with the rapidity, the abruptness, and certainly the greatness of mind of the Emperor, was issued from his head-quarters ; and each division and regiment being duly drawn up, was read at the head of each.

“SOLDIERS,

“Behold the anniversary of Marengo and Friedland which has twice decided the destinies of Europe. It was then, as at Austerlitz, at Wa-

gram, that we were too generous to an enemy at our feet. We gave our easy faith to the protestations and oaths of those princes to whom we left their thrones. These same princes, having leagued amongst themselves, are now in arms against the independence of France. Let us march to give them the meeting, both they and we are still the same.

"Soldiers, at Jena, against these same Prussians, we were one against three; and at Montmirail, one against six.

"As many of you as have been prisoners amongst the English, relate to your comrades what you suffered in their prisons and hulks.

"The Saxons, Belgians, and Hanoverians, and soldiers of the Confederation of the Rhine, lament that unhappy force which compels them to obey those princes who are the enemies of justice and liberty. They know the insatiable cupidity of this coalition. They know that these princes have already devoured twelve millions of Poles, twelve millions of Italians, a million Saxons, and six millions of Belgians, and thus all the German states of the second order are their next destined prey.

"Madmen! a moment of prosperity has blinded them. The oppression and humiliation of the French people are beyond their power; if they enter France they will find in it only their grave.

"Soldiers, we have marches to make, battles to give, and dangers to incur; but with constancy, discipline, and a resolution to conquer, the victory will be ours; and the glory and liberty of France will be reconquered.

"For all Frenchmen who have a heart, the moment is come to conquer or to die."

It is totally unnecessary to add, that this proclamation, thus addressed to the national and military feeling of Frenchmen, was received with the most rapturous acclamations, and that every one promised themselves victory under such a leader. Alas that his talents were not seconded by his virtues! The French Princes of Bourbon have themselves lamented this cruel separation of ability and virtue; let it be allowed therefore to an individual to repeat it. Had such a daring mind,—had such an invincible courage, had such inexhaustible resources been employed in seeking true glory, and the real interest of mankind, France might have hailed the day which had given to her Napoleon; and Europe, regenerated but not crushed, might have welcomed his salutary purgation. There are times (let no one deny it), when the most ancient governments require a reforming hand, and when the field is only refreshed and fertilized by the fire which devours its rank growth.

On the 15th, at break of day, the army put itself in motion to enter Belgium. The second corps attacked the advanced posts of the Prussians which were opposed to it, and pursued them with vigour to Marchienne au Port. The cavalry of this corps had occasion to make a charge upon some squares of infantry. It broke through them without much difficulty, and made some hundred prisoners. The Prussians repassed the Sambre, and retired in confusion. The French had in truth a just contempt of the Prussians. The campaign would have had little difficulty if we had had only Prussians to contend with.

The second corps continued its movement upon the route towards Charleroi; the light cavalry of our centre immediately followed, and by successive charges, whenever it met the enemy, repelled them to the opposite bank of the river. We now bore down towards the bridge over the river to Charleroi. Whilst the flanks of all the avenues to it were lined by tirailleurs, the Prussians employed themselves at the opposite foot to destroy it, and thus impede our passage. But being pressed by our troops, they succeeded only in effecting a slight injury, and then fled. Our sappers and miners being brought up, very shortly repaired the mischief which the Prussians had executed; and about noon, their labour being finished, our light cavalry entered Charleroi, and took possession of it.

In the meantime, the second corps, having effected its passage lower down the river at Marchienne, advanced upon Gosselies, a large town upon the opposite side of the river, and through which was a road to Brussels. The purpose of this movement was to prevent the Prussians from retiring upon this point, when they should be forced from Charleroi by the attack which was then proceeding. The Prussians, thus forced in front, and anticipated upon our flank, retired upon Fleurus, where they began to occupy themselves in concentrating their army.

Whilst the Prussians were in this operation, they had to sustain themselves against the repeated attacks of our divisions, who unceasingly interrupted them whilst taking their position. The presence of Buonaparte so electrified the French troops, that the divisions, as fast as they arrived, threw themselves upon the enemy; and with such irresistible impetuosity, as to bear every thing before them. They scarcely discharged a musquet, but, bayonet in hand, dashed into the thickest of the enemy's masses.

The squadrons of the body-guard of Napoleon made several charges upon the Prussian infantry; it was in one of these charges, that the General Letort, Colonel of the Dragoons of the Guard, received a mortal wound.

The French finally succeeded in driving the enemy from all his positions on the Sambre. Towards night the combat ceased; and Buonaparte, after having left the third corps on its route towards Namur, and the second at Gosselies upon the road to Brussels, returned to Charleroi as his head-quarters. The remainder of the army occupied the surrounding villages.

The results of these several engagements were a thousand prisoners, the passage of the Sambre, and the possession of Charleroi and its magazines. But it was a still more signal advantage that it confirmed the courage of the troops by success. Napoleon availed himself of this success and of its fruits according to his usual system. The prisoners were paraded with the artifice of a procession at a Theatre, by the effect of which a few bands carefully repeated, and systematically reintroduced, appear to be an army. Thus the prisoners were marched in presence of different divisions from the front to the rear. It may be imagined that

the air resounded with the cries of *Vive l'Empereur*, and the soldiers believed every thing done in this auspicious beginning.

In the beginning of this day, the Russian army, consisting of four corps were encamped on the line of the Sambre, they fell back to their points of concentration, Fleurus, Namur, Cincy, and Hannut. The principal corps engaged with us was that of General Ziethen. This General was at Fleurus, where he received us bravely. Blucher was made acquainted with these events in the course of the afternoon, and as was afterwards learned, immediately ordered his other three corps (those at Namur, Cincy and Hannut) to make a forced march to Sombref, about four miles from Fleurus, where he proposed to put himself at the head, and give us immediate battle on the next day.

The French army were now upon the territory of their late subjects the Belgians, who invoked us as their liberators, and who had waited our arrival, as they said, to rise in mass. In fact we fell in with some groupes of peasantry at the entrance of some villages who welcomed us with *Vive l'Empereur*, but I cannot flatter myself that they appeared very sincere, or that there was a general sentiment in our favour. In truth, they seemed rather to deprecate us not to pillage them than to express their genuine feelings. But, if such were their purposes, they had little success. Our soldiers gave then acclamation for acclamation, but it was totally a different thing to decline the opportunity of plunder. A free vent therefore was given to the torrent. As soon as the troops had taken even a momentary position in the vicinity of a village, they rushed like water from a broken dam over all the country beneath; corn, cattle bread, meat, even household furniture, linen and clothes disappeared in an instant. The village became a map of ruins; empty houses; broken doors, and the inhabitants flying into the woods and fields. The adjacent fields, hitherto covered with the promise of a rich harvest, seemed like the straw in a stable trodden under foot; and the fires of the bivouacks, leaving their blackening traces in meadows and corn fields, seemed to mark so many places which had been struck by thunder.

As our troops quitted these wretched villages, the inhabitants, a most miserable spectacle, reappeared; and viewing the ruin and devastation of their property broke forth into intermixed sorrow and imprecations. It was really miserable to see them collecting their broken furniture; and with their children in their hands look woefully at the cornfields trodden underfeet, as if one short hour had destroyed the labours of their life; and reduced them from comfort to extreme poverty.

From the information which we received here, it will not admit a doubt that the Prussians were totally surprised, and that the allies expected nothing so little as our attack at this period; on the other hand, it was a part of their plan to have entered on the French territories a few days after that on which we made the incursion into Belgium. The inhabitants themselves were astonished at our sudden appearance amongst them, whilst they believed us occupied in lining and guarding our for-
tresses. They spoke very ill of the Prussians, and complained of being very ill treated by them.

But though this first success greatly exhilarated the spirits of the French soldiers, it contained but little which could indicate the fate of the campaign. The enemy's army, attacked by surprise was certainly put in a situation of much peril and difficulty. It was even uncertain, whether they could accomplish the union and concentration of their several corps. Wellington was so far out-generalled; he was disconcerted by an offensive movement which he had not foreseen, and he had thus lost the whole plan of the campaign; he had passed in fact the initiative upon which he calculated, and he would now make his movements upon ground with which he was little acquainted. Such was (and in some degree with justice) the speculations of the best informed amongst ourselves. Others were elevated to a higher point of extravagance; the most unlimited confidence in the fortune and talents of the Emperor, the annihilation or embarkation of the English, our arrival at the Rhine amidst the acclamations of the Belgians, the treasures of kingdoms poured into our military chest, and nations rising in mass to assist and recruit us, all these were the dreams of the night of the 15th. It seemed as if one kind of temper possessed every one, and that the madness of the Emperor had passed in rapid contagion through every individual of the army.

Upon this very verge of most astonishing events, it is impossible not to reflect, how very near all these extravagant hopes were about to be realized,—how very little was wanting that the Emperor Napoleon had obtained as usual a victory as he actually sustained a defeat. Let the narrators of the campaign, and particularly those who were not present, deceive themselves and flatter their several nations as may suit them; but let me inform them of this tremendous truth,—it was within a very hair that the victory of Waterloo was obtained by the English,—I say the English, for the Prussians were out of the question. They could have effected nothing if the English had not already done it for them. They (the Prussians) are all made of the same stuff as their king,—when the French nation was exhausted by misfortunes and by previous battles, the King of Prussia and his people had the spirit to attack them. But who such crawling slaves, both prince and people,—who such sneaking flatterers, both prince and people, as His Majesty of Prussia, and these now proud Prussians. Alas, how have the crimes of Napoleon degraded France, when France is given over in punishment to such a race as this—But we here go before our Narrative.

On the following morning, June 16th, the army put itself in march, the Emperor Napoleon, his fortune, and his crimes, at their head.

The command of the left wing, composed of the first and second corps of infantry, and of four divisions of cavalry, was given to Marshal Ney, who arrived at the head-Quarters in Charleroi, the preceding evening. he was ordered to proceed by Gosselies and Frasnes upon the high road to Brussels.

(To be continued.)

*HISTORY OF THE WAR IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.**(Translated from the French of General Sarrazin.)**(Continued from our last.)*

IT was no doubt a matter of surprise that the French army, called the army of Arragon, should have been manœuvring for near twelve months in Catalonia. The circumstance was owing to the energy of the Catalonians, who had gained signal advantages against Marshal Macdonald's army, as long as it had been spread wide to maintain the communications. In the night of the nineteenth to the twentieth of March, the Marquis de Campoverde, at the head of eight thousand men, attempted to obtain possession of Fort Montjoui, which is the key to Barcelona, and where he had some partisans. The French received information of it in time to frustrate the plan, which had been agreed upon. The Spaniards attacked with impetuosity; but they were repulsed: and, seeing that they were not seconded, as they expected, by their friends within the place, they retreated in excellent order. They took, however, better precautions to surprise Figuieras. There was a secret postern, which opened into the ditch. Two Catalonians, on the commissariat of the garrison, opened this gate in the night of the ninth to the tenth of April, and introduced five hundred miquelets. The garrison, which consisted of four hundred men, could not fire a single musket, so badly was the service performed. Both officers and soldiers were quietly in their beds, when they were taken prisoners. As soon as General Baraguay d'Hilliers, who commanded in Upper Catalonia, was informed of this event, he collected all his disposable soldiers, to invest Figuieras; but the Spaniards availed themselves of the time, which the French employed in assembling their troops. They introduced about four thousand men into the place, under the orders of General Martinez, with provisions for several months. On the third of May, the Marquis de Campoverde attempted to throw fresh supplies into Figuieras. He had prepared a very considerable convoy: but he found the French too superior in numbers to accomplish his purpose; and was obliged to renounce his object, after having fought a sanguinary battle, almost under the ramparts of the fort he wished to relieve. The English squadron, that was cruising before Rosas, desirous of seconding the Catalonians, landed a column, which was to advance to Figuieras. But the disaster of Campoverde induced them to re-embark; and the wreck of the Spanish army was marched towards Tarragona.

Encouraged by the success of the garrison of Almeida, in evacuating that place, General Martinez attempted to open himself a passage, sword in hand, through the French blockading troops. He had only provisions left for three days, and scarcely any ammunition. Marshal Macdonald was acquainted with the critical situation of the Spaniards. Expecting that they would make some desperate attempt to recover their liberty, he had carefully constructed lines of contravallation, covered by a double

row of felled trees. For several days the French posts were doubled during the day; and at night, all the troops were kept on bivouac, in the direction by which it was probable that the garrison would try to escape. In the night of the sixteenth to the seventeenth of August, General Martinez, at the head of three thousand brave men, attacked the French lines: but he was forced to return to the fort, with the loss of four hundred men. This induced him to capitulate on the nineteenth. He wrote to the Junta of Catalonia—"After more than four months of the most obstinate blockade, and being left without any succour from the army, I have seen myself under the necessity of surrendering Fort San Fernando de Figueras, from the absolute want of provisions. I have exhausted every resource, having consumed every horse, and even the lowest insect, for food. In the night of the sixteenth, the whole garrison attempted a sortie with the bayonet; and, in spite of the obstacles opposed by the line of contravallation, I got as far as the felled trees, which obstructed the passage, and rendered it impossible to penetrate any farther. I have this day surrendered myself a prisoner of war, with the whole garrison, &c." If it was General Martinez, who planned the taking of Figueras by surprise, he displayed more zeal than foresight, and more valour than ability. Those indefatigable miquelets, who would have done so much injury to the French, by their almost continual attacks on the line from Perpignan to Barcelona, found themselves completely paralyzed by the brilliant but deceitful glory of taking a strong place. The conquest undoubtedly would have been beneficial, had there been any means of keeping it. Previously to this *coup de main*, the Spaniards should have collected sufficient forces to save Tarragona, which, next to Barcelona, is the strongest and most important place of Catalonia.

Marshal Macdonald made a pompous report of the operations of the blockade. He highly extolled the constancy of his army, in supporting pains, fatigues, the inconveniencies of the climate, and, above all, the hardship of passing twenty-five nights in bivouacs, *from the twenty-fourth of July to the twenty-ninth of August*. What then would he have said, had it been in the month of January? The climate of Catalonia unquestionably is one of the finest in Europe. As for his observations on the works of the lines, on the sixty thousand cannon-shots fired by the garrison, and on the redoubts bearing the names of the regiments, entrusted with their construction and defence, it may be supposed that he either wished to mock Buonaparte with such ridiculous stories; or, what is more likely, that the report, written by the chief of his staff, was sent to Paris without his having taken the trouble of perusing it attentively. For, like the late General Moreau, Macdonald is more active in the field than in the closet; and though he is uncommonly sagacious in the cabinet, he perhaps relies too much on those around him. The conclusion of this report is sufficient to give an idea of the whole—"I have just been hoisting the imperial flag on the walls of Figueras; and our artillery is at this instant saluting it with one

hundred and one discharges. This salute will be heard by the English vessels, which line the coast, and by the hordes of insurgents at Olot. It will announce to them the recapture of Figueras, and the termination of the war in this part of Catalonia." To mention hordes of insurgents collecting at Olot, was a singular way of acquainting Buonaparte with the termination of the war. Macdonald does not bear the character of a courtier; but he thought that circumstances authorised him to flatter the idol of the day. His awkward attempt at adulation was, however, not relished by Buonaparte, who deprived him of his command, and supplied his place by General Decaen, the late governor of the Mauritius, or Isle de France.

To the important events in Estremadura and Catalonia, must be added the capture of Puycerda, by a corps of miquelets, on the fifteenth of April. After having levied contributions on the town and neighbourhood, they returned to their mountains. This incursion taught the French government that its unjust conduct towards the Spaniards provoked reprisals, which a reverse of fortune might render extremely fatal to France. In the other provinces of Spain, the guerillas continued to harass the French with the greatest activity. The Marquis de Porlier, so well known by the name of the *Marquesito*, fought several determined battles in the Asturias. His knowledge of the country, and the confidence of the inhabitants, favoured his movements; so that he could either avail himself of his victories when he defeated the French, or avoid their pursuit, whenever he was obliged to retreat before superior numbers. Esposymina ought to be mentioned next to the Marquis de Porlier. He was the terror of the French in Navarre, in Biscay, and on the road from Bayonne to Burgos.

A number of other equally zealous leaders might be named: but they were less intelligent, and also less fortunate. In general, however, the service of the guerillas was so well performed, that the supplies, destined for Madrid, were captured at the very gates of that capital. But in the midst of this crowd of brave men, who are an everlasting honour to the Spanish nation, the Galicians acted only an inferior part. On the twenty-fifth of August their general, Abadia, was attacked before Astorga, by the French general, Dorsenne. He opposed but a very feeble resistance; and his army retired almost in confusion. Ballasteros, who was alternately a conqueror and vanquished, in the county of Niebla, retreated to the south of Andalusia; and, notwithstanding the repeated attacks of the French, succeeded in maintaining himself between Gibraltar and Ronda. He might, perhaps, have taken Seville, and destroyed the immense stores kept in that place, if, at the time of the battle of Albuera, he had acted with vigour, and in concert with the column that advanced on the right of the Guadalquivir. This general, who possessed the entire confidence of his troops, was deficient in activity and coolness. His bold, but almost always unfortunate attacks, would have been very useful, had the plans been combined, and the means prepared, by a person fit to command in chief, like Lord Wellington,

whom the Spaniards at last appointed generalissimo of all the troops serving in the peninsula ; justly considering him as the only commander who could insure their success. But much precious time had been lost, which might have been employed in the organization of armies, their discipline, and the proper plans of action. Such a loss generally proves irreparable.

" Pour sauver un empire, il suffit d'un grand homme !"

BOOK V.

On the twenty-second of June, 1811, General Blake, with about six thousand Spaniards, quitted the allied army ; and having crossed the Guadiana at Jerumenha, marched to the county of Niebla. He immediately made arrangements to scale the castle of Niebla, which was defended by three hundred men. On the thirtieth of June, two hours before day-light, the troops advanced with ladders under a very brisk fire of artillery and musketry ; but here too, as at Badajoz, the ladders happened to be too short, and the fort was not taken. Blake embarked with his troops at the mouth of the Guadiana, on the sixth of July, and arrived at Cadiz on the twelfth of the same month. He soon left Cadiz again with a corps of choice troops, landed at Almeria, and formed his junction with the army of Murcia, near Baza. Marshal Soult, by means of his spies, had never lost sight of him ; and leaving a corps of observation in the neighbourhood of Badajoz, returned to Andalusia, with the greatest part of the French army under his command. When he heard of General Blake's arrival at Almeria, he moved towards the army of Murcia. General Godinot was ordered to turn the right of the Spaniards, whilst Marshal Soult, refusing his right, made a vigorous attack with his centre. On the ninth of August, the Spaniards were driven from all their positions. Towards the close of day, their retreat became a complete rout, and they fled to the mountains near Caravaca. The Spanish cavalry behaved much better than the infantry ; no impression could be made upon them during the day ; and they protected the fugitives, who had taken the road to Murcia : but on the tenth, the same brave cavalry, relying too much on their courage, were attacked by the whole of Marshal Soult's dragoons, and about five hundred were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. The remainder of the column, amounting still to fifteen hundred men, retired precipitately to Murcia. Of the twenty thousand men, who composed General Blake's army, not more than six, or, at the utmost, seven thousand rallied, and established themselves at Lebrilla, covering both Murcia and Carthage.

The disperison of the Spaniards tranquillized Marshal Soult, respecting the kingdom of Granada. This advantage had cost him only four hundred men, killed or wounded. He returned to Seville, that he might be enabled to assist the troops left in Estremadura, should they be attacked by a superior force. His anxiety in this respect was of

short duration. Marshal Marmont had left Merida with the army of Portugal, on the seventeenth of July. He had crossed the Tagus at Almaraz, and quartered his troops in the vicinity of Placentia, where he still was on the first of August. Lord Wellington, following this movement, manœuvred on his left, and marched with the main part of his army on the right banks of the Tagus, near Castello-Branco. A few days after, he continued his march to the left, and took a position on the Coa. But notwithstanding this manœuvre of the English, the army of Portugal maintained its position, and the army of the north, under the command of General Dorsenne, was quartered in cantonments, on the banks of the Douro. Ciudad Rodrigo being thus abandoned to its own defence, Lord Wellington made his arrangements to obtain possession of it. On the fifth of September, he completed the blockade of the place, and was busily employed in collecting the means of besieging it, when the French marched up to make him abandon the blockade, and drive him back to the mountains of Guarda.

Dorsenne and Marmont formed their junction, on the twenty-second of September, at Tamemes, which is two leagues distant from Ciudad Rodrigo. The combined army amounted to sixty thousand men, of whom six thousand were cavalry. That of the allies consisted at most of fifty thousand, including the troops necessary to keep the garrison in check. Lord Wellington, under the supposition that he had wished to maintain the blockade, could have brought only forty thousand foot and four thousand horse into battle. The balance was too great in favour of the French; his Lordship, therefore, raised the blockade on the twenty-fourth, and established his army in the position of Fonte-Guinaldo, which had been strengthened by some field-works. A numerous advanced guard remained on the Azava, under the command of General Graham. On the twenty-fifth, the French, under the command of General Montbrun, attacked this advanced guard, near Elbodon. The English, owing to the superiority of the French in numbers, were obliged to fall back; but their retreat was effected in the same order as at a review. The squares, formed by the infantry, were repeatedly attacked by the French cavalry, who were received at first with a very brisk fire, and afterwards at the point of the bayonet. This intrepidity of the English disheartened Montbrun. He gave up all further attempts, contented himself with cannonading the English, and continued the pursuit till very near Fonte-Guinaldo. The French generals employed the rest of that day, and the whole of the next (being the 26th), in reconnoitring the position of Fonte-Guinaldo, and making arrangements for its attack. Lord Wellington felt some apprehensions, from the movement of a considerable corps, apparently destined to turn his left. He withdrew, in the night of the twenty-sixth, to the vicinity of Alfayates, and stationed his rear guard at Aldea-de-Ponte. On the twenty-seventh, this village was attacked by the French advanced guard; but General Cole defended it till night. Though the French assailed him with the flower of their

troops, their efforts were rendered useless for the whole day, by the excellent dispositions of General Cole, and the intrepidity of his division.

This fine defence of Aldea-de-Ponte, must have made Lord Wellington regret that he had not continued in his intrenched camp of Fonte-Guinaldo. He might have celebrated the anniversary of the battle of Busaco, by a still more signal victory than that which he had gained on the same day, in the preceding year. He might have taught Buonaparte that it is not prudent to confide the command of any army to inexperienced officers. Their inexperience, indeed, is sufficiently evident from their reports to Prince Berthier. Marmont, in speaking of the engagement at Elbodon, says, "General Montbrun pursued the English for the space of two hours. His fire was so briskly kept up, that he exhausted his ammunition. The enemy's loss was considerable. He only stopped at the camp Fonte-Guinaldo. But we had merely our advanced guard in action, our infantry being one march back, otherwise the English army would have been ruined. We had the mortification of seeing its divisions hastening from all sides to its intrenched camp. *Had fifteen thousand men been then at my disposal*, the English army would have been taken by surprise, and beaten in separate parties, without being able to assemble its troops," &c. An advanced guard in want of ammunition: a commander at the head of sixty-thousand men who has *not even fifteen thousand at his disposal*, prove better than the most learned discussion that Marmont was not yet adequate to a command in chief; for Dorsenne, being neither a duke nor a marshal, was under his orders. This general, as little experienced as his commander, states in his report, "We soon reached Fonte-Guinaldo, where we learnt, with surprise, that the English commander had not yet collected his several corps. Could we have foreseen that this general would have been guilty of such a fault, we might have taken a part of the English by separate combats: but our infantry arrived only at night," &c.

Had Dorsenne and Marmont been present at Barrosa and at Albuera, they would have held a very different language. Soult and Victor could have informed them that the English were not so easily taken as they fancied. Besides, the retreat of Elbodon, and the engagement at Aldea-de-Ponte, where, in their opinion, the English might have been so easily taken, redounded manifestly to the glory of the allies; for even their small rear guard manœuvred on the twenty-fifth, and fought on the twenty-seventh, in spite of the combined talents and forces of two great French armies. The observation, with which the two generals conclude their reports, is a most glaring inconsistency. They say, "Were the moment fixed for the catastrophe of the English arrived, we should have followed the enemy up to the lines of Lisbon, where we might have formed a junction with the army of the south, which, though complete, has before it the single division of General Hill?" and Dorsenne adds, "whenever the Emperor shall think the proper moment arrived for driving the English definitively from the peninsula, his Majesty will not find in any other army more zeal and devotion." They would have

greatly lowered their tone, had they been opposed to an enemy less circumspect than Lord Wellington; but as they had but recently assumed their commands, the English general had not yet been able to acquire any precise notions respecting them. Had his Lordship known them, particularly Marmont, he would at that time have given him a lesson in tactics, which the French marshal would have long remembered. But he lost nothing by waiting.

After the French had thrown fresh supplies into Ciudad Rodrigo, they fell back to Salamanca, and returned to their old quarters. On the first of October, Lord Wellington had resumed his camp of Fonte-Guinaldo. General Hill was detached to the left bank of the Tagus, covering the province of Alentejo against the parties that might have been sent from Badajoz. The fifth French corps, under the command of General Girard, was stationed at Estremadura. General Drouet, with the ninth corps, protected the communications between the fifth corps, Badajoz, and Seville. The first corps continued the siege, or rather the semi-blockade of Cadiz. The fourth corps was quartered in Andalusia. Balasteros remained under the cannon of Gibraltar. Suchet, who had entered the kingdom of Valentia, on the sixteenth of September, had laid siege to the castle of Saguntum, and cantoned the greatest part of his troops beyond Murviedro, to cover the works of the besiegers. Blake was in the neighbourhood of Valentia, with a corps of about twenty-five thousand men. Catalonia and Arragon were no longer the scene of great operations; but the warfare of the guerillas was carried on with the utmost activity, against the moveable columns of the French, their cantonments, and their convoys. The case was the same in the provinces of Biscay, the Asturias, and the kingdom of Leon. The surprise of Sant-Andero, on the fourteenth of August, is one of the numerous instances. The Spaniards penetrated into the town, without meeting the smallest obstacle. General Rouget, who commanded in the place, escaped by instant flight; but having learnt that the Spaniards were not numerous, he rallied his troops, and retook the town. The same activity prevailed in the two Castiles. Joseph continued at Madrid, as he dared not pass the autumn in one of the royal palaces near his capital. He would have required a considerable corps of troops to defend him against the attacks of the Spanish partisans; and such a measure, weakening the garrison of Madrid, would have endangered the safety of the metropolis. General Castanos was busily employed in organizing a corps of troops between the Guadiana and the Tagus, under the protection of General Hill.

When Marshal Soult was informed that Castanos had already embodied many recruits, he ordered General Girard to march to Cacerès, and scour the neighbourhood, in order to disperse these newly collected levies. Girard accordingly set out with his division from Merida, made a successful search in that part of Estremadura comprised between the Guadiana and the Tagus, and forced Castanos and his troops to take refuge in Portugal. General Hill was at Portalegre. Hearing how

the French scoured the country, he resolved to punish them for the little impression which the neighbourhood of the English seemed to make upon their minds. He marched, on the twenty-third of October, to Albuquerque, where he learnt that Girard, after making his appearance at Alisada, was gone to Arroyo-del-Puereo. On the twenty-fifth, the Spaniards carried this village, and Girard retreated to Caceres. After several movements, which were carefully watched by General Hill, whom the French commander was far from supposing so near him, he established himself, on the twenty-seventh, at Arroyo-del-Molinos, a small town situated at the foot of the Sierra-de-Montanches. The French were perfectly at ease, and enjoying themselves, as if they had been in barracks at Versailles. On the same day, the allies arrived, towards evening, at Alcuéscar, in hopes of teaching General Girard's column, the next day, that distrust, in war as in policy, is the parent of safety.

At two o'clock in the morning of the twenty-eighth, General Hill began his march, which was favoured by a thick fog, attended with rain. At seven o'clock in the morning, the French were attacked by the English in three columns. At break of day, a brigade of General Girard's division had set out on its march to Medellin, and the remainder were on the point of marching to Merida, when the firing of the English riflemen brought them the first news of the visit, which General Hill was paying to the French. Girard wished at first to make some resistance: but the boldness, and, above all, the number of the allies, easily convinced him that the only resource he had left, to avoid being taken or killed, was to gain the mountains, where the allied cavalry would be of no use; whilst his infantry would avail themselves of their superiority over the English in marching—a superiority, which the French unquestionably possess over all the troops of Europe, especially when they are on a retreat, or, to speak more clearly, when they are routed.

Scarcely had the English made their appearance in Arroyo, when they were joined by the inhabitants, who accompanied the firing of their musquets with cries, a thousand times repeated, of—*viva los Ingleses!* They acted as guides in the pursuit of the fugitives. Of three thousand men that were with Girard, when he commenced the action, he lost about two thousand: fourteen hundred were taken prisoners. Among the latter were General Bron, and Colonel the Duke of Aremburg. Girard also lost a half battery of light artillery, consisting of one howitzer, two eight pounders, and eight powder waggons. The loss of the allies amounted to seven killed, and sixty-five wounded.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL HISTORY
OF THE MEMORABLE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN OF SUWOROW IN
1799.

(Continued from our last.)

AMONG the measures of Suworow, there was one which was highly characteristic of a just and noble mind, and which effectually put a stop to the cruel persecution of the French refugees, the victims of their duty and attachment, shedding their blood in company with the confederate armies, while they were excluded from the laws of war, not admitted to be exchanged, and, if taken prisoners, murdered in the uniform of the powers who were at war with their oppressors. The princes of Lorraine, the princes Charles and Victor of Rohan, colonels de Carneville, de Gorgier, and many others were serving with glory in the Imperial army. In order to insure those rights which cannot be denied the commonest soldier, Suworow intimated to General Moreau that he would order one hundred French prisoners to be shot for every emigrant, serving under him, against whom the decrees of the republic should be put in execution.

During this general wreck of republicanism, Moreau was very awkwardly situated. He left Turin, whither he had been driven by his defeat of the 27th of April, and posted himself about the fifth of May, in the angle of the two rivers between Valenza and Alexandria, with a view of protecting the fortress of Tortona, which has always been regarded by the French as the key of Italy. But, from the same motive that the French wished to preserve this fortress, Suworow wished to wrest it from them. This he effected by marching out, on the ninth of May, with his whole army, and overawing Moreau, while he sent detachments forward against the fortress. The Imperial troops under General Melas and the Marquis Casteller, entered Tortona, the French garrison retiring to the citadel. The loyal inhabitants received their deliverers with every demonstration of joy. The town was illuminated the whole night, and the next day high mass and *Te Deum* were sung in those churches, within whose sacred walls the impious republicans had committed every species of abomination. The citadel which contained a garrison of seven hundred men, was immediately besieged.

Unable to stop the progress of the Imperial arms for a single hour, even when an object so great as Tortona was at stake, it was no wonder that Moreau soon found it necessary to retreat still nearer to the Alps. Before the end of May, he abandoned his position between the Po, the Tanaro, and Bormido, and retreated to Coni. He was compelled to make this movement, not by any considerable defeat of the army immediately under his command: the step was the necessary consequence of several battles, which, though not general, always weakened the republican army. Besides, the manœuvres of the enemy threatened daily to hem him in and surround him; the Piedmontese were taking

up arms against him in his rear, while, in front, the indefatigable activity of Suworow, gave him not a moment's rest.

The towns and citadels, in the mean time, which remained in the hands of the French, were daily surrendering to the Imperial arms. The castle of Milan capitulated on the 24th of May; the citadel of Ferrara followed on the 25th, and Ravenna on the 27th. Bologna, where there was a considerable revolutionary party with a French regiment, was attacked by General Klenau, who had before taken Ferrara. Mantua, therefore, was now the only fortress of great importance that the allies had left behind them in the hands of the French.

In Piedmont, Casal and Valenza surrendered without resistance, and, on the 27th of May, the right of the Imperial army entered Turin, the gates being opened by the inhabitants, and the French garrison having retired to the citadel. Thus was the capital of another Christian Prince once more rescued from the tyranny of the barbarians. The republicans did indeed, after they had retired to the citadel, begin to play upon the town; but the fatal effects of this last effort of their fiend-like malice was prevented, by a communication made to them by the order of Suworow, who assured them, that unless they immediately ceased their fire on the city, no quarter should be granted to themselves. They remembered the history of Ismael, and they had the prudence to cease.

There remained to be reduced the citadels of Turin, Alexandria and Tortona. The first a most excellent fortress, with three thousand men, and an ample supply of ammunition and provisions. Coni, whither Moreau was retired, was capable of defence: but from Coni to the frontiers of France, there were no fortifications, except Savona and Montalban.

The despots of Paris had not, however, been idle all this time. They made great and astonishing exertions to reinforce the army of Moreau; the greater part of the body, which was stationed towards Nice, under the command of Augereau was sent to join him; two whole divisions were sent him from the army in Switzerland; and the conscripts were hastened away from the interior of France, in their wooden shoes, and the bayonet at their backs.

The remaining hope of the Directory, was, to assemble by successive reinforcements a body sufficient to command the attention of Suworow's army, (now greatly reduced by the detachments he had made from it), till Macdonald could form a junction with Moreau, or till by the rapid marches, which Macdonald was ordered to make, Suworow should be placed between two fires.

Some supposed, that Macdonald, who was advancing through Tuscany, would proceed with all haste to Genoa, by the way of Lucca, Massa, Carrara, and Sarsana; but the plan was more bold. Macdonald, having been joined by the division of Victor, instead of attempting to join Moreau by passing through the Genoese territory, turned off from the sea-shore, and having left most of his artillery and heavy baggage in the states of the Church, pushed on with great rapidity through Modena and Parma, in order to form a junction with Moreau in the Tortonese,

whence they were to cross the Po together, and march to the relief of Mantua.

This plan was not injudicious, its execution was committed to men of great skill and of undoubted bravery, and had it succeeded, the Imperialists would not only have lost all their conquests in the Cisalpine republic, but would, themselves, have been placed in a very dangerous situation. But it was completely frustrated by the superior genius, the watchfulness, and the unexampled promptitude of Suworow.

Moreau's head-quarters were at Coni, between which and Genoa he preserved a communication. Suworow was at Turin, from which place, in order to aid the loyal Piedmontese, and to prevent Moreau from receiving succours across the Alps, he had pushed on his advanced posts to Suza, Assieta, and Pignerola, and had detached a party to take possession of the valleys of Vaudois, where the French had raised the people in their cause. The advanced guard of his army extended to Cherasco and its neighbourhood. He was making preparations for the siege of the citadel of Turin, while he overlooked and protected the blockades of the citadels of Alexandria and Tortona. Numerous, however, as were the objects that demanded his attention, the motions of Macdonald did not escape his watchful eye: and, though he had little expectation of the republican's attempting what it afterwards appeared he had in view, yet the Field-Marshal took care to station Major-General Hohenzollern, with a considerable body of troops, at Modena, and Lieutenant-General Ott, with ten thousand men, at Fort Novo, between Parma and Placenza, while the body under General Klenau, at Bologna, was ordered to come up, and act as a corps of reserve to either of these that should be attacked.

Suworow, as soon as he was apprized of the route that Macdonald had taken, went from Turin to Alexandria, where he assembled his army on the 15th of June, in order to meet him, give him battle, and prevent any junction of his army with that of Moreau.

In the mean time, Macdonald, the celerity of whose march was astonishing, arrived at Modena, on the 12th, attacked the advanced corps under General Hohenzollern and obliged him to recross the Po with great precipitation and considerable loss, while his superior force held General Klenau in perfect inactivity. From Modena he pushed on with incredible speed through Reggio and Parma, and, on the 17th, presented himself before Fort Novo, where he fell upon the corps under General Ott, who had received orders not to weaken his force by a hazardous battle, but rather give way, and retreat towards the main army, which was advancing to his support.

Hitherto the active and daring Macdonald had met with no obstacle. Moreau, too, had quitted Coni, and, by rapid marches, was approaching his countrymen; so that, on the 17th, the republican armies were but a few leagues from each other. Macdonald having proceeded with so much facility, having driven corps after corps before him, seems to have been intoxicated with his success; for, when he saw the ten thousand

men under General Ott retreat so hastily from Fort Novo, with little or no resistance, he is said to have written to Moreau in the following words: "La victoire est encore fidèle aux armes des républicains; il ne reste plus qu'une petite espace entre nous, et les routes sont belles." Moreau replied to the bearer of the letter: "C'est vrai, qu'il n'y reste qu'une petite espace entre nous; *mais dans cette espace il se trouve Suworow, qui vaut bien une mauvais route.*" But Moreau had been at the battle of the Adda!

Just after Macdonald had driven in General Ott, and had crossed the Trebia, which opened to him the way to Tortona, where Moreau was already arrived, he was met by Suworow. There ended his career! There he found, as Moreau had foretold, "an obstacle full as formidable as a "bad road." The gulph between Lazarus and Dives was not more dangerous and terrific, than the space which now remained between the two republican armies.

The Field-Marshal arrived, with the vanguard, at St. Giovanni, at the moment that Macdonald was making up to it, in pursuit of General Ott. Suworow, though his troops were greatly fatigued, immediately rushed on to the support of General Ott, with his vanguard, under Prince Porkrazion, and two regiments of Cossacks, the latter he led in person, and commenced a most furious and destructive attack, in which he was soon after supported by his infantry, on the left wing of the French, who, after an obstinate resistance, were driven across the little river Tidone, leaving one thousand men killed, a great number wounded, and four hundred prisoners. In the mean time, the right wing and flank of the republicans were attacked by the Russian general prince Gorzakow, while general Ott advanced against the centre. The French were repulsed every where, and were all driven over the Tidone before sun-set.

Night suspended, but was very far from putting an end to the battle. Macdonald retreated to the Trebia, on the left bank of which he formed his line of battle during the night, which Suworow's army passed on the left bank of the Tidone, six or seven miles from the Trebia, with which it runs for some distance, in a line nearly parallel.

The troops, on both sides, were cruelly fatigued. Suworow, therefore, did not put his army in motion till late the next morning, knowing that the additional energy, which his troops would receive from proper refreshment, would more than over-balance any advantage of position, that the enemy could derive from a few hours delay.

It was ten o'clock in the morning of the eighteenth, when the Imperial army broke up from the left bank of the Tidone, forded the river in three columns, and advanced towards the enemy: but, the country, though very flat, being intersected by numerous hedges, rows of vines, and deep ditches, it was with no small difficulty, that Prince Porkrazion, with the advanced guard, reached the French left wing by one o'clock. Suworow's army consisted of seventeen battalions of Russians, twelve battalions of Austrian dragoons, and three regiments of cossacks, besides

the Austrian division under general Ott, making in all about 30,000 men; so that the two armies were equal as to numbers, and that of Macdonald was composed entirely of French troops, one Polish legion excepted. The French had, indeed, the advantage of having chosen their ground; but, as the country was perfectly level, and as there were neither redoubts nor intrenchments, this advantage was very inconsiderable.

Now, then, the long-contested question respecting the pretended superiority of republican courage was to be fairly and finally decided. On the one side were Imperialists, led by a nobleman not more famed for his valour than his loyalty and piety; on the other, were Republicans, commanded by a sans-culotte, bold and persevering, inured to treason, sacrilege and blood. The strength of the combatants was equal, and great was the stake; for, on the issue of the battle it depended, not only whether the laurel should grace the brow of Suworow, or of Macdonald; but, whether loyalty, or treason, should prosper, and whether Italy, the seat of the arts and the garden of the world, should, in future, consist of Christian kingdoms and principalities, or of base and impious republics.

Suworow put his right wing under the command of the Russian general Rosenbergh, his left under that of the Austrian general Melas, and the centre under that of the Russian general Foerster. The Russian major-general prince Porkrazion commanded the vanguard, and Prince Lichtenstein the reserve. Prince Porkrazion had the honour of beginning the attack. He marched up to Macdonald's left wing, and, amidst a shower of balls and grape-shot, rushed in at the head of his infantry with fixed bayonets, while his cossacks turned its flank. The French retreated, leaving prisoners in the hands of the prince, their adjutant-general, two colonels, and six hundred men of the Polish legion, with one cannon and a pair of colours. Macdonald, seeing the situation of his left wing, dispatched to its assistance a strong reinforcement, to oppose which general Rosenbergh added the whole division of Sweykowsky to the vanguard of prince Porkrazion. The attack was renewed, and the French, after a very stout resistance, and considerable loss in killed and taken, were driven across the Trebia.

In the mean time the centre of the Imperialists, under General Foerster, with its light vanguard, fell in with the vanguard of the French, which was composed of one thousand horse and a regiment of infantry, and was stationed about half way between the Tidone and the Trebia. This vanguard was attacked and driven back in great confusion on the centre of the French line, which was then attacked by the Russians with charged bayonets, and forced across the Trebia; but, Macdonald, being resolved, if possible, to regain his position, and having speedily reinforced his centre with several battalions and a strong division of cavalry, broke through the ranks of the Austrian infantry, and, with a body of ten thousand men, reached the left bank, where he was, however, met with such unshaken courage by the Russian column, who coolly waited his approach, and then threw themselves on him with fixed

bayonets, that he was obliged again to take shelter on the other side of the river.

Nor was the left wing of the Imperialists less active, less brave, or less successful. General Melas, having under him the Austrian divisions of generals Ott and Froelich, attacked the French with great intrepidity, and, though he had to overcome intrepidity equal to his own, he finally succeeded in driving the enemy from the left bank, but without following him across the river.

Thus terminated the second day of this well-fought battle, without any thing very decisive. Macdonald's whole army had, indeed, been obliged to retreat over the Trebia; but the ground he had lost was not much, and his new position was full as good as his former one. To attack him the Imperialists must cross the river, and, in so doing must expose themselves to his fire. His loss had, it is true, been considerable; but his assailants also had met with loss, and the prisoners they had taken from him required troops to guard them. Besides, Macdonald was in hourly expectation of the arrival of a legion of Ligurians, under the command of general la Poype, who were coming from the mountains of Genoa, above Bobbio, and were to fall upon the right flank of the Imperial army. He, moreover, entertained strong hopes, and not without some reason, that Moreau would, during the next day, come up and fall upon the rear of Suworow, while he engaged him in front.

The Field Marshal did not pass the night without anxiety. He had left the Count of Bellegarde to blockade in his absence, the citadels of Tortona and Alexandria, and to oppose as long as possible, the progress of Moreau, should he advance; but, as the force under the Count was very inconsiderable, and, as the strength of Moreau's army was unknown, the gallant and persevering resistance of Macdonald, which had already prolonged the battle to an unexpected duration, could not fail to produce uneasy sensations in the mind of Suworow. During the night, he called his generals together, and, after having stated to them their situation, and the difficulty they must expect to encounter, he took his leave of them with these impressive words: "To-morrow, gentlemen, remember, that on our swords will hang, our own honours, the glory of our sovereigns, and the fate of Italy."

On the morning of the 19th, the troops of both armies were so fatigued, that the battle did not begin till nine o'clock. The lines were drawn up on the two banks of the Trebia, the Imperialists on the left bank and the French on the right. The river is nearly a mile wide from bank to bank. The intermediate space is an open sand divided by several streams, which were, however, fordable in all parts. While the allies were preparing to make an attack, the French began a most tremendous fire upon the whole line, and, advancing at the same time, with great celerity, against the village of Cassaleggio, they turned the right wing of the Russians, and obliged them, for some time to fall back; but, at this instant, prince Porkrazion fell upon their rear and flank, and made great havock amongst them. They did not, however, give up their object;

they repeatedly renewed the attack upon the village, and were every time repulsed by the Russians. The whole left wing of Macdonald now made a furious attack upon the right of the Russians; the battle became uncommonly obstinate and bloody; general Dahlheim made the first impression upon the French, who, still undaunted, made a second attack, and though general Rosenbergh broke through their whole line, this did not prevent them from rallying, and with redoubled fury, commencing a third attack. The contest was here at last decided by the advance of prince Porkrazion, who at the head of his cossacks, threw himself amidst the French with irresistible impetuosity, and produced a confusion of which general Rosenbergh took advantage and completed their defeat.

To the left, the attack of the French was equally violent on general Melas. They crossed the river with two thousand horse and a strong column of infantry, detaching, at the same time, a second column along the Po, in order to turn the left bank of general Ott. But both columns were repulsed. Prince Lichtenstein, without considering his superior force, met the vanguard of the cavalry, attacked it, and driving it back upon the infantry, broke the line. The French, however, rallied again, and were again charged by the prince, while the main body of the Austrians, with general Melas at their head, came up, and finding the enemy already in confusion, drove them back with very great loss in killed, wounded and taken.

But, it was for the centre of the Imperialists, composed of Russians, and commanded by general Foerster, that Macdonald reserved his most furious assault. Opposite this part of the army he had erected some considerable batteries, from which he kept up a constant and heavy fire, while he in person advanced across the river with his centre column, consisting of the flower of his army. The Russians, without firing a gun, waited his approach, with fixed bayonets, till he reached the left bank of the river, when the whole column, led by Suworow in person with general Foerster by his side, darted forward upon his vanguard, which, immediately recoiling, threw the main body into confusion. The carnage that ensued was dreadful; but, Macdonald, whom nothing seemed to dishearten, and who still hoped to see Moreau arrive, rallied his troops and returned to the attack. He was again repulsed and thrown into confusion, and again he rallied and renewed the fight. He was repulsed again, and was again endeavouring to rally, but finding it impossible, he attempted to retreat in some order; but in this also his endeavours were useless. The French fled in the greatest disorder and were pursued till the close of evening by the victorious Suworow, who strewed the sands of the Trebia with the bodies of four thousand republicans. This blow put an end to the memorable and obstinate battle of the Trebia. The French were once more driven across the river, and night once more sheltered them from the pursuit of their enemies.

Macdonald, who had, at last, determined on a retreat, did not wait for the sun to light him on his way. He decamped in the night, sending off the division of Victor towards the Val de Taro to keep open his commu-

nication with Genoa, and hastening with the rest of his army, across the duchy of Modena, towards Tuscany. Suworow did not, like general Howe after the battle of the White Plains, desist from a pursuit, saying that "there was enough done for one time." No; he formed his army into flying columns, the Russians on the right and the Austrians on the left, and following the fleeing enemy with all possible speed as far as the river Nura, where the right column overtook their rear guard near St. Giorgio, made prisoners of half the seventeenth brigade, and about one thousand men belonging to the regiment formerly the famous Auvergne.

The pursuit was continued, on the 21st, as far as Fiorenzola. General Ott reached Borgo St. Tonio the same day, and, the next, he pursued the French to Parma, where general Hohenzollern had already arrived, and found several of Macdonald's wounded men left behind. On the 22d the army rested at Fiorenzola, whence, however, in consequence of intelligence received from his rear, Suworow hastened back, by forced marches, towards Tortona.

The Ligurian legion, consisting of 3,000 men, which Macdonald had, for three days, so anxiously expected, had approached near to the scene of action; but being met by general Betetzky, who had been detached by the Field-marshal for that purpose, they immediately retreated towards Bobbio, were pursued by general Betetzky, with two regiments of Cossacks, and were all dispersed except 500 killed and 103 taken prisoners. But, Moreau had, during the absence of Suworow, left Coni and advanced with an army of 15,000 men, into the plains between Tortona and Alexandria. On the 20th, he attacked the Austrian corps under the count of Bellegarde, who had been left by the Field-marshal to blockade those two citadels. The count's force was very inconsiderable; he succeeded, however, though with the severe loss of 2,100 men in killed, wounded and prisoners, in keeping Moreau at bay for four days, at the end of which, the latter, hearing of the defeat of Macdonald, and fearing the return of Suworow, began his retreat through Novi and over the Bochetta, towards Gavi and Genoa, and had the good luck to be out of reach before the Field-marshal arrived.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL MEMORIALS
FOR THE HISTORY OF THE PRESENT TIMES.

Nuits de l'Abdication de l'Empereur Napoleon.

[THE NIGHTS OF THE ABDICATION OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.]

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF DIDIER.

(Concluded.)

ON the breaking up of the assembly nobody appeared to be satisfied; M. D. S. D. said in a loud voice, and so as that the Emperor could hear him, "M. de La Fayette has laid his finger on the sore. I admire Napoleon, but in order that all France and that posterity may think as I do, one great act is still wanting. Is there no one so much a friend to our happiness and glory, as to point out to him how he may still add to it?"—General Solignac heard these last words, and we shall presently see what a noble use he made of them.

THE ABDICATION.

The Chambers assembled next day at nine o'clock. The sitting of the representatives was tumultuous. It was easy to perceive the existence of parties, and from the asperity of discussion it was felt that they were drawn up in battle array. The Royalists, the Constitutionalists, and the Republicans, spoke more or less directly upon the necessity of an abdication. M. Dupin even spoke of a solemn measure to cause the Monarch to agree to it, and the term forfeiture (*déchéance*) was pronounced. At this word, such as were the partizans of the Emperor, exclusively—those who saw their country in the man, and perhaps their own fortune in Buonaparte, raised cries of opposition, started some difficulties of a very singular kind, and, having become formalists, though somewhat too late, they opposed the tediousness of forms against the decisive rapidity of a wish that had become almost general. It certainly was that of the Constitutional Monarchists, of the Bourbon Royalists, and of the Federalist Republicans. The first, whether they might have to appoint a Council of Regency, an Executive Commission, or to restore to the nation the choice of a new dynasty, or should revert to the ancient dynasty, were convinced that to wander from the Constitutional line, which has, for twenty-five years been sacredly observed in all Constitutional acts, would be to deliver France to the arbitrary violence of despotism, or the bloody extravagance of anarchy. The Royalists saw no safety but in the restoration of the House of Bourbon, and divided into pure, who demanded the unqualified restoration of the absolute *regime*, and moderate, *mitigés*, who were disposed to temper the gothic elements of this regime with the innovations of the age, were united in their love for the King, in their irreconcilable hatred towards the Emperor. As to the Republicans who have been calumniated, or whose views have been mistaken by attributing to them the mad project of re-

establishing the power of the Demagogues, as in 1793, it is to be presumed that they wished to force on France that federative organization of which the Girondists had formed the idea—a system which, dividing the provinces only with regard to administration, joined them in one common centre, and in one political combination common to them all. These three parties, which diverged so widely from one another with respect to their object, very frequently accorded in their means, and on that day their principal means consisted in the forfeiture or abdication of Napoleon.

Whilst the Chambers, harassed by those four factions, were submitting to the momentary influence which each of them alternately lost and gained, what was going on at the palace Elysée? The Monarch, thoughtful, silent, meditative, was employed in quickly writing notes, which the moment after he tore in pieces. Every ten minutes he received a bulletin from the two Chambers, and his countenance brightened up or became gloomy according to the quality and nature of the news. Some Ministers, Counsellors of State, and a crowd of functionaries, like spectres, were stalking through the apartments and the *bureaus*. Some presented themselves before him, whom, after a few unmeaning words, he dismissed. I remarked that he signed several pardons and promotions, in the Order of Re-union and in the Legion of Honour.

On a sudden, the noise of a chariot driving rapidly was heard: it was that of Prince Lucien.—On seeing him Napoleon became visibly pale, and soon after reddened exceedingly. “Well!” said he. The Prince takes his brother down a shady walk; I followed, at some distance through the windings, with which I was acquainted, and got behind a close shade, which concealed me from the two illustrious speakers. I probably heard no more than the end of the discourse, of which I give a correct report.

Lucien.—“Where then is your firmness?—Lay aside these irresolutions—You know what it cost not to dare.”

Emperor.—“I have dared too much.”

Lucien.—“Too much and too little—Dare this last time.”

Emperor.—“What! Another eighteenth Brumaire?”

Lucien.—“By no means—A decree quite constitutional. The constitution gives you this right.”

Emperor.—“They do not love the constitution, they term it old blotted waste paper. And if they oppose the decree?”

Lucien.—“They are in such a case rebels, and what is still better, they are more easily dispersed.”

Emperor.—“They have appealed to the National Guard, which is not attached to me; it will come to their succour.”

Lucien.—“The National Guard possesses no force but that of resistance; when called upon to act, the shopkeepers will think on their wives and their shops.

Emperor.—“An eighteenth Brumaire might if it should fail, lead to a thirteenth Vendemiaire.”

Lucien.—"You are deliberating when you should act; they are acting, not deliberating."

Emperor.—"What can they do? They are mere talkers."

Lucien.—"Opinion is on their side—They will pronounce a forfeiture."

Emperor.—"Forfeiture! They dare not."

Lucien.—"They will dare any thing, if you dare nothing."

Emperor.—"Let us see Davoust."

They returned to the palace, where the Prince d'Eckmuhl was ordered to attend. I know not what was required of him or what he answered, but to judge of it from his noble defence before the representatives, he was not disposed to attempt any thing against the independence of the representation.

Prince Lucien, greatly agitated, got into his chariot. A few minutes after this I heard him replying to a Secretary, "What would you have? The smoke of the battle of St. Jean has turned his head: he is a man altogether confiscated—*c'est un homme confisque*."

The Emperor, hermetically closed up in his cabinet, did not stir out of it for an hour. He demanded some soup and coffee, which a valet-de-chambre caused to be served up to him, by a child whom Napoleon had distinguished among the servants of the palace, and to whom he had taken a fancy. The child looked at the Emperor, who, with his head leaning on his hands, sat in a fixed posture:—"Eat," said he, "it will do you good." "Are you not of Gonesse?" "No, Sire, I am of Pierre Fite." "Where your parents have a cottage and a few acres?" "Yes, Sire—they are happy."

Napoleon having returned to his sitting room found two of his Secretaries there, opening dispatches, "Is there any news?" said the Emperor. "Here is a letter, the first I opened which comes under an enclosure, it is addressed to his Majesty himself."—"Give it." The Emperor read.

"Nature had done much for you, fortune still more. Born in an age which enjoys the inheritance of ages, of genius and philosophy, you yourself, the heir of all the Revolutions, comprehended in the French Revolution; you should have established that epoch which was always the object of our wishes, in which genius would employ Revolutions, for the purpose of infusing philosophy into the science of politics, and conducting the nations to happiness. That happiness exists in the stability and dignity of legitimate governments, by means of that possession which is guaranteed by a free choice: it consists in the independence of nations, and in the liberty of their citizens—independence without conquests—liberty without licentiousness—property without privilege—an enjoyment of rights honoured by the performance of duties. Behold the benefits which France, which Europe expected from your judgment, from your talents, from your gratitude.—France demanded a government, which, democratical in its origin, monarchical in practice, might temper with mixed institutions, the aristocracy of its intermediate bodies. Germany called for a stronger tie, which might unite, under a more

uniform centre of action, the enervated members of her gigantic body. Italy demanded that a sacred confederation, under the holy yoke of opinion, should bind together its States, divided as to legislation, but already closely united to each other by language, taste, and manners. Switzerland wished for the repose of her mountains—Holland for the protection of her commerce. Spain, connecting with the love of political liberty, prejudices which severe philosophy combats, and which a more accommodating policy manages and renders useful—Spain invoked at the same time the maintenance of her worship, the restoration of her monarchy, the emancipation of her citizens. It was almost the same with the rest of Europe. The light which enlightened her during the last years of the eighteenth century, was like that of a conflagration, flaming and terrible. A mild light proceeding from the North, had given the signal for a progressive regeneration, without convulsions and without re-actions. Instead of your seizing upon this for the safety of all, what have you done?

“The mechanical spring of intellect, which prudence could only have converted into genius, is weakened in your head. You understood that the energy of your character would receive additional strength from the energy of circumstances; and these two instruments affording mutual assistance to each other, you have given to the attentive world an example of an ambition always devouring, and never satisfied.

“To nations stirred up by our Revolution, you promised liberty and independence; to Kings, the restoration of their governments, and the dignity of their thrones; to religion rank and respect; to commerce capital, the first materials; liberty, protection; to proprietors of lands, laws and securities; to fathers of families you have given desires and hopes. Thus addressing principles, rousing paradoxes, cherishing the passions, you have united the most opposite minds; you have concealed intentions most widely separated. Each was in search of happiness; you have promised it to every one.

“To whom have you given it? To nobody! in room of that shadow of liberty which enchanted the first period of the Revolution, you have substituted the phantom of glory. Slaughter was spread under the colours of the one, in order to reach at the other, which was always flying from us; men were flying to death. Of these brilliant theories, the most evident result is death.

“What did it signify to you, provided, that at the sound of your name, the earth would be silent?—What did it signify, provided that Europe, shared between your brothers, should become, as it were, a field of corn, divided between heirs? Your federative system was the means of these divisions; the humbling of England was the pretext. Perhaps that was also the motive; for I do not deny to you, neither an egoistical species of patriotism, nor a cosmopolite ambition. What then was wanting to your genius? Common sense!

“Yes, sense has deserted your understanding, and sensibility has forsaken your soul. Endowed with either one or the other, you might have

comprehended, you might have felt that in working with men, you were not working with rude matter. What has resulted from this contempt of your species? That the minority may remain your accomplices; but that the majority, which at first had followed you, preferred becoming your victim.—This is what honour prescribed.

“But if honour forbids sometimes calling in aid, it oftentimes prescribes to profit by it when offered. This is what your enemies are doing. The powers of the earth have put arms in the hands of their soldiers, in their own defence—we shall make use of them to punish you.

“The chastisement of a hero (for if *Attila*, *Gengis*, and *Tamerlane* were heroes, you are one also), always consists in his fall. Yours is resolved upon; and that history may find it legal, as well as your contemporaries may think it legitimate, it is the public authority which is about to pronounce it—Your accomplices cannot exclaim that it is the work of Calmuck bayonets. You may, however, anticipate it. Reserve to yourself the honour of descending from a throne, when you may be torn from it.—This is the advice of an honest enemy, who often admired, but who never feared you; and who, at the price of his blood, would have wished to have revered in you the saviour of the world, of which you have been the scourge. That enemy cannot leave him whom his own genius and the national will have made a Sovereign, without pronouncing that word which a friend (provided he has one remaining) should not withhold, *Abdicate*, PHILADELPHIN.”

“I abdicate!” exclaimed the Emperor, pressing his lip, and rumpling the letter between his hands—“What think you of it?” said he to two of his Ministers of State, who just entered. These were M. de Boulay and Regnault de St. Jean d’Angely—The first was silent. “I understand you,” said Napoleon, turning pale, “you are of the same opinion as the anonymous writer.” Mier made no answer. “And you, Count Regnault, what is your advice?” “With men and money you might make resistance; but without them what can you do but yield?” “I can resist—opinion is on the side of the Chambers, and the Chambers think a sacrifice should be made.” Here Lieutenant-General Solignac, a Member of the Chamber of Representatives, was announced. “Solignac!” exclaimed the Emperor; “I have not spoken to him for five years; what does he want of me.” The Ministers left the room, and the General entered.

This important interview passed without witnesses, and although concealed behind a partition, from which I could see the speakers, it was impossible for me to gather the details of the conversation. But the following is the result, which I had from the General himself.

The Emperor appeared affected at seeing him, for the General was disgraced about four or five years before. The General stated the proposition, of which he was the bearer, and intreated him to remove the disgrace of a forfeiture by abdicating. This word at first excited a kind of rage in the heart of Napoleon, which was soon relieved by bursting forth. M. de Solignac suffered this storm to pass over, and taking for

his text the glory of the Emperor (a feeling to which he was always sensible) the General made him understand that this was the only expedient of preserving it. He even convinced him that the interest of his family was guaranteed by this measure. The Monarch, however, would not yield. This resistance, which lasted more than half an hour, suggested to M. Solignac the happy thought of naming the young prince Napoleon. At this name the soul of the Sovereign, more moved than the soul of the father, appeared to open itself to new sentiments. The discretion of this officer did not let me understand of what nature these could be. But I do not think it impossible to conjecture them. The proclaiming of the Imperial Prince would bring with it a Regency, which, supposing the father positively excluded, admitted as guardians, the child's paternal and maternal uncles. According to that hypothesis, the imperial system would be merely modified; and by admitting, that the promises of Napoleon, since his return, were not altogether illusory, they would accord with the public wishes, in reconciling France with Europe, usurpations with legitimacy, and liberty with glory.

The Emperor then resolved on abdicating in favour of his son; and General Solignac, in carrying this resolution to the Representatives, which his address, his courage, his devotedness had obtained, spared the Emperor the humiliation of a forfeiture; to the army the shame which it must have felt that it received in the person of its Chief—the nation already so unfortunate, the troubles which a measure so just but so impolitic must have excited.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

WRITTEN BY OFFICERS DURING THE SEVERAL CAMPAIGNS
IN PORTUGAL AND SPAIN,

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE CAMPAIGNS.

The following Collection of Letters will be duly valued by our Readers, as being so many original contemporaneous documents, written at the time, and on the spot, of the several Campaigns. They are arranged in distinct packets according as they belong to different Campaigns. Thus the first Packet is entitled,—LETTERS DURING THE CAMPAIGN OF 1808; and as the value of this kind of document depends upon its authenticity, at the end of every Packet is added the name of the officer by whom the Letters were written. And where the whole of the Letters are not by one Writer, but are intermixed, the intermixed letters are signed with the name of the Writer.

LETTERS DURING THE CAMPAIGNS OF 1808 AND 1809.

LETTER XXII. *continued.*

NOT a foot of ground could the French gain in any quarter; and although fresh troops came up to the support of their discomfited brethren, they were all forced to retire.

The village, of course, became the next field of contention; and a most severe struggle took place. But they gave way again; and being hotly pursued

by our people, I am sorry to say, that in this brave chace we lost our two gallant friends, Majors Stanhope and Napier. Poor Stanhope, whilst following his friend at the head of a few men, received a shot through the heart. He exclaimed, "Oh, my God!" and dropped. Napier did not long survive him. I am told that he was bayoneted by some of the enemy whilst in the act of calling on his men to follow him to the seizure of some guns near the houses.

Thus did these noble friends meet their fate in one day; thus do they lie together on the field of glory; and thus for ever may *deathless laurels shade them*.

The 50th have suffered greatly. Indeed it is rather to be wondered at that they have not incurred more loss than that they have sustained so much. Their ancient character for intrepidity and the reputation they gained at Vimeira, together with their ambition to surpass, if possible, the glories of the 42d, precipitated this brave corps into more dangerous circumstances than perhaps strict prudence could justify. One of their own officers told me since the action, that his regiment and the 42d could not have lost less than 250 men. Great as this may appear, yet it was trifling when compared with the essential service their enterprising courage effected in producing the success of the day. But to the field again,

During this affair General Baird lost his arm; hence we were soon deprived of the assistance of this inspiring leader. And what still farther blighted the brilliant completion of the glorious work already begun, was the fall of our commander-in-chief! He was struck by a cannon-shot, and was carried expiring off the ground. The stroke was felt by us all, and by all will ever be deplored. But, thank heaven, the blow that wounded our hearts did not paralyze them; our ardour and success at this eventful moment were in their full blaze: and although the dreadful tidings of our loss were immediately spread through our right wing, and soon made their way to the left, yet neither dismay nor grief checked our courage for an instant. Vengeance as well as victory seemed to nerve every arm; and pouring on our enemies with redoubled determination, we forced them in every point to leave us the disputed ground in testimony of our advantage.

This attack on our right being frustrated, its security from farther assaults from the fresh bodies of the enemy was effected by the excellent conduct of Major-General Paget, who was supported by Lieutenant-General Frazer.

Our centre was the next aim of the French; but they were equally well received as on our right wing, and as successfully repulsed. Discomfited in these several attacks, a third charge was made on our left, who were much annoyed by the French troops which had obtained possession of a village on the high road. Here again the houses became objects of dispute; and the British bayonet soon made the enemy leap from the windows, or bathe with their blood the habitations of the once peaceful inhabitants.

I believe that this gallant dislodgment of the French was achieved by the 14th regiment, who made such havoc that the enemy retired in confusion, leaving us to advance, which we did; and occupied ground far more forward than that we had possessed before the attack.

As the day closed, our enemies drew off; and at about six o'clock in the evening the sounds of artillery and the rattling of small arms were heard no more. We had silenced the French, we had compelled them to retire; and departing like the dying martyr even amid the flames of our triumph, we prepared for embarkation.

Having collected as many of our wounded as we could discover, and sent them on board; our picquets resumed their original positions, and every preparation was made for shipping the remainder of the army. During the whole night of the 16th, this service was performing; and all, excepting the brigades under Generals Hill and Beresford, were safely embarked. On this intimation the picquets fell back; and before day-light on the seventeenth they were launched with their brave comrades in the various transports.

The enemy, not imagining that we so employed ourselves during the night, lay in profound repose; perhaps anticipating our attack upon them next morning, or meditating to retrieve their late defeat by an assault on us, backed with new reinforcements.

General Beresford had occupied the ground near St. Lucia; and General Hill kept the heights in the rear of the citadel; meanwhile the natives fulfilled their promises of exertions to facilitate our embarkation: and thus we quitted Spain with stronger convictions of its patriotism than we were allowed to preserve when we first entered it at Alcantara.

In the course of the day and night of the 17th, the two brigades of Beresford and Hill were happily afloat, and nothing seemed now wanting but the aid of the winds to waft us with our new, though bleeding wreaths, to our native shores.

When our enemies perceived that we had accomplished our object of embarkation, and that nothing remained to dispute their passage to Corunna, they advanced and possessed themselves of the high ground near St. Lucia; and at about three o'clock established a battery that commanded the harbour. This done, they opened a fire on the ships that had not yet cleared from within their reach; and directing it particularly against a transport whose misfortune it had been to get on the rocks not far from the castle of St. Antonio, they were answered by heavy guns from our line of battle ships; but whether with any mortal effect I know not.

Our total loss in this affair cannot at present be ascertained, as no return could be given in of the numbers killed or wounded: but I learn that many of our bravest officers have fallen; and that several of them are of that rank and experience which must double our regrets, as we lose what only time and opportunities can replace. However, while we fear we hope; for our information is yet very vague on this subject; each reporter only gathering from what he saw in the bloody neighbourhood of his own actions, or collected from the confused accounts of casual lookers-on in the moment of embarkation.

You, perhaps, may have a more correct account (though under our circumstances it is impossible you should have a perfect one), as General Hope will make every exertion to transmit a proper return to England. The command devolved on that brave officer the instant Sir John Moore and Sir David Baird were *hors de combat*.

Considering every thing, our embarkation after the battle was very ably conducted; and, in addition to the impression we had made upon our enemy, we are very much indebted to our friends of the navy for the easiness of our transition from the land to the sea. It was under their guidance we moved; and all was conducted with the utmost coolness and determination.

The weather was so adverse that we had not time to file off regularly into the different transports; hence some overflowed, and others set sail without a soldier on board; but had the elements been in our favour, we should have been able, from the orderly dispositions of the naval officers, &c. to have dispersed

our harassed multitudes more to their own comfort as well as to our own. In the midst of our embarkation, while all was going on quietly and with due regularity, the wind springing suddenly up, filled us with fears that should we follow our former plan we must leave our covering brigades in extreme peril. Accordingly we hurried all on board in the best manner we could. And being on board, thank God that all who survive are once more afloat; that the mutilated remains of our gallant army are returning to their country to receive the rewards and consolations due to their bravery and their sufferings.

P.S. I enclose the route of our army during this disastrous campaign.

March of the army under the command of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore from Lisbon to Salamanca, through Portugal, naming the principal towns they passed through.

Lisbon, Santarem, Abrantes, Castello Branco, Guarda, Almeida, Ciudad Rodrigo, Salamanca.

General Hope's division.—Lisbon, crossed the Tagus to Aldea Galego, Estremoz, Elvas, Badajos, Truxillo, Guadaloupe, Toledo, Escorial, Madrid Avila, Alva.—Salamanca.

The junction of our columns being now formed, we proceeded to—Toro, Valdaris, Majorga—Here joined by General Baird's corps from Corunna.

Salagun, back to—Majorga, Benevente, Astorga, Villa Franca, Lugo, Betanzos, Corunna.

End of the Letters on Sir J. Moore's Campaign.

[Letters during Sir A. Wellesley's Campaign in Spain in 1809, in our next.]

THE HISTORY OF THE WAR,

From the year 1792 to 1814; in which the Military Transactions of each Campaign are related separately and in detail.

CAMPAIGN OF 1793.

BOOK III. CHAP. I. *continued.*

ALTHOUGH it was now half past six in the evening, and the French royalists and cannon expected from Toulon had not yet arrived, captain Elphinstone determined on an immediate attack, and after keeping up an incessant fire on the artillery stationed at the bridge, he advanced in column, and rushed forward on the enemy, who immediately abandoned all their posts, and left the victors in possession of their cannon, horses, ammunition, and two stand of colours.

Carteaux, however, soon collected a body of five thousand men, and not only harassed the garrison, but actually took possession of the gorges of Ollouilles, and occupied one of the advanced posts, not exactly situated in the regular line of defence, which it had been determined to abandon; the Spaniards, consisting of about four hundred troops, and one hundred and fifty of the national guards who were left in possession of it, suffered considerably upon this occasion; and the coalesced powers now deemed it prudent to concentrate their forces within the forts that protected the place.

Toulon, before which the duke of Savoy and prince Eugene were foiled at the commencement of the eighteenth century, when it was only defended by the cannon placed on its ramparts, appeared at this period to be rendered nearly inexpugnable, by the zeal and industry of the English, now commanded by lord Mulgrave, who served in the capacity of brigadier-general. Finding that the forts Faron, Balaguier, La Malue, and L'Equillete, were overlooked and commanded by the adjacent hills, these heights were crowned with redoubts, the cross-fire from which seemed to interdict all approach. A new fort was also constructed at Malbousquet; encampments were formed at St. Roch, at Equillete, and at Balaguier; the last of which was termed the grand camp by the English, and Little Gibraltar by the French. The redoubts were all defended by heavy artillery, taken from the lower decks of the French line of battle ships; a body of infantry from the Spanish army in the Roussillon entered the place at this period, while two thousand of his Sicilian majesty's best troops, under the command of brigadier-general Pignatelli, arrived on board a small squadron, and more were expected daily: a considerable detachment from the army of the king of Sardinia, consisting entirely of grenadiers and chasseurs, was also sent to the succour of the garrison at the same time.

On the other hand, Barras and Fréron assembled all the young men placed in a state of requisition in the neighbouring departments; the besieging army was supplied with an immense quantity of artillery; and a reinforcement of twenty-five thousand men expected the moment that Lyons had surrendered.

During this interval, both armies were occupied about the attack and defence of detached posts. The French having opened two masqued batteries at La Petite Garenne, and a third the day after at Les Gaux, sunk one of the gun-boats employed against them; on the other hand, lord Mulgrave sent a detachment to occupy the heights of La Grasse, which commanded a complete view of the whole extent of the enemy's position to the westward of Toulon; and the British seamen having dragged heavy cannon up a very steep ascent with infinite labour and extraordinary expedition, this important post, which completely covered the outward roadstead, was put in a complete state of defence.

The enemy, however, were on their side indefatigable; and after detaching various bodies of men in different directions, with a view of attracting the attention of the garrison, they actually conceived and executed a plan, which, even at that early period of the siege, was calculated to render the possession of Toulon precarious. Being well aware of the immense advantages likely to be derived from the possession of the post of Faron, an attack was made upon it in the night of Sept. 30th. In consequence of this, a picquet of sixty men was driven in from the Pas de la Malue about break of day, and on returning to the redoubt of Faron they found that it had been abandoned by the Spanish garrison, and soon after taken possession of, as well as the summit of the adjoining mountain, considered hitherto as nearly inaccessible.

No sooner was this unluckily event known at Toulon, than a council of officers was assembled, and it was determined to make an attack on the west, while captain Elphinstone effected a diversion on the side of the redoubt of Faron. The British and Piedmontese troops, formed into a column under lord Mulgrave, led the way, while another under admiral Gravina, consisting of Spaniards and Neapolitans, followed; lord Hood in the mean time having undertaken the care of Toulon and fort La Malgue, to enable a greater force to be detached from these places. The enemy, who had from eighteen hundred to two thousand men posted on the heights, defended their position, and an obstinate engagement ensued; but the French were at length obliged to abandon the redoubt, and retire in confusion, having experienced a severe loss.

A few days after this (Oct. 8th), a successful sally was also made against some works erected on the heights; but the enemy soon fired heavy cannon and mortars as before, from two new batteries at La Hauteur des Moulins, and two more on the Hauteur de Reinier. The vice-admiral being apprehensive lest the fleet might suffer from the latter of these, it was accordingly determined to destroy them. A detachment of British infantry, marines, Piedmontese, and French royalists, was accordingly ordered under arms (Oct. 16th) at eight o'clock at night for that purpose; and an intelligent deserter having given correct information relative to the situation of the enemy, and the approaches to their works, the expedition, commanded by lieutenant-colonel Nugent, proved successful.

Notwithstanding these partial defeats, the French army, which increased hourly, redoubled its activity, and skirmishes took place daily. At length, however, a large detachment of the enemy, under general Lapoyte, stormed and took possession of the heights of Cape Brun, which they carried after an obstinate resistance, by means of their superior numbers. Lord Mulgrave, on obtaining intelligence of this unfortunate event, marched out against them, but no engagement occurred, and it became evident from this period, that the fate of the garrison, in consequence of the ardour and perseverance of the enemy, became daily more critical.

Towards the end of the month (Oct. 27th) a reinforcement arrived from Gibraltar along with lieutenant-general O'Hara, who had been appointed governor of Toulon and its dependencies.

A few days after (Nov. 15th) the French repeatedly attacked fort Mulgrave, on the heights of Balaguier, one of the most essential forts appertaining to the place, as it covered both the town and harbour; but they were repulsed by the bravery of the British troops who defended it, with the loss of several hundred men.

In the mean time admiral lord Hood, sir Gilbert Elliot, and general O'Hara, were appointed "commissioners plenipotentiary," under the great seal of England; and being all present, proceeded to act in the name of the king of Great Britain.

By this time Lyons had capitulated to the troops belonging to the convention, and a powerful army now invested Toulon; the forces in

which, although numerous, appertained to different nations, and were not animated either by the same sentiments or the same interests. On the other hand, the deputies with the French army provided cannon, ammunition, and provisions, in abundance; whatever the besiegers required was obtained instantly by requisition, and all the exploits of the soldiery were at once witnessed and rewarded by the representatives of the people. Dugommier, a general who had already distinguished himself by his victories over the forces of the king of Sardinia, was now appointed commander in chief; and as the surrender of the great naval arsenal of the south greatly depended on the management of the immense artillery employed against it, great pains were taken to find an engineer every way worthy of the occasion. Such a person was at length discovered in Napoleon Buonaparte, a young Corsican, who had been educated at the military academy in France, and served as a lieutenant in the regiment of La Fere. Having fled from the troubles that prevailed in his native island, he now offered his services, and was employed by the deputy Barras, on the recommendation of his countryman Salicetti, and contributed not a little by his military talents to decide both the fate of Toulon and of France.

The very first operation was decisive of success. Knowing that the possession of Malbousquet, one of the principal outposts of Toulon, would enable him to bombard the town and arsenal, Buonaparte accordingly opened a strong battery of heavy cannon and mortars on the height of Arenes, which annoyed that position exceedingly, by means of an incessant fire of shot and shells. As it became necessary to take immediate and effectual measures for the security of so important a post, governor O'Hara determined to destroy the new works, termed the convention-battery, and bring off the artillery.

Having accordingly obtained a reinforcement of seamen from the fleet, to defend some redoubts whence he proposed to withdraw the soldiers, at five o'clock in the morning he sent out a detachment consisting of four hundred British, three hundred Sardinians, six hundred Neapolitans, six hundred Spaniards, and four hundred French, under the command of major-general David Dundas. Notwithstanding these different bodies were all obliged to cross a river on a single bridge, to divide afterwards into four columns, to march across olive grounds, and to ascend a very considerable height cut into vine terrasses, they were fortunate enough to surprise the redoubt. Not content with this success, by which they had fully effected all the objects of the expedition, the troops, flushed with victory, and trusting to their good fortune, rushed forward, and descended the hill after a flying enemy.

This unlucky incident was not overlooked by the French generals, who immediately advanced with a considerable body of troops, attacked the assailants, now in disorder by the rapidity of their pursuit and the unevenness of the country, and obliged them in their turn to retire with precipitation. The gallant lieutenant-general O'Hara, on this occasion, received a wound in the arm, and being rendered faint by the loss of

blood, was obliged to sit down under a wall, where he was taken prisoner; several other officers also fell into the hands of the French.

The events of this day, added to the capture of the brave officer who had acted both in the capacity of governor and military commander, contributed not a little to raise the expectations of the besiegers; they now began to make nearer approaches to the place, and, by means of their batteries, not only attacked the posts of Malbousquet, Le Brun, and fort Mulgrave, on the heights of Balaguier, at the same time, but threatened a general assault.

Nor were these events to be despised. The garrison at this period was reduced to the most alarming situation; and the enemy, whose force was constantly increasing, amounted to nearly forty thousand men, commanded by an able general, while the batteries were managed under the direction of one of the best engineers of his age. On the other hand, the allied troops, composed of five different nations and languages, never exceeded twelve thousand rank and file. With these, now greatly diminished by death and disease, a circumference of fifteen miles, for the defence of the town and harbour, was to be occupied and defended, by means of eight principal and several intermediate posts, which alone required nearly nine thousand men.

The French being determined to push on the siege with increased vigour, relieved such of their troops as were fatigued, by fresh ones, and at two o'clock in the morning opened two new batteries on fort Mulgrave, and from these and three former ones continued a very heavy cannonade and bombardment, which killed many of the troops, and destroyed the works. As the weather proved rainy, they afterwards found means to assemble a large body of forces secretly, with which they stormed the fortification, and entered with screwed bayonets by that side defended by the Spaniards. On this the British and such of the other troops as had not been killed during the assault, were obliged to retire towards the shore of Balaguier.

At day-break another attack took place on all the posts occupied by the garrison on the mountain of Faron. They were repulsed however on the east side, by about seven hundred men, commanded by colonel Le Jermagnan, a Piedmontese officer, who perished upon this occasion: but they found means to penetrate by the back of the mountain, although eighteen hundred feet high and deemed inaccessible, so as to occupy the side which overlooks Toulon. In the course of this day's fight, all the English troops conducted themselves with great bravery; while the French, invigorated by zeal, and trusting to their numbers, charged with unusual intrepidity and success. The deputy Arena headed one of their columns, and the generals Cervoni and Buonaparte particularly distinguished themselves.

A council of flag and general officers now assembled; and as it was deemed impracticable to regain the posts that had been taken, and the town was not tenable, while they remained in the possession of the enemy, it was determined to evacuate Toulon. The troops were accord-

ingly withdrawn, and in the course of that evening the combined fleet occupied a new station in the outer road. Early next morning, the sick, wounded, and British field artillery, were sent off; the Neapolitans, after abandoning the port of Misissey without orders, embarked at noon, and measures were taken to withdraw the British, Piedmontese, and Spaniards, amounting to about seven thousand men, during the night.

As the enemy now commanded the town as well as some of the ships by their shot and shells, it became necessary that the retreat should take place as speedily as possible. Lord Hood accordingly gave orders for the boats of the fleet to assemble by eleven o'clock near fort Malgue for that purpose. He had also settled a plan for destroying all the French men of war and the arsenal, but was prevented, by the sudden and unexpected evacuation that took place, from carrying his intentions fully into execution. Having entrusted that service to sir Sydney Smith, the latter on entering the dock-yard found that the artificers had already substituted the three coloured cockade for the white one, while about six hundred galley slaves, who had broken their fetters, were jealous of his operations, and would have exhibited a determined resistance, had not he pointed the guns of two vessels, on purpose to keep them in awe. After this he set fire to ten ships of the line and the arsenal, as well as to the mast-house, the great store-house, and other buildings, but the calmness of the evening prevented all the success expected from the conflagration.

In the mean time the Spaniards, instead of scuttling and sinking, set fire to the powder ships, and they as well as the English were foiled in the attempt to cut the boom, and destroy the men-of-war in the bason, in consequence of repeated volleys of musquetry from the flag-ship, and the wall of the royal battery. The *Hero* and *Themistocles* were however set on fire, and the party left for this purpose, after a most desperate service, effected their retreat; by day-light next morning all the British, Spanish, and Sicilian ships, crowded with the unfortunate inhabitants, were out of the reach of the enemy's vengeance. Rear-admiral Trogoff, on board the *Commerce de Marseilles*, with the *Puisant* and *Pompée*, two other ships of the line, and the *Pearl*, *Arethusa*, and *Topaze* frigates, with several corvettes, formed part of the English fleet, with which lord Hood proceeded to Hieres bay, and soon after landed the men, women, and children, with which his decks were encumbered.

Thus after a siege of about three months, and an incessant assault of five successive days and nights, Toulon was restored to France; the besieging army, which had provided four thousand ladders for an assault, having entered it at seven o'clock in the morning (Dec. 19) subsequent to the evacuation. Of the inhabitants who favoured the cause of Europe, some still remained, and were murdered by the guillotine or the musquet. Here, as well as at Marseilles and Lyons, the most cruel punishments were inflicted on the royalists; and the conquerors acted up to their character in a terrible and indiscriminate carnage*. Workmen were actu-

* The following authentic extracts and notes written by the deputies on missions

ally invited from all the neighbouring departments to destroy the principal houses; the population became visibly decreased by the daily butchery that took place; the name of Toulon was changed for that of Post de la Montagne, and a grand festival decreed in honour of the French army.

CHAP. II.

Campaign on the Rhine—The Duke of Brunswick exhibits great Talents at Pirmasens—Landau invested and the Lines of Weissembourg carried by the Austrians—Actions at Haguenau, Brumpt, and Wauzenau—Fort Louis surrenders—Pichegru and Hoche at length change the Fortune of the Campaign—War in La Vendée, and on the Frontiers of Spain and Italy.

THE fortune of the campaign of 1793, on the banks of the Rhine, was various. The same causes that had contributed to the successive defeats of the northern army and the loss of Belgium, operated there also with nearly an equal degree of force: and it was not until the jacobin party had displayed an unexampled degree of energy, that a change propitious to the cause of France took place.

After the capture of Mentz, which contributed in some measure to restore the lustre of the Prussian arms, Frederick William II. with the usual generosity of the Prussian Kings, remained inactive until reanimated by the prospect of a subsidy from England. At length, however, when the army of the Moselle had been forced to withdraw behind the Sarre, the duke of Brunswick once more took the field, and defeated the French (Sept. 15th), who had marched to attack him. On this occasion he exhibited an instance of generalship that did honour to the old school; for by turning the flanks of the assailants he obliged three thousand of them to surrender prisoners of war, and obtained possession of twenty-seven pieces of cannon and two howitzers. After this he made some movements in support of the Austrians, who had hitherto contended on unequal terms with the army of the Rhine, surprised a corps of French encamped near Bitche, and destroyed all the camp equipage

will convey to the indignant reader some idea of the unbridled vengeance of the victors:

“La vengeance nationale se deploye. On fusille à force. *Déjà tous les officiers de la marine sont exterminés. La republique sera vengée d'une manière digne d'elle: les mânes des patriotes s'ont appaisés.*

“FRERON à MOYSE BAYLE.

“Toulon, 6 Nivose, 2e année republicaine.

“CELA va bien ici; nous avons requis douze mille mâçons des departemens environnans, pour demolir et raser la ville. Tous les jours depuis notre entree, nous fesons tomber deux cents têtes.”

(Signe) “FRERON.”

“Toulon, 16 Nivose.

“IL y a déjà huit cents Toulonnais de fusillés.”

“FRERON.”

belonging to it, while Kalkreuth defeated another body that had marched against him, and cut to pieces the regiment of *sans culottes*.

General Wurmser took advantage of this career of success to invest Landau; after this he advanced against the lines of Lauter and Weissembourg, which he attacked with his troops divided into six columns, carried the different redoubts constructed in front of the French camps by assault, seized on all the tents, nine standards, and twenty-six pieces of artillery, and would have destroyed the greater part of the enemy had not their retreat been favoured by a fog.

The disasters of the French did not end here, for Haguenau surrendered to general Mezáros, the enemy were beaten next day at Brumpt, the important position at Wauzenau, with all the camp equipage was seized upon nearly at the same time by the Austrians, while Fort Louis, with a garrison of four thousand men, surrendered after a siege of only four days. But here the tide of victory ceased to flow in its former direction; for the committee of public safety, being now determined to obtain a decided superiority, reinforced the army of the Rhine with that of the Moselle, and augmented both by means of new levies. The successes that ensued are to be chiefly attributed however to the two generals employed upon this occasion. Pichegru, but lately a serjeant of artillery, conceived an admirable plan for reconquering Alsace, and he was ably seconded on this occasion by Hoche, who, like himself, had wielded a halbert, before he was permitted to grasp a truncheon. From this moment a new spirit was infused into the troops, and it was determined, both on the part of the leaders and the soldiery, either to conquer or perish. The Prussians were now attacked and defeated at Sarbrück (Nov. 17th); in the course of the next morning their camp at Bliescastel was stormed, and in three days more Deux-Ponts was captured; but the enemy were repulsed with great loss by the duke of Brunswick, in two attacks near Lautern.

These partial defeats, however, seemed only to redouble their exertions; for the redoubts of Haguenau being carried by the bayonet, the allies were driven from the town with great slaughter, and the heights of Reifhaffen, Jaudershoffen, and Wrotte, deemed more impregnable than those of Gemappe, were stormed in succession. At length (Dec. 26th), after a series of battles hitherto unexampled in modern warfare, the republican army regained possession of Weissembourg, the siege of Landau was raised, Fort Louis was evacuated, and Kaiserslautern, Gernersheim, and Spire, submitted to the French.

Such was the spirit of enthusiasm with which the republicans on this frontier were actuated, that general Wurmser, who had so lately attempted to obtain Strasburgh by a secret negociation, and Landau by force, was now obliged to retreat across the Rhine, while the duke of Brunswick, astonished at the zeal and activity of the enemy, and uncertain of the ultimate intentions of the two young generals who now sustained the glory of their country, made a hasty retreat to cover Mentz, and soon withdrew from the command in disgust.

(To be continued).

ORIGINAL NARRATIVE OF MY SERVICES,
IN THE YEAR 1813.*(Translated from the French.)**(Continued from our last.)*

AS the post of Belvidere gave the Russians the command of Langfuhr, they only wanted now to possess themselves of the fortified houses in the suburb, where three hundred Bavarian and Westphalian troops had strongly barricaded themselves. While the enemy made in vain the most serious efforts to conquer the resistance made in Langfuhr, the fury of his attacks against the redoubts of L'Etoile, Schidlitz, and Stoltzenburgh was not abated; but on no one of these different points was his valour crowned with success. Exasperated at the determined resistance they had experienced, the Russians endeavoured to force the French, by setting fire to the surrounding houses, to fall back on the walls of Dantzic, and re-enter that city.

It was now night, and thousands of Cossacks wheeling round huge masses of infantry, appeared bearing in one hand a lance, in the other a lighted torch. The village of Zikankeuberg appeared first in flames. This village, built on a hill, had been before deserted by its inhabitants, and no cry was heard to interrupt its silent conflagration; but in Langfuhr it was otherwise; there the inhabitants, chased from their burning roofs, strove to save themselves from the flames, and to carry off what they could from the wreck of their property, almost wholly lost to them for ever. The distracted crowd flew to seek an asylum with the inhabitants of Schidlitz and Stoltzenburgh; but whilst they pursued their way towards those suburbs, flames appeared on every side, and women, children, and old men, uttering the most piercing cries, and spreading themselves around the country, were met by the fugitives from the other burning villages; all those wandering and wretched people, mingling their griefs and distraction together, increased the horror and confusion of the dreadful scene; but still, they hoped to find a shelter from the dangers that pursued them, in Schellmull, and the village of Heubude; they turned that way, but the fire had got before them, and rapidly communicated from the one to the other of those places; on every side, fire, carnage, and death were beheld; from every quarter the ear was assailed with the noise of burning houses, and clashing of arms; a population reduced to indigence and despair, without habitation or food, intermingled with hordes of savage troops, completed the horrors of this frightful siege. From the heights of the ramparts, the inhabitants of the interior of the city beheld, in awful silence, the horrible spectacle before them; for more than a league around, villages and separate houses were burning with fury, and threw so clear a light on the surrounding fields, that the very children could be distinguished with their mothers in their flight—the heavens were as red as fire, and the surrounding waters seemed to roll with flames. Meantime, the 300 Westphalian and Bavarian troops defended the fortified houses of Langfuhr; surrounded by smoking ruins, and an outrageous enemy, they rejected and repulsed every summons to surrender their post, in which they remained immovable. The Governor, on being made acquainted with their imminent danger, wished to relieve them, notwithstanding the difficulties of a sortie: the troops he sent to defend and rescue them from their perilous situation, on seeing the houses surrounded by flames, and on every side heaps of slain, supposed their companions had perished, and that it would be useless to seek

them in the midst of a conflagration, which left no hopes of safety for those it had so totally enveloped. They then re-entered the place, spreading consternation at the intelligence they communicated. The Governor and garrison, with the most lively feeling, regretted the loss of those brave men, who were so valuable to them by their numbers, and so endeared to them by their courage.

The following morning, the garrison was as yet discoursing with sadness on the fate of their friends, when about sunrise these heroes were beheld advancing in good order towards the gates of the city. Those brave men had almost miraculously escaped from the circle of fire which surrounded them; they forced a passage through the piles of burning rubbish which encompassed them, and, having cut their way through the Russian battalions, arrived in the city: it would be impossible to express the joy their unlooked-for return diffused through the garrison; on every side they were welcomed, with all the demonstrations that the most lively and fraternal friendship could suggest. The bands of the different regiments in the city came out to meet them, and escorted them to the Governor's palace, who loaded them with praises and rewards, caused all the wounded to be treated with the greatest care, and had them lodged in his own apartments. But fire was only a partial cause of the havoc experienced in the suburbs of Dantzic; an element not less destructive was in its turn to make known its dreadful power; to the utter surprise of the inhabitants of the country, who never, in any season, had experienced such a misfortune, without any apparent cause, the Vistula on a sudden rose to an extraordinary height; it overflowed its bed, and, joining its waters to those of the Radaune and the Mottlau, poured into the surrounding lakes, and, reaching the inundations to the north of the city, all those waters united, formed a dreadful abyss, vast and profound; this awful sea rushed foaming over the smoking ruins of the burning suburbs, and, more irresistible than the battering-rams of ancient days, beat down with its mighty waves, the redoubts and fortifications opposed to it, forced into every quarter, inundated the streets, and obliged the citizens from every side to seek refuge in the tops of their houses, from whence they could only be saved by boats: the bridges were swept away, nor could the dikes resist the fury of this outrageous element; the palisades of the fine forts, Napoleon and Lacoste, were carried off, and on every side the earth and buildings disappeared. This sudden addition to their misery threw the inhabitants into total despair; and although fire, famine and disease, might have been supposed to have brought their wretchedness to a climax, yet this new and horrible addition to their misfortunes found in their grief, new expressions to portray its horrors. The inundations of winter, frightful as they are, appeared less dreadful in that season, when hurricanes and tempests provoke such excesses; but in the month of August, in a temperate climate, contrary to every astronomical calculation, this scourge appeared the more fatal, as it seemed in opposition to the laws of nature, and that it was impossible to calculate its duration or results. This inundation lasted fifteen days, during which space the Anglo-Russian fleet bombarded the forts of Fahrvasser and Weichsulumunde, and, within the space of three days and nights, fired five hundred thousand shot of every calibre. Colonel Rousselot, who commanded those forts, remained tranquil, amidst this shower of balls and bombs. The Russians still persisted in their attacks upon the post of Ohra; it was from the heights of that position they wished to cannonade the city. Every morning they sent five thousand men to try to escalade the posts of L'Etoile; those troops fought during the day and night, and were then re-

placed by soldiers refreshed by sleep, and nourishing food. This post, so vigorously assailed, was defended by only six hundred men, fatigued by want of rest, and privations of every kind; but who, notwithstanding, maintained themselves in it for a month and an half, always repulsing the Russians, and performing prodigies of valour, under the command of Majors Dager, Treny, and Schneider. On the tenth of August, the besiegers showed themselves determined, at last, to make the greatest sacrifices to obtain possession of the different points they had so long menaced in vain; at seven o'clock in the evening, they made a general attack on the posts of Schidlitz, Stolzenburgh, and Ohra; at the same time they threw thousands of fire-rockets into the city; these pernicious engines of destruction, whose progress was watched by the inhabitants, in the hope of interrupting their effects, fell in great quantities upon one of the hospitals of the place, and by a remarkable chance, which seemed to punish the besiegers, for having employed an invention almost as fatal as the Grecian fire of old, this hospital contained the Russian prisoners; but the garrison displayed no less eagerness on that account, to rescue those unfortunate men; no longer did they consider them as their enemies, or as friends to those with whom they fought: placed under the tutelary guarantee of misfortune, which, amongst the brave and good, unites those whom fortune has separated, they met with the most generous assistance, and were astonished at being preserved, by their enemies, from that cruel death, to which their fellow-soldiers and countrymen had exposed them.

The flames consumed the entire of the edifice; the falling of a wall permitted a view into the interior of this receptacle of human woes, infirmity and suffering; the fire was seen rapidly to gain on the different beds of straw, from whence the sick, making a last effort to escape from the pursuit of a furious conflagration, saved themselves, pale, meagre and worn down, wrapped in the tattered remains of their clothes; the ceilings giving way, the stair-cases were exposed to view, crowded with sick and wounded Russians, leaning on French soldiers, who, at the hazard of their own lives, snatched them from the dreadful death which awaited them.

Whilst those events were taking place in the middle of the city, a part of the garrison was fighting without the walls. The posts of La Coupure and of La Barriere, in the suburb of Schidlitz, had been forced by the enemy; the Chief of Battalion M. Carre came up with some troops, and retook one of them, but while he endeavoured to regain the other, the redoubled noise of artillery announced that an impetuous attack had been directed upon the most important points of Ohra. In fact, four thousand Russians, commanded by General Koulabakin, attempted with great boldness to climb the heights of L'Etoile, and force a passage into the neighbouring redoubts. Major Le Gros, with six hundred men, a number insufficient to guard so many positions, defended himself on this side, upon a number of points.

The post of L'Etoile was, however, gained possession of by the enemy, as was also the post du Capitaine. At midnight, Major Le Gros received a reinforcement of a thousand soldiers, and General Husson having skilfully divided them, made the different detachments act with such concert, that the French simultaneously marched forward, with shouts of victory, drove the Russians from all the positions they momentarily occupied, and those whom they could not overtake were cannonaded in the fields, by the batteries of Stadgebiet and Frioul.

The Russians made in several parts a lively resistance, and defended themselves with bravery against the fire of the besieged. Major Dauger had his clothes pierced with balls, yet remained unhurt in the midst of one hundred and fifty French officers and soldiers, killed and wounded around him. The ground which the defenders of Dantzic had preserved, after a battle which had continued from eight o'clock in the evening until ten the next morning, was covered with the enemy's slain; but when they hoped that so many fruitless attempts had discouraged the Russians, and a part of the French, after such a brilliant defence, had re-entered the city, the besiegers almost immediately returned with fresh troops to attack the post of Ohra, where there were only five hundred men. The Governor might have been able to send off an immediate reinforcement to this place; but with that prudence, which no less than bravery, directed his actions, he felt that the chosen troops of his garrison would sink by degrees under these reiterated assaults, and that the enemy, who could with ease repair his losses, would in the end gain possession of the works: he therefore deemed it better to abandon them entirely, than to sacrifice the lives of so many brave men, whose services were particularly required to defend the ramparts and walls of the city. Our soldiers, therefore, retired, but terrible in their retreat, they made a murderous fire across the palisades, and more than eight hundred Russians remained on the field of battle.

The enemy possessed themselves with joy of those eminences so ardently disputed for three months, and which had been so often moistened by rivulets of their blood; but they considered themselves rewarded for all their efforts, and recompensed for their losses, when they beheld, from the post of L'Etoile, the inner part of Dantzic and its environs laid open, and could direct their batteries against any point they pleased. But what cries of distraction and grief were heard from the houses in Dantzic, when the citizens, turning their affrighted eyes towards the summits of Ohra, pale and trembling, beheld those formidable bulwarks now become the points of attack, from whence the besiegers would be enabled to crush and batter down their walls. The suspended sword of Dionysius was less awful to the parasite of that tyrant, than the sight of those warlike engines drawn out on the heights of Ohra, to beat down Dantzic, and reduce it to ashes, unless the French consented to surrender. The citizens of that place knew too well the inflexible courage of their hosts; they had too much experience of their immoveable constancy, to hope that a surrender would save the remains of a wretched population from the evils that threatened them, for a cause to which they were strangers, or rather a cause they detested, and which, notwithstanding, they were obliged to make sacrifices to support, that could scarcely be expected from the most devoted attachment. The Russians made immense preparations for the bombardment of the place; they burned all the surrounding houses, in order to unmask the city, and give a freer scope to the fury of their artillery; they at the same time fortified themselves in the positions they had with such difficulty gained, in order to assure their certain possession. While they raised different works, and multiplied their redoubts, they put in requisition through the adjoining towns, all the working horses, who were incessantly employed in carrying balls, bombs, and artillery, in such immense quantities to these heights, scarcely accessible, that thousands of horses perished from fatigue. The Russians supposed the garrison reduced to a state of such wretchedness, as would induce them to receive any offers made to them with avidity. They pressed them to

desert, promising them provisions, clothes, money, and every possible encouragement. The French were deaf to their seductions, and the example of their firmness had a powerful effect on the auxiliary troops, although they did not consider themselves bound by such a rigorous sense of duty to the service of France. The Russians had then recourse to means more efficacious; they knew that the garrison was composed partly of Bavarians, and soldiers from other parts of Germany; they thought they could fix their determination to desert, by making it appear a lawful, if not an honourable duty, to return in the name of their country, their sovereigns, and fellow-citizens, who were now at war with Napoleon. For this purpose, they threw in amongst the advanced posts bulletins, manifestoes, and proclamations, which announced the occupation of Westphalia, the rupture of Bavaria and Wurtemberg with France, and a crowd of similar events, most likely to induce the Germans belonging to the garrison of Dantzic to escape from a place, where a longer stay would, in some degree, place them in a state of rebellion against their own Governments. To these proclamations, and many others addressed to the Poles, Neapolitans, and even to the French themselves, were annexed the reports by the Prince of Schwartzemberg, the Prince Royal of Sweden, and Marshal Blucher, of the victories gained in Bohemia, Prussia, Silesia, and Saxony. Notwithstanding the orders of the Governor were, to burn those placards before they could be read, they came to the knowledge of many of the soldiers at the advanced posts, and, in spite of every precaution, their contents were circulated amongst the garrison; by some, received with indifference; by others, with consideration; and producing in their first effects a kind of distrust, which rendered the officers cautious in employing the Germans. Almost every morning it was perceived, at either one post or another, that some one of the foreign troops had deserted. The strength of the garrison was by these means impaired, while the numbers of the enemy were increased, and the most alarming apprehensions were entertained that traitors and spies might be in the interior of the city. Yet it must be allowed, to the honour of the foreign troops, who were united with the French for the defence of Dantzic, that if a few amongst them, after the orders which had been intimated to them, in the name of their Sovereigns, quitted the garrison, yet to the last moment they did not cease to give proofs of their bravery and fidelity; nor did they ever give up any of the posts confided to their care. As to the others, who formed the greater part, they refused constantly to abandon the French, to whom they were strongly attached by having participated for more than a year in their greatest misfortunes, and most dangerous enterprises.

There is, in adversity, a kind of sacred fellowship, an attractive and seducing power, which those who have not been associates and fellow-sufferers, for a length of time, with the unfortunate, cannot suppose. It cannot, besides, be denied, that the French soldier, by his manner, character, and temper, easily accommodates himself to the taste of others: sprightly and animated even in the midst of misfortunes, exciting admiration by extraordinary valour, inspiring gaiety by pleasant thoughts, and familiarly associating with the inhabitant of the North or South, he is a good and brave companion, prompt to assist, easy of access, uniting the open manners of the military man with the elegant politeness of the gentleman.

The Russians incessantly laboured to raise their batteries on the post of L'Etoile, and although they were greatly disturbed by the balls which were directed against them from the redoubts of Frioul and Bischoffberg,

they were able to complete those fatal works. On the 20th of October they fired an immense quantity of howitzers, cannon, and bombs, on the city and its environs; towards evening a red-hot ball fell in the middle of the place, and immediately a violent fire burst forth; the generale was beat, the troops flew to the spot, and the inhabitants assisted to stop the progress of the flames. It was not now as it had been in the first conflagration, merely the destruction of deserted houses or isolated villages, the magazines were now burning, where the garrison had lodged their only hopes of future subsistence; the buildings, in which were heaped up the riches and valuable property of Dantzic; those invaluable depots, where the traders had deposited their merchandise; in fact, the city itself, buildings and inhabitants, were threatened with destruction from the devouring flames, whose prodigious fury was increased by heaps of combustible matter, enormous piles of ship timber, firs, deals, and magazines of hemp; yet, by the most enthusiastic exertions, labour, and activity, the garrison was able to preserve the French magazines; and, by using fire-engines, served without distinction, by the soldiers, citizens, and even the general officers, they succeeded in extinguishing this dreadful fire. The attempt which the enemy had made from the batteries of Ohra, encouraged him to continue the bombardment. His artillery was principally directed against those quarters where the garrison had established their principal magazines; bombs and red-hot balls were constantly passing through the air; the artillery of the ramparts answered with fury to this bombardment, and fired regularly three thousand cannon shot within the twenty-four hours: each day, the Russians opened new batteries, which played not only on the city, but on the redoubts which protected the approaches to it, and on the very last posts the besieged retained without the walls. By these means they were enabled to command, on the heights of Schidlitz, the position the French as yet retained in that suburb, and to pierce every part of the works of Stoltzenburgh and the redoubt of Frioul with balls. As to the suburb of Ohra, which was overlooked by the post of L'Etoile, the sides and summit of which were covered with artillery, there was not a single house left entire; and yet, although the besiegers were in possession of almost all the surrounding heights, from which they showered down cannister shot upon the French posts, yet they were defended with the greatest sangfroid and bravery; and at times the enemy was attacked with success in his positions, and purchased dearly their possession. On the 27th of October, at midnight, the Russians, who had possessed themselves of all the posts of Schidlitz and Stoltzenburgh, were repulsed by the Chief of Battalion Carre; under the orders of that officer, the intrepid Captain Le Clerc drove the besiegers from the barrier of Schidlitz. Three times the enemy retook, and as often was beat out of the post of Pichon. At the point of day, the French had retaken the positions they had occupied the day before, with the exception of those works the Russians had destroyed, despairing any longer to hold them against such an enemy. In the mean time, the bombardment of Dantzic kindled in that unfortunate city a new fire, more rapid and disastrous than the former one. While the troops of the garrison were endeavouring to extinguish it, the enemy, with the intention of causing a diversion, which would deprive the place of such assistance as might save it from total destruction, made an impetuous attack, and gained possession of the advanced works of the redoubt Frioul, where fifty men chose rather to perish than surrender!—and, as a part of the garrison made a sortie to regain this im-

portant post, and to drive the enemy from the ramparts, the fire, left unrestrained to exercise all its fury, caused the most frightful disasters. The magazines, where the besieged had preserved their last resources, were quickly consumed; and the burning roofs of these vast edifices falling in, buried under their ruins the inestimable heaps of flour and corn which had been preserved, and left the city a prey to all the horrors of famine. It would be impossible for the imagination to depict the horrible situation of the feeble garrison of Dantzic, which fifty thousand men, assisted by fire in every shape, attacked without relaxation; a prey to the miseries of their present situation, yet were their future prospects still more gloomy and frightful. To make head against the multitude of dangers, which all at once assailed them, our soldiers were only relieved from one post to march to another; nor could they find repose after the fatigues of a sortie, before they were obliged to sustain the fury of an assault; fighting during the day under the burning heat of a summer's sun; in the night, by the light of the flames; they only quitted their arms, to go and repair the dykes, broken down by irruptions of the sea, or to extinguish fires, bursting out in different places, from the falling of bombs and Congreve rockets. And yet, to soothe and alleviate their misery, the hope of a speedy deliverance was denied them; the salutes of artillery, which announced in the Russian camp the victories of the Coalesced Powers, the official reports, and the information of some confidential persons, who gave details of these advantages, too plainly taught the garrison, that no choice was left but captivity or death. But, to fill up the measure of the distresses of the besieged, to complete the evils they had to endure, that nothing should be wanting to the glory of their defence, they were doomed to experience the extreme rigours of famine. The provisions had been nearly exhausted; for some time only horses and domestic animals remained; and the distributions, which were every day made with the most rigid economy, having been supplied from the magazines which were consumed, the besieged were deprived of every means of subsistence.

The citizens of Dantzic, sacrificed to the defence of the place, experienced still more severely these cruel privations; yet the burning of the magazines, belonging to the garrison, was in some degree of service to them: for these wretched people, perishing for want of food, spread themselves on every side, like voracious animals, upon the smoking ruins of the public buildings, where they dug up from amongst the burning ashes, provisions half consumed by the flames, and thus found the means of prolonging life in the bosom of destruction. In this situation so deplorable, when existence appeared a burden almost too heavy to bear, the besieged, called every hour by the sound of the generale, were obliged to defend the ramparts and advanced posts, there to engage with a robust enemy, not enervated by disease, and who received in his camp abundance of every kind of provisions from the neighbouring countries, and people now friendly to the cause of the Coalesced Powers.

But at the moment when the defenders of Dantzic, physically exhausted by absolute want, and warlike vigils, appeared no longer capable of resistance, they gave a proof of daring boldness, which would seem surprising in warriors whom reverses had not overwhelmed, and whose enterprises had never been counteracted by misfortune. The besieged formed the idea of selecting out of the whole garrison *one hundred men*, whose pre-eminent intrepidity was indisputably allowed, and whose constancy and calmness in the midst of dangers, had been universally acknowledged. These heroes, chosen from amongst the

brave, formed a band, which they called the Free Company, and devoted themselves to actions the most rash and dangerous. According to the regulations of their association, they were bound to surprise at night the enemy's posts, to introduce themselves into their camps, to carry off their Chiefs and Generals, even in the midst of their tents and guards, to destroy the works of the besiegers under the very fire of the batteries, to spike their artillery, intercept their convoys, and, in a word, to make the most desperate and decisive attempts.

The heroes of this self-devoted corps would recal to our recollection the remembrance of those haughty Arabs, who, at the command of the old man of the mountain, thought themselves happy in going to brave inevitable death, by striking their victims, in the middle of the mighty armies which the east and west then poured forth ; if we could rank men, whose souls were inspired by the love of glory, with those fanatic disciples of a crafty impostor. The first achievement of the Free Company equalled the expectation its institution excited. As soon as the shades of night had enveloped the surrounding country our hundred heroes embarked in light skiffs at the mouth of the Vistula, and silently coasted along those banks, where, in former days, adventurers as daring as themselves, those piratical kings and warriors of Scandinavia, sailed along to visit those fortresses bathed by the mighty waves of the Baltic and Northern Ocean, to seek for adventures of love or war. At midnight, the Free Company landed at the village of Bousac, occupied by two thousand of the enemy's troops. Having put the sentinels to death, they made a dreadful slaughter of all the soldiers they could meet, burned the magazines, destroyed a part of the artillery, and, loaded with booty, returned to the banks of the river ; but a sudden squall had driven off their barks, which, tossed by the winds, floated far from the reach of those heroes. Deprived of a passage by water, they had no other resource but to regain by land the walls of Dantzic, across a number of leagues of country, covered with Russian armies, who closed up every avenue. But those men, endowed with courage superior to the greatest perils, had vowed to encounter every obstacle. They marched all night over a hostile country, beset with dangers and difficulties ; in one place, they had to fight with detachments of the enemy's forces, scattered through the fields ; in another, they had by stratagem to pass through numerous battalions ; they had rocks to climb, rivers to cross, and intrenchments and barriers to scale ; yet, after performing deeds which are almost incredible, they entered the city at eight o'clock in the morning, where their fellow-soldiers listened with avidity to the romantic recital of their glorious career.

(To be continued).

ADDITIONAL DETAILS OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

The following account, though it has already appeared in a recent Publication, yet as it may not have fallen into the hands of many of our readers, is here given. The particulars are of undoubted authenticity.

IN the second week in June, the French army began to concentrate about Maubeuge and Avesnes: this indicated an intention of entering Belgium at that point where the left of the British army joined to the right of the Prussians, of separating the two armies, and taking possession of Brussels, which if the attempt were successful, would be open to the invaders. On the 14th, Buonaparte issued an address to his soldiers from Avesnes, chusing that day because it was the anniversary of the battles of Marengo and Friedland, and, as he said, had twice decided the destiny of Europe,—these phrases of deciding or fixing the destiny of nations he had used so often, for the purpose of deluding those who are imposed upon by senseless words, that he probably repeated them on this occasion without perceiving the absurdity that they involved.

‘Then,’ said he, ‘as after Austerlitz, as after Wagram, we were too generous! We believed in the protestations and in the oaths of princes whom we left on the throne! Now, however, coalesced among themselves, they would destroy the independence and the most sacred rights of France. They have commenced the most unjust of aggressions. Let us march then to meet them! Are they and we no longer the same men? Soldiers! at Jena, against these same Prussians, who are now so arrogant, you were one against three; and at Montmirail, one against six! Let those among you, who have been prisoners of the English, detail to you the hulks, and the frightful miseries which they suffered! The Saxons, the Belgians, the Hanoverians, the soldiers of the Confederation of the Rhine, lament that they are compelled to lend their arms to the cause of princes, the enemies of justice and of the rights of all nations; they know that this coalition is insatiable! After having devoured twelve millions of Poles, twelve millions of Italians, one million of Saxons, six millions of Belgians, it must devour the states of the second rank of Germany! The madmen! A moment of prosperity blinds them. The oppression and humiliation of the French people are beyond their power. If they enter France, they will there find their tomb. Soldiers! we have forced marches to make, battles to fight, dangers to encounter; but with steadiness, victory will be ours; the rights, the honour, the happiness of the country will be reconquered!—For every Frenchman, who has a heart, the moment is arrived to conquer or perish!’

His first attack was directed against the Prussians. The points of concentration of the four Prussians corps were Fleurus, Namur, Ancy and Haunut; at any one of these points the whole army might be united

in twenty-four hours. The movements began upon the side of Fleurus—ground upon which Jourdan won that military reputation over the Austrians, which he lost to the English at Talavera and Vittoria. Reille commenced the attack by driving in the Prussian posts upon the Sambre, at three in the morning of the 15th. General Ziethen had collected the first Prussian corps near Fleurus, and, according to the French, was defeated with the loss of 2000 men and five pieces of cannon; they themselves losing only ten men killed, and eighty wounded. Certain it is that the Prussians suffered severely, but they are not men to be destroyed in the proportion of 20 to 1 in battle. Charleroi was taken by the enemy, and Buonaparte made his head-quarters there. The French continued their march along the road from Charleroi towards Brussels, and, on the same evening, attacked a brigade of the Belgians and forced it back from Frasne to the farm house, on the same road, called *Les Quatre Bras*, because at that farm the roads from Charleroi to Brussels, and from Nivelles to Namur, intersect each other.

Blucher had intended to attack the enemy as soon as possible; and, with this intent, the three other corps of his army had been directed upon Sombref, a league and a half from Fleurus, where Thielman and Borstel were to arrive on the 15th, and Bulow on the following day. The Duke of Wellington's army was between Ath and Nivelles, which would enable him to assist the Prussians, in case, says their official account, the battle should be fought on the 15th. The duke knew that Buonaparte had collected some force behind the Sambre; he thought it probable that he would unite in that quarter several corps which were in the act of moving in different lines—he felt convinced, that if Napoleon assembled the army in this position, Brussels must be his object; and he knew that there were three distinct roads by which he might push forward on Brussels. Buonaparte might come on the side of Namur, or of Charleroi, or of Mons; the British army was therefore stationed near Brussels, in a smaller circle concentric with the frontier line, and ready to be collected in any of the three directions that Buonaparte might take; but the duke further considered it as most probable that Buonaparte would advance by Charleroi, and therefore the army, though ready to be moved to either of the other roads, was principally concentrated towards this. On the night of the 15th the Duchess of Richmond gave a ball at Brussels, at which the Dukes of Wellington and Brunswick, and Lord Uxbridge, with many other officers, were present; there they received the intelligence that the work of death was begun; and many of our officers, who were dancing till midnight, were, within a few hours, in action, and received their death-wounds in their ball-room dress. In the midst of the festivities the bugle sounded and the drum beat in Brussels. In less than an hour the troops began to assemble in the park; they received four days' rations; and at four in the morning, Sir Thomas Picton's division marched towards Namur. General Picton himself had arrived from England that very night. In the first uncertainty of the enemy's intentions, the march of our division

was directed upon Nivelles, Brain le Comte and Enghien, according to the situation of their cantonments; but as soon as the movements of the French were ascertained, the whole army was ordered to march upon Les Quatre Bras. Early in the morning, the Prince of Orange, reinforcing the brigade which had been driven from thence, had regained part of the ground, and commanded the communication, leading from Nivelles and Brussels, with Blucher's position.

The Prussian army was at this time posted upon the heights between Bry and Sombref, and beyond the latter place, and occupied, with a large force, the two villages of St. Amand and Ligny, in front of those places. Both these villages are situated upon a small stream flowing through flat meadows; it is called the Ligny in the official accounts, but is too small and insignificant to have obtained a name upon the spot. The left wing of the French, under Ney, was at Frasne, opposed to the British at Les Quatre Bras; the right, under Grouchy, was in the rear of Fleurus. 'The general opinion in France,' Marshal Ney tells us, 'and particularly in the army, was that Buonaparte would first turn his attention solely to the destruction of the British army, and for this,' he assures us, 'circumstances were very favourable, for Lord Wellington would have been taken unawares and unprepared.' Buonaparte thought otherwise: having reconnoitred Blucher's position, he changed front about noon, and marched his right and centre upon St. Amand and Ligny. The fact is, that at this time, whatever course Buonaparte had decided upon taking, his situation, as assailant, would have enabled him to have taken either of the allied armies at an advantage; a great part of Lord Wellington's troops, and his cavalry in particular, having a long way to march, had not arrived, and the Prussians also were without a fourth part of their force; Bulow, who was stationed between Liege and Haunut, not having yet come up. Buonaparte is censured by Marshal Ney for not having attacked the two armies separately; 'the English army,' he says, 'if it had been attacked with his whole force, would undoubtedly have been destroyed between Les Quatre Bras and Genappes; and that position, which separated the two allied armies, once in his power, would have given him the means of out-flanking the right of the Prussians, and crushing them in their turn. A corps of observation,' he thinks, 'would have sufficed to hold the Prussians in check while Buonaparte was demolishing the British.' The best players are frequently mistaken in the game of war; and perhaps the best general has sometimes trembled to look back upon the faults which he has committed. Marshal Ney's censure of Buonaparte seems to be well founded; but it is very unlikely that all the results expected by the marshal would have ensued. The Duke of Wellington is not in the habit of permitting his army to be demolished; and moreover it must be remembered that old Blucher was not a man to be held in check by a corps of observation while his allies were seriously engaged; and that Buonaparte, by the plan which he pursued, obtained a signal, though not a decisive, advantage.

Indeed, the superiority of numbers with which he attacked the Prussians might have seemed amply sufficient, even to a general less confident and less presumptuous. He brought up not less than 110,000 men against 80,000. First, about three in the afternoon, they attacked the village of St. Amand, and, after a vigorous resistance, carried it; their efforts were then directed against Ligny. Ligny is a large village; the houses were well built of stone, but roofed with thatch. Here the contest was maintained with the utmost obstinacy for five hours; there was little room for manœuvring; the main struggle was in the village itself, each army having, behind that part which it occupied, great masses of infantry, who were continually reinforced from the rear, and from the heights on both flanks. There were several farm-houses in the village enclosed with walls and gates: these were occupied as so many fortresses by the Prussians, and the French, notwithstanding their superior numbers, were four times driven out. About two hundred cannon from both sides were directed against this unfortunate village, and at length it took fire in many places at once. Sometimes the battle extended along the whole line. About five, the Prussians, with Blücher at their head, recovered St. Amand, which had been twice lost and won, and regained the heights of La Haye and Little St. Amand. At this moment, Blücher might have profited greatly by his advantage, if Bülow's corps had arrived; his right wing could then have charged with good prospect of success. But the march of this corps had either been miscalculated, or the nature and state of the roads had not been taken into the account. From the Duke of Wellington he could receive no assistance, for as many of his troops as had come up were themselves perilously engaged with superior numbers. As evening advanced, the situation of the Prussians became more hopeless,—there were no tidings of Bülow,—the British division could with difficulty maintain its own position at Les Quatre Bras; the whole of their own force had been brought into action, and the French began to derive that advantage which fresh troops, and a great superiority of numbers, secure, when armies are equal in discipline and in courage. In this emergency Blücher had nearly closed his long and illustrious life. A charge of cavalry, which he himself led on, failed; the enemy pursued their advantage, his horse was struck by a musket ball, and galloped more furiously for the wound till it dropped down dead, and Blücher was entangled under it, and stunned by the fall. His own people did not see him,—the last Prussian horseman passed by, and there remained none with him but an adjutant, who, with an honourable self-devotedness, alighted to share his fate. Happily, in the eagerness of pursuit, the enemy passed him by: they were, in their turn, repelled by a second charge, and, in their retreat, passed him a second time with equal rapidity; then, and not till then, he was extricated from under the horse, and immediately he mounted another.

Had this excellent veteran been recognized by the enemy, they would probably have butchered him. The hatred between these two nations

is of the deadliest kind ; France had inflicted the deepest wounds upon Prussia ; in her hour of victory she had trampled upon the Prussians, plundered, outraged, and insulted them ; and Prussia, though as yet she had retaliated none of her wrongs, had taken full revenge. Blücher was especially hated by the French, because no general, except our own, had so long and so determinedly resisted them. It has been said that the corps of Generals d'Erlon and Vandamme had confederated, and hoisted the black flag ; whether or not this were done, it is certain that the French gave little quarter in this action, and that the Prussians asked for none. When the night was closing in, a division of the enemy's infantry favoured by the darkness, made a circuit round the village unobserved, and took the main body of the Prussians in the rear. Some regiments of cuirassiers at the same time forced the passage on the other side. The Prussians, though defeated, were not dismayed ; they formed in masses, repelled all the attacks of the enemy's cavalry, retreated in such order that the French did not deem it prudent to pursue them, and formed again within a quarter of a league from the field of battle. Their loss was little short of 20,000 men. The people of the village, who had the best means of judging, affirm that that of the French was greater. No prisoners were made, except those who were left wounded on the field. Fifteen pieces of cannon were taken.

Marshal Ney meantime, with all the rest of the French army which had come up, amounting at the very least to 40,000 men, attacked the British at Les Quatre Bras. There had been much skirmishing about this point during the whole of the morning ; the main attack was made after three o'clock. The Brunswick corps and the fifth division had happily arrived, and maintained the position with the most signal intrepidity, under the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Brunswick, Sir Thomas Picton, Sir James Kempt, and Sir Denis Pack. The Prince of Orange was at one time surrounded ; a battalion of Belgians delivered him ; he took off the insignia of his Order, and threw it among them, saying, " Children, you have all deserved it ! " They fastened it to their colours on the field of battle, amid cries of " Long live the Prince ! " They swore to defend it till death, and many actually fell while they were pronouncing the oath. Picton was wounded ; but knowing how much was to be done, he would not mention his wound, lest he should be hindered from being present in the subsequent actions ; and it was not till after his death that this wound, so heroically concealed, and dressed only with a piece of a torn handkerchief, applied to it in secret by Sir Thomas Picton himself, was discovered. The Duke of Brunswick, in the ardour of battle, rashly exposed himself amidst the fire of small arms,—a musquet ball went through his bridle hand, into the belly, and entered the liver ; he died in a few minutes. Greatly and deservedly was the Duke of Brunswick lamented : in the worst days of Germany his spirit had been unsubdued ; and the heroism which he displayed in 1809, after the battle of Wagram, would alone entitle him to an honourable place in history. In this action, which was neither

less obstinate, nor (in proportion to the forces engaged) less bloody than that at Ligny, the French had many circumstances in their favour. They were not only superior in numbers, but they were comparatively fresh, whereas the allies had been marching from the preceding midnight. The fields were covered with corn growing as high as the tallest man's shoulders; availing themselves of this, and of an inequality of ground, they posted a strong body of cuirassiers so as effectually to conceal them; and the 79th and 42d regiments were thus taken by surprise. The former, which suffered most severely, would have been destroyed, if the 42d had not come up. Forming itself into a square, it was repeatedly broken, and as repeatedly formed again. Of this regiment, which was 800 strong, only ninety-six privates and four officers are said to have come out of the field unhurt. Generals Alten, Halket, Cooke, Maitland, and Byng successively arrived, and the troops maintained their ground till night.

Bulow's corps arrived during the night at Gembloux. At day-break Thielman fell back in that direction from Sombref, where he had retained his position, and the first and second corps retreated behind the defile of Mount St. Guibert. Marshal Blucher determined to concentrate his army upon Wavre. This movement, of which the Duke of Wellington does not seem to have been previously apprized, rendered it necessary for him to fall back also. He had travelled through this part of the country at a time when there was no appearance that hostilities would be so soon renewed, and seeing every thing with a soldier's eye, had observed, that were he ever to fight a battle for the defence of Brussels, Waterloo was the ground which he would chuse. A heathen, or a catholic chief, might have imputed this to some tutelary genius or patron saint. In Wellington's case, it was only an additional instance of that infallible foresight and tact which is the highest quality of a great captain; it is also a full and victorious answer to all the criticisms which we have heard on the duke's measures previous to the battle—all of which, it now appears, only tended to bring the contest to the very ground which he had long before selected as the theatre of his glory. The retreat began about noon on the 17th, and was well covered by the cavalry and horse artillery. A large body of French cavalry, headed by lancers, followed with some boldness, especially at Genappe, where the little river which runs through the town is crossed by a narrow bridge. But the pursuit was not vigorous, and this corps of lancers paid dearly for their temerity; they were actually *ridden down* by a column of our heavy cavalry, and all perished: the state of the weather and the soil prevented the enemy from acting upon the flanks of our columns; a storm from the south-west had come on, with thunder, lightning, and heavy rain; and rendered the fields knee-deep in mud. Between five and six in the afternoon the whole army had reached the ground appointed. The position which the Duke of Wellington occupied was in front of the village and farm of Mount St. Jean, about a mile and a half in advance of the little town of Waterloo, on

rising ground, with a gentle declivity in front. It crossed the high roads from Nivelles and Charleroi to Brussels, nearly at the point where they unite. The right was thrown back to Merke Braine near Braine la Leude; the left extended on a ridge above Ter la Haye, a hamlet which was strongly occupied: both wings were so posted as to derive all advantage which the nature of the ground would allow. The left wing communicated with the Prussians by a road leading to Ohain. A walled mansion called Hougoumont was in front of the right centre, and in front of the left centre a farm called La Haye Sainte. The position was good, for the country, which affords no strong ones; but the British army and the British generals had driven the French from positions in the Pyrenees, and being accustomed to attack and defeat the enemy on some of the strongest situations in the world, they required no vantage ground when it was their turn to be attacked themselves. Lord Wellington wrote to Marshal Blucher that he was resolved to accept the battle in this position, if the Prussians would support him with two corps. Blucher promised to come with his whole army; never was there a man from whom such a promise could be better relied on. And he proposed, if Buonaparte did not begin the attack, that the allies should, with their whole united force.

Brussels, where hitherto so little apprehension of danger had been felt, that its customary occupations and pleasures were not interrupted on the very eve of the contest, was now in a pitiable state. Distant as the field of battle on the 16th had been, one letter says that the roaring of cannon made the city shake,—and the expression will not appear hyperbolical to those who recollect the sensation which is produced by the discharge of distant artillery,—a sensation which is rather felt than heard. In the evening the cannonading seemed to approach nearer, though there had been no change of position,—the British had kept their ground at Les Quatre Bras, and the Prussians, though defeated at Ligny, not being disordered, had not been pursued; but in the stillness of evening the sound was more distinctly perceived. This deception increased the alarm of the inhabitants; and early on the morning of the 17th some runaway Belgian cavalry came galloping through the town, as if the French were in close pursuit; the men with the baggage began to hurry off, the panic spread, and travellers, and those who had the means of removal, taking flight, spread the news that the allies had been defeated. When this agitation was allayed by the receipt of certain intelligence, a more afflicting scene ensued. The inhabitants were called upon to send bedding, lint, old linen, &c. for the hospitals. The wounded began to arrive;—many had died on the way, and some only reached Brussels to expire at their own doors. The body of the Duke of Brunswick passed through during the night; the people deeply lamented him for his personal qualities, which, being such as became his illustrious birth, derived lustre from his station; for the gallant actions which he had performed, and the hopes which were thus for ever cut off. This sorrow would be felt throughout Germany,

—but at Brussels it was remembered that on the preceding night he had been sharing in the festivities of the place, and had left the city for the field of battle full of life and ardour. The despondency became greater when it was known that the Duke of Wellington had fallen back to Waterloo. A retrograde movement bears with it so many symptoms of defeat—it is so often the consequence of an overthrow—or the prelude to one—that the inhabitants of a great city may well be excused for interpreting it in the worst sense, when they had every thing at stake.

The French, on their part, exaggerated their advantages, and gave way to all the insolence which of late years has characterized them in success. Marshal Soult, in a dispatch to Davoust, minister of war during the usurpation, did not scruple to announce, that the emperor had succeeded in separating the allies' line.

"Wellington and Blücher, said he, "saved themselves with difficulty: the effect was theatrical—in an instant the firing ceased, and the enemy was routed in all directions." It was announced at Paris that His Majesty the Emperor Napoleon was to enter Brussels the day after this glorious action, in which the general in chief, Wellington, had been compromised. Another dispatch, published with great pomp in the *Moniteur*, said, "The noble lord must have been confounded! Whole bands of prisoners are taken; they do not know what is become of their commanders; the rout is complete on this side; and I hope we shall not hear again of the Prussians for some time, even if they should ever be able to rally. As for the English, we shall see now what will become of them! The Emperor is there!"

Notwithstanding these boasts, the French had failed in their chief object; they had not, as Marshal Soult asserted, succeeded in separating the line of the allies; and the actions of the 16th, severe as they had been, were but preludes to the dreadful drama which was now to be represented. The junction of Bulow's corps had made the Prussians as strong as they were before the late engagement; Lord Wellington's army, having lost about 5000 in killed and wounded, may be computed at 75,000, the united forces therefore would amount to 155,000; and the 170,000 of the French having been diminished 10 or 15,000, the armies now to be brought against each other were not unequal in numbers.

(To be continued.)

Lives of the Great Captains of Modern History.

IT is our purpose under this head to execute a task very much wanted, that of giving a complete collection of THE LIVES OF THE GREAT CAPTAINS OF MODERN HISTORY. As far as respects France this has been already executed by Brantome, but we have no English Writer who has attempted it. The materials of these Lives will be as follows: 1. Where the subjects themselves have left their own Memoirs, they shall be given in full. 2. Where these Lives have been written by any author of authority, they will likewise be given in full,—such work being translated or reprinted. 3. In want of such materials, the best will be selected from the annals and memoirs of the age in which they lived.

THE LIFE OF JOHN DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

BOOK IV.

TO THE END OF THE CAMPAIGN IN 1707.

(Continued from our last.)

THE 9th in the morning his grace was complimented upon his return by the foreign ministers, and other persons of quality; and in the evening was in conference with the deputies of the states-general. He set out the next day for Brabant, in order to draw the troops together, and open the campaign.

His grace was perfectly well satisfied with the success of his negotiations. The assurances he had received dissipated the jealousies some of the allies had conceived of the designs of the Swedes, and shewed, that what the French had so confidently published upon that head was a mere forgery. The first time the duke waited on the king of Sweden, he presented him with a letter from the queen of Great-Britain, and made him the following compliment:—"Sir, I present to your majesty a letter, not dictated from the Chancery, but from the heart of the queen my mistress, and written with her own hand. Had not her sex prevented it, she would have crossed the sea, to see a prince admired by the whole universe. I am in this particular more happy than the queen; and I wish I could serve some campaigns under so great a general as your majesty, that I might learn what I yet want to know in the art of war."—This was a very obliging compliment to a young hero, from one of the greatest generals in the world; who, in a few years, had gained more victories, and taken a greater number of fortresses, than the most famous warriors of the last century.

To this account, taken from the public journals, I must add that given by M. de Voltaire, not only because he might have the advantage of better information than the writers of that time, but on account of the just and elegant character he gives of our hero.

"The king of Sweden (says he, speaking of the time we are upon) was then receiving ambassadors in his camp at Alt-Ranstadt, from

almost all the princes in Christendom. Some desired him to quit the dominions of the empire, and others pressed him to turn his arms against the emperor; and it was then a current report, that he designed to join with France, in depressing the House of Austria. Among these ambassadors was the famous John duke of Marlborough, sent by Anne queen of Great Britain. This man, who never laid siege to a town which he did not take, nor fought a battle which he did not gain, was at St. James's a perfect courtier, the head of a party in parliament, and in foreign countries the most able negociator of his time. He did France as much mischief by his understanding, as by his arms: and Fagel, secretary of the states-general, a man of great merit, has been heard to say, that more than once, when their high mightinesses had resolved to oppose what the duke of Marlborough was to lay before them, the duke came, spoke to them in French, in which language he expressed himself ill, and brought them all into his sentiments.

"In conjunction with prince Eugene, the companion of his victories, and Heinsius, the grand pensioner of Holland, he supported all the weight of the enterprises of the allies against France. He knew that Charles was exasperated against the empire and the emperor; that he was secretly solicited by the French; and if this conqueror should join himself to Lewis XIV. the allies would be undone.

"'Tis true, Charles had given his word in 1700, not to intermeddle in the war of Louis XIV. with the allies. But the duke of Marlborough did not believe that any prince would be so great a slave to his word, as not to sacrifice it to his grandeur and interest. He therefore set out from the Hague, with a design to sound the intentions of the king of Sweden.

"As soon as he was arrived at Lipsick, where Charles then was, he applied himself secretly, not to count Piper, the first minister, but to baron Goertz, who began to share the king's confidence with Piper. He told Goertz, that the design of the allies was very shortly to propose the king of Sweden to be a second time mediator between them and France. He said this in hopes of discovering, by Goertz's answer, the king's intentions, and because he chose much rather to have Charles for an arbitrator than an enemy. At last he had his public audience at Lipsick.

"Upon his first address to the king, he told him in French, that he should think himself happy, if he could be taught, under his command, what he yet wanted to know in the art of war. He then had a private audience of an hour long, in which the king spoke in German, and the duke in French. The duke, who was never in haste to make propositions, and had learned by a long course of experience the art of penetrating into the sentiments of mankind, and finding out the secret connection between their inmost thoughts and their actions, gestures and discourse, fixed his eyes attentively upon the king. When he spoke to him of war in general, he thought he perceived in his majesty a natural aversion towards France, and observed that he was pleased when he talked of the conquests of the allies. He mentioned the Czar to him,

and took notice that his eyes always kindled at his name, notwithstanding the moderation of the conference; and he farther remarked, that a map of Muscovy lay before him on the table. He wanted no more to determine him in his judgment, that the real design of the king of Sweden and his sole ambition were to dethrone the czar as he had already done the king of Poland. He understood, that he had no other views by continuing in Saxony, than to impose, by that means, certain hard laws upon the emperor of Germany: but he knew that the emperor would comply with them, and that thus matters would be easily made up. He left Charles XIIth to his natural inclination; and, being satisfied with having discovered his intentions, he made no kind of proposal.

"As few negotiations," continues our author, "are concluded without money, and ministers are sometimes seen to sell the hatred or favour of their masters, it was believed throughout all Europe, that the duke of Marlborough's success with the king of Sweden was obtained by a large sum of money, opportunely given to count Piper; and the count is reflected upon for it to this day. For my own part, after having traced this report to its source, I have been informed that Piper received a small present from the emperor by the hands of count Wratislau, with the consent of the king his master, and nothing from the duke of Marlborough."—M. de Voltaire goes on to defend count Piper's character, with which I have nothing to do; and I insert this latter part of the extract, only to make one reflection upon it, viz. that it is a surprising instance of the duke of Marlborough's address, personal influence, and great knowledge of mankind, if he could dive thus deeply into the sentiments of the king of Sweden, in the manner M. de Voltaire relates, without having first unlocked the hearts of those about him with a golden key.

The British general arrived at Brussels the 13th of May, and having immediately held a council of war with M. d'Auverquerque and the field-deputies of the states, orders were sent to the confederate troops to march to their general rendezvous at Anderlecht near Brussels, from whence they marched to Hall a few days after, in order to begin the campaign. The French were drawing together at the same time.

The duke of Marlborough joined the army at Hall on the 21st, and on the 29th advanced to Joignes. The 27th his grace, accompanied by several generals, and escorted by twelve squadrons, detached himself to view the camp of the enemy, who had removed two days before to Gosseliers, and thence into the plain of Fleurus. A council of war having been held, wherein it was resolved to march to Nivelles in order to attack the enemy, a detachment was accordingly sent to view the pass of Ronquieres, through which they were to pass. The generals, who were sent thither, reported that the said pass was almost impracticable; and that the enemy, suspecting the designs of the allies, had made a detachment to secure it: hence it was not doubted but they would advance with all their forces upon the first motion of the allies, to hinder them from marching through that way, or else would charge the first

troops that should pass with so much advantage, that it was not proper to offer to run the hazard of such an attempt. That report was considered in a council of war, and the generals reflecting that the French had in all likelihood a design to march on a sudden to plunder Louvain and Brussels, the duke of Marlborough resolved to return towards Brussels, to prevent the designs of the enemy; which was done with so much diligence, that the 29th they passed the canal at Diggem, where they rested the 30th, and marched the 31st to Bethlem. They made bridges over the Dyle, which they passed the 1st of June, and encamped at Meldert, where they continued till the 10th of August.

The French seeing their design disappointed, advanced to Gemblours and posted themselves very advantageously. They had 124 battalions and 143 squadrons, and yet did not think fit to venture an engagement with the allies, who were very much inferior in number. The armies, however, being so near, there happened frequent skirmishes; but as none of them were of great consequence, I shall give no particular account of them, and only observe, that the forces of the allies having beaten the enemy in several rencounters, this mightily encouraged the confederate soldiers, and made them very desirous to come to a general engagement.

Upon certain advice that the enemy had detached thirteen battalions and twelve squadrons, the duke of Marlborough and M. d'Auverquerque resolved to attack them if possible; and to do it with less disadvantage, they resolved to march to Genap. Orders were given accordingly to lay four bridges over the Dyle, and the troops encamped near Louvain, under major-general Weck, and the regiment of Bothmar, were ordered to march to Florival, and the battalions in Brussels to advance to Waterloo. The heavy baggage being sent away in the morning, the army decamped the 10th of August from Meldert, and, having passed the Dyle, marched all the night long, and the next morning till ten o'clock, when they encamped at Genap, the right to Fromelles, and the left to Davieres. The enemy knew nothing of this march till seven in the evening, because the duke of Wirtemberg, with a great detachment of horse, was sent towards their camp to cover the army, and hinder them from getting any intelligence of its motions. The confusion was very great in their camp when they were informed of this march; they struck down their tents, and, about eleven at night, marched towards Fleurus and Hespene, arriving the same evening at Gosseliers.

The 12th in the morning the generals received advice, that the French army had made but a short halt at Gosseliers, and were advanced to Seness about midnight, the elector of Bavaria taking his quarters in the castle of Vanderbec, and the duke of Vendome, in the farm-house of Bel, between Vanderbec and Seness. The duke of Marlborough, M. d'Auverquerque, and the deputies of the states having conferred thereupon, it was resolved to march directly to Nivelles, in order to attack them; and accordingly the army marched about one in the afternoon, and came into that camp the same evening, the left extending to the river Seune at Arquennes, and the right to Valianpont. As they came in their

march upon the hills of Arquennes, they discovered the enemy extended in their camp aforesaid, at about a league distant. They came too late into their own camp to attack them that night; but the necessary dispositions were made for doing it the next morning; and because it was foreseen, that the enemy would endeavour to retire in the night, to gain the camp of Cambron, all possible care was taken to prevent their retreat. The count de Tilly, with forty squadrons of horse and dragoons, and a detachment of 5 or 6000 grenadiers, were ordered to post themselves between the two armies, their left to Corneliz, and their right towards the road from Bink to Nivelles, which was as near the enemy as it was possible to get.

Count Tilly was ordered to observe the enemy, and, in case they decamped, to fall upon their rear and amuse them, till the army could come up to attack them. Those troops set out immediately; but it was near midnight before they were in their respective posts, notwithstanding the soldiers marched with all imaginable zeal and alacrity. The French, who foresaw the design of the duke of Marlborough, judged that it would be impossible for them to avoid an engagement, if they continued in that camp till the next day; and therefore they resolved to decamp in the night. They made the necessary dispositions for it about seven o'clock, at the time the confederates were coming into their camp, and about nine their left began to retire towards Marimont, without beat of drum or sound of trumpet.

The 13th, a little before break of day, count Tilly advanced with his detachment directly to the camp of the enemy, saw their army on a full march, observed that they made their retreat in very good order from hedge to hedge, and that the country being very difficult, it was scarce possible to come at them. He sent notice thereof to the duke of Marlborough, and that he was marching to endeavour to attack their rear, as he was directed: whereupon twenty battalions and thirty squadrons, under the command of general count Lottum, were detached to support count Tilly. Count Tilly marched with all possible speed, and had several skirmishes with their rear; but having pursued them three or four hours, as far as the plains of Marimont, and observing that it was to no purpose to fatigue the troops, he returned to the camp. The country being cut by many deep roads, was very favourable to the retreat of the enemy, who posted therein some infantry, which hindered the confederate horse from making any openings to follow them.

The duke of Marlborough, who was advanced with a detachment, being returned to the camp, resolved to continue that day in the same place, to give time to the troops to rest themselves, after the fatiguing marches they had made; and because it was uncertain whether the enemy marched towards their lines or Cambron, the field-marshal d'Auverquerque sent one of his aides-de-camp, with 130 hussars, to post himself on the hills of the Great Roulx, from whence they plainly discovered the march of their army, being about half a league from them. That officer reported, that their van-guard was advanced to St. Dennis, hav-

ing the Haine behind them. The spies confirmed this intelligence, and reported farther, that the elector had his quarters at St. Dennis, and the duke of Vendome at Castlau. The generals concluded from this march, that the enemy did not design to retire within their lines, but rather to possess the camp of Cambron, which was inaccessible on that side.

The 14th the allies decamped about six in the morning, and had all the day a most violent rain, which rendered the roads so bad, that it was very late when the right came to Soignies, and all the left could not come up till the next morning, notwithstanding that 1000 pioneers had been at work ever since the 12th at night, to repair the roads from Arquennes to Soignies. The soldiers suffered very much in this march, but the French suffered a great deal more; for having rested but some few hours at St. Dennis, they marched the 14th, before break of day, towards Chievres, where they encamped without any tents or other baggage, and were above two days without bread. They lost a world of men by desertion, and above 1000 of them came over to the confederates.

The weather at this time continuing very bad, it was not thought fit to expose the soldiers to the inconveniences of a march, till the rain was over. The 16th the baggage and artillery came up, though with great difficulty, and the roads were so deep, that the army would have had much ado to subsist, had it not been for the convenience of the Causey of Brussels, by which they received their convoys. The enemy continued encamped between Lens and Chievres, and the elector took up his quarters in the castle of the latter place, upon the earnest request of the monks of Cambron, who desired his highness to exempt them from that trouble. In a word, not to detain the reader with a narrative of every ineffectual motion, nothing more can be said of this campaign, than that his grace hunted the French from place to place, in order to force them to a battle, till at last, resolved not to fight, they retired behind their lines under the cannon of Lisle, and the duke encamped at Helchin, subsisting his troops upon the territories of the enemy.

His grace arrived at the Hague the 5th of October, and immediately after his arrival made a visit to the grand pensionary, and M. Slingseland, secretary of the council of state. He had afterwards a conference with the deputies of the states-general, wherein he communicated the orders he had received from the queen his mistress to repair to Francfort, and confer with the electors of Mentz and Hanover, about the operations of the next campaign. Several important points were debated in these conferences, but there was no proposal made for any augmentation of troops, notwithstanding it was believed that was one of the chief subjects of his grace's journey.

His grace set out the 7th for the army in the Netherlands, which decamped the 11th from Helchin: and after having marched through very difficult roads, came to Asch, where they separated, and marched into winter-quarters, which were much the same as the foregoing year. His grace left the army the 15th, and set out for Germany, accompanied by

M. de Geldermalsen, who was to assist in the conferences with the electors of Mentz and Hanover, on the part of the states-general. The French army likewise separated about the same time, and the elector of Bavaria repaired to Mons.

The elector of Meutz arrived at Francfort the 19th of October, as did, the next day, the elector of Hanover, attended by several generals. The duke of Marlborough, having been detained a day longer than he thought on the road, because of a conference he had with the elector palatine, could not arrive till the 21st. They had several conferences together; but nothing could be concluded till the arrival of count Wratislau from Vienna. That nobleman, who at first had declined to accept the commission he came with, at last was obliged to execute it, and he arrived at Francfort the 27th. This delay made people hope, that his positive instructions would make amends for the time lost; but they were deceived. The count declared that he was not fully instructed; and the electors of Mentz and Hanover, with the duke of Marlborough, set out the 29th from Francfort; the first for his residence, the second for the army, and the latter for the Hague, whither he was accompanied by count Wratislau. Those princes settled several points in relation to the next campaign, but none of the ministers of the states-general assisted therein. The count de Rechteren, who was come from Vienna on purpose, found himself indisposed before he could reach Francfort.

The Duke of Marlborough arrived at the Hague the 5th of November, and, having concluded several important affairs with the states-general, embarked a few days after for England. His grace having communicated to the states-general what passed in the conferences held at Francfort, and their deputies having had several conferences with the ministers of the emperor, their high mightinesses resolved to use all possible means to engage the empire to make greater efforts for the future than they had before: and in order thereto they wrote a pressing letter to the Diet of Ratisbon. I shall not at the end of this barren campaign detain the reader with any repetition, but instead thereof transcribe that part of the Dutch council of war's petition, which sets forth the causes and accidents, whereby the series of the confederates' success had been sometimes interrupted. The next campaign will afford more matter for recapitulation, when I shall introduce what is material concerning this.

The council, after having summed up the advantages obtained in the war, proceed thus:—"However, high and mighty lords, notwithstanding these great and important advantages, the affairs are not yet brought to that pass and balance, that may secure the safety and tranquillity of your high mightinesses and your allies. The great power of the enemies you had to wrestle with, and especially that of the French, who, though several times gloriously defeated, and especially at Schellenberg, Hochstedt, Ramillies and Turin, have yet found means every time to rise, and have so far improved the defeats they had received, as

to make them an encouragement for greater efforts; that very power has now and then stopt the prosecution of the advantages obtained, and the rapidity of victories. To this stop have likewise sometimes contributed the disorder, dilatoriness, slowness, and the want of being ready in a due time, of some of the allies, and their want of good intelligence of the motions and desigus of the enemy: and it were to be wished that in the course of this war there should not be found by experience, what has been formerly observed; namely, that great hopes and great successes do not always go together, and that prosperity, which gives birth to such hopes, commonly brings along with it, at the same time, a wrong and groundless opinion of the weakness and declension of the enemy, and consequently produces supineness and neglect.

“ Besides all this, the advantage of the ground, the natural strength of the rivers and canals in the countries where the war was to be carried on; the number, situation, and extent of the fortified places to be attacked; the backwardness of the seasons, and the unseasonableness of the weather, and even some inconsiderable accidents, may also retard and stop the prosecution of advantages obtained. 'Tis to these reasons, or at least to some of them, that we may attribute, that campaigns which have followed those wherein were gained great advantages, have not been so favourable: that the campaign next after the victories of Schellenberg and Hochstedt, and which seemed to promise no less than the conquest of Saar Louis and Thionville, and even of Metz, and other places in the heart of France, had not success answerable to those promises and expectations: that in the Netherlands, where the enemy, by many precautions, have endeavoured to preserve their towns and fortresses, the last campaign has not been so successful as the former; and that the expedition into Provence, and the intended conquest of Toulon and Marseilles have had no other effect than the devastation of part of that province, the bombardment of Toulon, and the destroying of some men of war and magazines.”

(To be continued.)

OFFICIAL NARRATIVES
OF THE
CAMPAIGNS OF BUONAPARTE,
SINCE THE PEACE OF AMIENS.

BEING A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF THE WHOLE OF THE BULLETINS
PUBLISHED BY BUONAPARTE TO HIS ABDICATION.

IT is the well known opinion of some of our ablest Generals, that the French Bulletins of Buonaparte contain the most complete practical lessons of modern warfare, and with a due allowance for some exaggeration, include the fullest narrative of the most memorable campaigns on record. A wish, therefore, has often been expressed that they were all published in one form, so as to form a portable manual as well for future reference as for present study. It is our present purpose to effect this. In this, and in the following numbers of the Chronicle, we shall accordingly give a complete collection of the whole of the Bulletins published by Buonaparte. This began only in the first Campaign after he was Emperor. The form of a Bulletin being considered in foreign Cabinets as belonging only to Sovereigns.

CAMPAIGN IN GERMANY OF 1809.

TWENTY-FOURTH BULLETIN.

VIENNA, July 3.—GEN. BROUSSIER had left two battalions of the 84th regiment of the line in the town of Gratz, and proceeded to Vildon, to join the army of Dalmatia. On the 26th of June, gen. Giulay appeared before Gratz, with 10,000 men, composed, it is true, of Croats and frontier regiments. The 84th, which was cantoned in one of the suburbs of the town, repelled all attacks of the enemy, routed him every where, took 500 men prisoners, and two standards, and maintained himself in his position fourteen hours, giving time to gen. Broussier to come to his assistance. This conflict, of one with ten, covered the 84th, and its colonel, Gambin, with honour. The standards were presented to his Majesty at the parade. We have to regret, that 20 of these brave fellows were killed, and 92 wounded.—On the 30th the duke of Auerstadt attacked one of the islands of the Danube, at a small distance from the right bank, opposite Bresburg, where the enemy had some troops.—Gen. Gudin directed this operation with skill; it was executed by col. Decouz, and the 21st regiment of infantry of the line, which this officer commands. At two o'clock of the morning, this regiment, partly in boats, and partly swimming, crossed a very narrow arm of the Danube, seized the island, routed the 1500 men who were upon it, and made 250 prisoners, among whom were the colonel and several officers of the regiment St. Julian, and took three pieces of cannon, which the enemy had landed for the defence of the island.—At length there exists no longer any Danube, as far as concerns the French army. General count Bertrand has raised works which excite astonishment, and inspire admiration.—Over breadth of 400 fathoms, and over a very rapid river, he has in a fortnight raised a bridge formed of 60 arches, on which three carriages can pass abreast: he has built a second bridge upon piles eight feet broad; but this is for infantry only. Next to these two bridges is a bridge of boats; we can, therefore, pass the Danube in three columns. These three bridges are secured against all insults, even against the

effects of fire-ships and incendiary machines, by stoccadoes, raised on piles between the islands, in different directions, the furthest of which are at 250 fathoms from the bridges. When these immense works are contemplated, they might be thought to be the labour of many years; they were, however, produced in 15 or 20 days. These works are defended by têtes-de-pont, each 1600 fathoms in extent, formed of redoubts, surrounded by palisades, frises, and ditches filled with water. The island of Lobau is a strong post; it contains magazines of provisions, 100 pieces of heavy cannon, and 20 mortars or howitzers. Opposite Essling, on the left arm of the Danube, is a bridge, which the duke of Rivoli has fixed there. It is covered by a tête-de-pont, which had been raised there at the time of the first passage of the river. —General Legrand occupies the woods in the front of the tête-de-pont. The hostile army is in order of battle, covered with redoubts; the left is at Enzendorf, the right at Great Aspern; a few discharges of musquetry from the advanced posts have taken place.—Now that the passage of the Danube is secured, and that our bridges are sheltered from every attempt, the fate of the Austrian monarchy will be decided in a single battle.—The waters of the Danube were, on the 1st of July, four feet above the lowest, and thirteen feet below the highest point. The rapidity of the river at this part is, when the waters are high, from seven to twelve feet; when the water is moderate, four feet six inches, each second, and more strong than at any other point. In Hungary it diminishes a great deal; and at the place where Trajan raised a bridge, it is almost insensible. The Danube is there 450 fathoms broad; here it is only 400. The bridge of Trajan was a stone bridge, the work of several years. Caesar's bridge over the Rhine was raised, it is true, in eight days, but no loaded carriage could pass over it.—The works on the Danube are the most beautiful military works ever formed.—Prince Gazarin, aid-de-camp general of the emperor of Russia, arrived at Schoenbrunn, at four of the morning the day before yesterday, at the moment the Emperor was mounting on horseback. He set out from Petersburg the 8th of June. He has brought intelligence of the march of the Russian army into Galicia.—His Majesty has quitted Schoenbrunn; he has been two days encamped. His tents are very beautiful, and made in the style of the Egyptian tents."

TWENTY-FIFTH BULLETIN.

WOLKERSDORF, *July 8.*—THE works raised by gen. count Bertrand, and the corps he commands, had, since the beginning of the month, entirely subdued the Danube. His majesty instantly resolved to collect his forces in the island of Lobau, open upon the Austrian army, and bring on a general engagement. It was not because the position of the French army was not a very fine one at Vienna: master of the whole right bank of the Danube, having in his power Austria, and a considerable portion of Hungary, he enjoyed the greatest plenty.—If some difficulties had been experienced in providing sustenance for the people of Vienna, this arose from an ill-organized administration, from embarrassments which were every day diminishing, and from difficulties which were naturally produced by the situation in which the country was placed, in a land in which the trade in corn is an exclusive privilege of the government. But how could the troops continue to be separated from the hostile army, by a canal of three or four hundred toises in breadth, when the means of passing over had been prepared and secured?—This would have given credibility to the impostures which the enemy had scattered with so,

great profusion throughout his own and neighbouring countries: this would have cast a doubt over the occurrences at Essling, and would, finally, have authorised the supposition of there being, in fact, a substantial equality between armies so different, of which one was animated and in some measure reinforced by the multiplicity of its successes and victories, while the other was dispirited by the most striking reverses.—All the intelligence concerning the Austrian army shewed that it was considerable; that it had been recruited by numerous bodies of reserve, by the levies from Moravia and Hungary, and by all the landwhers (fencibles) of the provinces; that its cavalry had been re-mounted by requisitions in all the circles, and its draughts of artillery tripled by immense levies of horses and carriages in Moravia, Hungary, and Bohemia.—To add new chances in their favour, the Austrian generals had raised military works, of which the right was protected by Gros-Aspern, and the left by Enzersdorf, and the intervals between them were covered by redoubts, surrounded by pallisades and frises, and defended by more than 150 pieces of battering cannon, taken from the fortresses of Bohemia and Moravia.—It was inconceivable how the Emperor, with his experience in war, could think of attacking works so powerfully defended, backed by an army estimated at 200,000 men, as well troops of the line as militia and new-raised levies, and who were supported by 800 or 900 pieces of field artillery. It appeared more simple to throw some fresh bridges over the Danube, a few leagues lower down, and thus render useless the field of battle prepared by the enemy. But in this latter case it was not thought practicable to avert the inconveniences which had already nearly proved fatal to the army, and succeed, in the course of two or three days, in protecting these new bridges from the machines of the enemy.—On the other side the Emperor was tranquil.—Works were raised upon works in the island of Lobau; and several bridges on piles, and several rows of stoccardoes, were fixed at the same place.—This situation of the French army placed between these two great difficulties, had not escaped the enemy. He was aware that his army, too numerous and unwieldy, would be exposed to certain destruction if he acted on the offensive; but at the same time, he believed it was impossible to dislodge him from the central position, in which he covered Bohemia, Moravia, and a part of Hungary. It is true that this position did not cover Vienna, and that the French were in possession of the capital. But this possession was, in a certain degree, disputed, since the Austrians remained masters of one bank of the Danube, and prevented the arrival of the articles most indispensable to the subsistence of so great a city. These were the reasons of hope and fear, and the subject of conversation in the two armies.—On the 1st of July, at four o'clock in the morning, the Emperor removed his head-quarters to the island of Lobau, which had been already named by the engineers the island Napoleon. A small island, to which had been given the name of the duke of Montebello, and which bore upon Enzersdorf, had been furnished with ten mortars, and twenty 18-pounders. Another island called island Espagne, had been supplied with six pieces of battering cannon, 12-pounders, and four mortars. Between these two islands a battery had been raised, equal in force to that of the island Montebello, and in like manner bearing upon Enzersdorf. These 62 pieces of battering artillery had the same object, were in two hours to destroy the little town of Enzersdorf, drive away the enemy, and demolish the works. On the right, the island Alexander, with four mortars, two ten-pounders, and twelve six-pounders, battering cannon, were to bear upon the plain, and protect the

operations of the bridges.—On the 2d the aide-de-camp of the duke de Rivoli passed over to the Mill Island with 500 voltigeurs, and took possession of it. This island was also furnished with cannon. It was joined to the continent, on the left side, by a small bridge. In the front a little fleche was raised, and this redoubt was called Petit.—In the evening the redoubts of Essling appeared to be jealous of these works; not doubting that they were a first battery, formed to act against themselves, they fired upon them with great activity. This was precisely the intention in having seized this island.—The attention of the enemy was to be drawn to this point, in order to conceal from him the operations really proposed.

Passage across the arm of the Danube to the Island Lobau.—On the 4th, at ten in the evening, general Oudinot caused 1,500 voltigeurs to be embarked on the great arm of the Danube, commanded by gen. Conroux. Col. Baste, with ten gun-boats, conveyed them, and disembarked them beyond the little arm of the island Lobau, in the Danube. The batteries of the enemy were soon silenced, and he was driven from the woods to the village of Muhleuten.—At eleven in the evening, the batteries raised against Enzersdorf received orders to begin their firing. The howitzers set this unfortunate little town on fire, and in less than half an hour the enemy's batteries had ceased to operate.—The chief of battalion Dessales, director of the bridges, and ———, engineer of the marine, had prepared in the island Alexander, a bridge of 80 toises, of a single piece, and five great ferry boats. Col. St. Croix, aide-du-camp of the duke of Rivoli, embarked in barges with 2,500 men, and landed on the left bank.—The bridge of a single piece, the first of the kind which has hitherto been made, was fixed in less than five minutes, and the infantry passed over it with great rapidity. Capt. Bazelle fixed a bridge of boats in an hour and an half. Capt. Payerimoffe formed a bridge of rafts in two hours. Thus, at two o'clock in the morning, the army had four bridges, and had debouched on the left 1500 toises below Enzersdorf, protected by the batteries, and the right upon Vittau. The corps of the duke of Rivoli formed the left; that of count Oudinot, the centre; and that of the duke of Auerstadt, the right; the corps of the prince de Ponte Corvo, the Viceroy and the duke of Ragusa, the guard; and the cuirassiers formed the second line and the bodies of reserve. Utter darkness, a violent storm and rain, which fell in torrents, rendered this night as frightful as it was propitious to the French army, and was about to be glorious to it.—On the 5th at day-break, every one perceived what had been the project of the Emperor, who was then, with his whole army, arranged in order of battle at the extremity of the enemy's left, having turned all his entrenched camps, having rendered his works useless, and thus obliging the Austrians to abandon their positions, and come and offer him battle on the spot that was convenient to him. The great problem was thus resolved, and without passing the Danube on other points—without receiving any protection from the works he had raised, he forced the enemy to fight three quarters of a league from his redoubts. From that moment the greatest and happiest results were presaged. At eight in the morning, the batteries, which had played upon Enzersdorf, had produced such an effect that the enemy was obliged to let that town be occupied by no more than four battalions. The duke of Rivoli dispatched his first aide-de-camp, St. Croix, against it, who did not meet with a great resistance, and took prisoners all who remained in it. Count Oudinot surrounded the castle of Sachsengang, which the enemy had fortified, forced 900 men who defended it to capitulate, and

took 12 pieces of cannon.—The Emperor then caused the whole army to spread itself along the immense plain of Enzersdorf.

Battle of Enzersdorf.—In the meanwhile, the enemy, confounded in all his projects, gradually recovered from his astonishment, and endeavoured to regain some advantages in this new field of battle. For this purpose he detached several columns of infantry, a considerable number of pieces of artillery, and all his cavalry, as well of the line as the new levies, in order to attempt to outflank the right of the French army. In consequence he occupied the village of Rutzendorf. The Emperor ordered gen. Oudinot to carry this village, to the right of which he sent the duke of Auerstadt, in order to proceed to the head-quarters of prince Charles, going always from the right to the left. From noon till nine in the evening the French armies manœuvred on this immense plain. All the villages were occupied, and when the French had reached the heights of the intrenched camps of the enemy, they fell of their own accord, as if by enchantment. The duke de Rivoli caused them to be occupied without resistance. It was thus we seized the works of Essling and Gros-Aspern, and the labour of 40 days was of no use to the enemy. He made some resistance in the village of Raschdorf, which the prince de Ponte Corvo caused to be attacked and carried by the Saxons. The enemy was every where overwhelmed by the superiority of our fire. This immense field of battle was covered with his remains.

Battle of Wagram.—Strongly alarmed by the progress of the French army, and the great successes which it obtained, with scarcely any effort, the enemy put all his troops in motion, and at six in the evening he occupied the following position:—his right from Stadelau to Gerasdorf, his centre from Gerasdorf to Wagram, and his left from Wagram to Neusiedel. The French army had its left at Gros-Aspern, its centre at Raschdorf, and its right at Glenzindorf. In this position the day was nearly at a close, and we had necessarily to expect a great battle on the morrow; but this was to be avoided, and the position of the enemy to be intersected, so as to prevent him from forming any plan, by taking possession in the night, of the village of Wagram. In this case, his line, already of an immense length, being suddenly assailed, and exposed to the chances of combat, the different bodies of his army would be dispersed without order or direction, and we should succeed at an easy rate and without any serious engagement. The attack on Wagram took place, and our troops took possession of the village; but a column of Saxons and a column of French mistook each other in the dark for enemies, and this operation failed.—We then prepared for the battle of Wagram. It appears that the dispositions of the French general and the Austrian general were inverted. The Emperor passed the night in accumulating his forces towards his centre, where he was in person, within cannon shot of Wagram. With this view, the duke de Rivoli moved upon the left of Aderklau, leaving at Aspern a single division, with orders for it to fall back, in case of necessity, upon the island of Lobau. The duke of Auerstadt received orders to leave unoccupied the village of Grosshoffen that he might approach the centre. The Austrian general, on the contrary, weakened his centre, to secure and augment his extremities, which he still farther extended.—On the 6th at day break, the prince de Ponte Corvo occupied the left, having the duke of Rivoli in a second line. The Viceroy connected him with the centre, where the corps of count Oudinot, that of the duke of Ragusa, those of the imperial guards, and the divisions of cuirassiers, formed seven or eight lines.—The duke of Auerstadt marched

from the right to reach the centre. The enemy, on the contrary, put Bellegarde's corps in motion for Stadelau. The corps of Collowrath, Lichtenstein, and Hiller, connected their right with the position of Wagram, where prince Hohenzollern was, and with the extremity of the left at Neusiedel, where the corps of Rosenberg debouched in order also, to out-flank that of the duke of Auerstadt. The corps of Rosenberg, and that of the duke of Auerstadt, moving in opposite directions, encountered each other, with the first rays of the sun, and gave the signal of battle. The Emperor instantly repaired to this point, ordered the duke of Auerstadt to be reinforced by the division of the duke of Padua's cuirassiers, and the corps of Rosenberg to be attacked in flank by a battery of twelve guns, of the division of count de Nansouty. In less than three quarters of an hour, the fine corps of the duke of Auerstadt gave a good account of the corps of Rosenberg, defeating it, and driving it beyond Neusiedel with considerable loss. In the mean time, a cannonade commenced along the whole of the line, and the enemy's dispositions were every moment discovering themselves. The whole of his left was secured with artillery.—One might have said, that the Austrian general was not fighting for victory, but was looking only to the means of improving it. This disposition of the enemy seemed so absurd, that some snare was apprehended, and the Emperor delayed some time before he ordered those easy dispositions which he had to make to disconcert those of the enemy, and render them fatal to him. He ordered the duke de Rivoli to make an attack on the village occupied by the enemy, and render them fatal to him, and which somewhat straitened the extremity of the centre of the army. He ordered the duke of Auerstadt to turn the position of Neusiedel, and thence to push on upon Wagram; and he formed the duke of Ragusa's troops, and those of gen Macdonald, in column to carry Wagram at the moment the duke of Auerstadt should debouch.—While these proceedings were taking place, information was received that the enemy was making a furious attack upon the village carried by the duke of Rivoli; that our left was out flanked by 3,000 toises, that a brisk cannonade was already heard at Gros-Aspern, and that the space between Gros-Aspern and Wagram seemed to be covered with an immense line of artillery. There was no longer any room for doubt.—The enemy had committed an enormous fault, and we had only to profit by it. The Emperor instantly ordered gen. Macdonald to form the divisions of Broussier and Lemarque in columns of attack. He ordered the division of Nansouty to be supported by the horse-guards, and a battery of sixty guns belonging to the guards, and forty of different other corps. General count Lauriston, at the head of his battery of 100 pieces of artillery, marched at a trot against the enemy, advanced without firing to within half gun-shot distance, and there opened a prodigious fire, which silenced that of the enemy, and spread death among his ranks. Gen. Macdonald then advanced at the *pas de charge*.—The general of division Reille, with the brigade of fusiliers and sharp shooters of the guards, supported gen. Macdonald. The guards made a change of front, in order to render this attack infallible. In an instant the enemy's centre lost a league of ground; his right became alarmed, and perceiving the dangerous position in which it was placed, rapidly fell back. The duke of Rivoli, at that moment, attacked it in front.—Whilst the rout of the centre struck consternation into the right of the enemy, and precipitated its movements, the left was attacked and out-flanked by the duke of Auerstadt, who had carried Neusiedel, and who having

gained the elevated plain, was marching upon Wagram. The divisions of Broussier and Gudin covered themselves with glory.—It was only then ten o'clock in the morning; and those who had the least penetration saw that the fate of the day was decided, and the victory was ours.—At noon, count Oudinot marched upon Wagram, to assist the attack of the duke of Auerstadt. He was successful, and carried that important position. After ten o'clock, the enemy fought only to effect his retreat; at twelve this was manifest it was conducted in disorder; long before dark the enemy was out of sight.—Our left was posted at Jefelsee and Ebersdorff; our centre upon Obersdorf, and the cavalry of our right extended their posts as far as Shonkirchen.—On the 7th, at day-break, the army was in motion, and marching upon Korneubourg and Wolkersdorf, and had some posts near Nicolsbourg. The enemy, cut off from Hungary and Moravia, had been forced to fall back upon Bohemia.—Such is the narrative of the battle of Wagram, a battle decisive and ever memorable, in which from three to four hundred thousand men, and from twelve to fifteen hundred pieces of cannon, contended for great interests, upon a field of battle, studied, planned, and fortified by the enemy for several months. Ten pair of colours, 40 pieces of cannon, 20,000 prisoners, including between 3 and 400 officers, and a considerable number of generals, colonels, and majors, are the trophies of this victory. The fields of battle are covered with the slain; among whom are the bodies of several generals, and among others, one called Norman, a Frenchman, a traitor to his country, who prostituted his talents against her.—All the enemy's wounded have fallen into our hands. Those whom he abandoned at the commencement of the action, were found in the adjacent villages. It may be calculated that the result of this battle will be that of reducing the Austrian army to less than 60,000 men.—Our loss has been considerable; it is estimated at 1,500 in killed, and from 3 to 4,000 wounded.—The duke of Istria, at the moment when he was preparing for an attack with the cavalry, had his horse shot dead by a cannon ball, which fell upon his saddle, and slightly grazed his thigh.—The general of division, Lasalle, was killed by a musket ball. He was an officer of the greatest merit, and one of our best light cavalry generals. The Bavarian general Wrede, and generals Seras, Grenier, Vignolle, Sahuc, Frere, and Defrance, were wounded. Colonel prince Aldobrandini was wounded in the arm by a musket ball; the majors of the guard, Dausmenil and Carbeneau, were also wounded; the adjutant commandant, Duprat, was killed; the colonel of the 9th infantry of the line fell on the field of battle.—That regiment has covered itself with glory.—The officers of the staff are preparing a return of our losses.—A particular circumstance incident to this grand battle is, that the columns nearest to Vienna were only about 1,200 toises from it. The numerous population of that capital covered the turrets, the steeples, the roofs of the houses, and every elevated situation, to witness this spectacle. The emperor of Austria left Wolkersdorf on the 6th, at five in the morning, and ascended a tower, from which he had a view of the field of battle, and where he remained until midnight. He then set off in all haste. The French head-quarters were transferred to Wolkersdorf, on the morning of the 7th.

TWENTY-SIXTH BULLETIN.

WOLKERSDORF, *July 9.*—The enemy retreated in the utmost disorder. We have collected a part of his baggage. His wounded have fallen into our hands; we have already counted more than 12,000; all the villages are filled

with them. In five or six hospitals alone we have found more than 6,000.—The duke de Rivoli, pursuing the enemy by Stokerau, is already arrived at Hollabrunn.—The duke de Ragusa had at first followed on the road to Bruun, which he quitted at Wolkersdorf, in order to take that of Znaim. At nine o'clock this morning he met at Laa a rear-guard, which he routed: he took 900 of them prisoners. He will be to-morrow at Znaim.—The duke of Auerstadt is arrived to day at Nicolsbourg.—The emperor of Austria, prince Anthony, with a suite of about 200 chariots, coaches, and other carriages, slept on the 6th at Erensbrunn, the 7th at Hollabrunn, the 8th at Znaim, whence they set out at nine of the morning. According to the relation of the country people who conducted them, their dejection was extreme.—One of the princes de Rohan was found wounded on the field of battle. Lieut. field-marshal Wursakowicz is among the prisoners.—The artillery of the guard covered itself with glory. Major Aboville, who commanded, was wounded. The Emperor has made him general of brigade. The chief of a squadron of artillery, Grauner, has lost an arm. These intrepid artillerymen displayed all the power of this terrible weapon.—The horse chasseurs of the guard charged, and drove back on the day of the battle of Wagram three squares of infantry. They took four pieces of cannon. The light-horse Poles of the guard charged a regiment of pikemen. They took the prince of Auersperg prisoner, and captured two pieces of cannon.—The Saxon hussars d'Albert charged the cuirassiers d'Albert, and took their colours. It was a very singular thing to see two regiments belonging to the same colonel fighting one against the other.—It appears that the enemy is abandoning Moravia and Hungary, and is retiring into Bohemia.—The roads are covered with the men belonging to the landwehr, and the levée en masse, who are returning to their houses.—The losses which desertion is adding, to those the enemy has sustained in killed, wounded, and prisoners, are concurring to annihilate his army. The numerous letters which have been intercepted are a striking picture of the discontent of the hostile army, and the disorder which reigns in it.—Now that the Austrian monarchy is without hope, it would evince being ill acquainted with the character of those who govern it, not to expect that they will humiliate themselves as they did after the battle of Austerlitz. At that epoch, they were, as now, without hope, and they exhausted all their protestations and oaths.—During the day of the 6th, the enemy sent a few hundred men to the right of the Danube to make observations. They re-embarked after having lost a few men killed or taken prisoners.—The heat was excessive on these days. The thermometer was almost constantly at 26 degrees.—There are great quantities of wine. In one village 3,000,000 piuts were found. It has happily no bad quality.

Twelve of the most considerable villages in the beautiful plain of Vienna, such as are seen in the neighbourhood of a great capital, have been burnt during the battle. The just hatred of the nation is loud against the guilty men who have drawn upon it all these calamities.—The general of brigade, Laroche, entered Nuremberg on the 28th of June, with a corps of cavalry, and proceeded towards Bayreuth. He met the enemy at Besentheim, charged him with the first provisional regiment of dragoons, and cut in pieces all who opposed him, and took two pieces of cannon.

— TWENTY-SEVENTH BULLETIN. —

On the 10th the duke of Rivoli beat the enemy's rear-guard before Hollabrunn.—At noon on the same day, the duke of Ragusa, who had arrived on

the heights of Znaim, saw the enemy's baggage and artillery filing off toward Bohemia. Gen. Bellegarde wrote to him that prince John of Lichtenstein would repair to the Emperor with a mission from his master, for the purpose of treating for Peace; and in consequence desired a Suspension of Arms. The duke of Ragusa replied, that it was not in his power to accede to such a proposition; but that he would acquaint the Emperor with it. Meanwhile he attacked the enemy, took from him an excellent position, made some prisoners, and took two colours.—On the morning of the same day, the duke of Auerstadt had passed the Taya opposite Nicolsbourg, and general Grouchy had beaten prince Rosenberg's rear, taking 450 men of prince Charles's regiment.—At noon on the 11th instant, the Emperor arrived opposite Znaim. The battle had begun. The duke of Ragusa had attacked the town; and the duke of Rivoli had taken the bridge, and had occupied the tobacco manufactory. In the different engagements this day, we had taken 3,000 men, two colours, and three pieces of cannon. The general of brigade, Bruyeres, an officer of very great promise, has been wounded. The general of brigade, Guiton, made a fine charge with the 10th cuirassiers.—The Emperor, informed that prince John of Lichtenstein, who had been sent to him, was arrived within our posts, ordered the fire to cease. The annexed Armistice was signed at midnight, at the prince of Neufchatel's. The prince of Lichtenstein was presented to the Emperor in his tent, at two o'clock in the morning.

Suspension of Arms between his Majesty the Emperor of the French and King of Italy, and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria.

Art. 1. There shall be a Suspension of Arms between the armies of his majesty the Emperor of the French, king of Italy, and of his majesty the Emperor of Austria.

2. The line of demarcation shall be on the side of Upper Austria, the frontier which separates Austria from Bohemia, the Circle of Znaim, that of Brunn, and a line drawn from the frontier of Moravia upon Raab, which shall begin at the point where the frontier of the Circle of Brunn touches the March, and descending the March to its conflux with the Taya; from thence to St. Johann and the road to Presbourg; Presbourg and a league round the town; the great Danube to the mouth of the Raab; the Raab to the frontiers of Stiria; Stiria, Carniola, Istria, and Fiume.

3. The citadels of Brunn and Gratz shall be evacuated immediately on the signature of the present Armistice.

4. The detachments of Austrian troops which are in the Tyrol and the Vorarlberg, shall evacuate those two countries, and the fort of Sachsenhourgh shall be given up to the French troops.

5. The magazines of provisions and clothes, which shall be found in the countries to be evacuated by the Austrian army, and which belong to it, may be emptied.

6. In relation to Poland, the two armies shall take the line which they at present occupy.

7. The present suspension of arms shall continue for a month, and fifteen days notice shall be given before hostilities recommence.

8. Commissaries on either side shall be named, for the execution of the present articles.

9. From to-morrow, the 15th, the Austrian troops shall begin their evacuation of the countries marked out by this suspension of arms; and shall retire by

daily marches —The fort of Brunn shall be given up to the French army on the 14th of July; and that of Gratz on the 16th.

Made and concluded between us the undersigned, charged with full powers from our respective sovereigns, the prince of Neufchatel, major-gen. of the French army, and M. Baron Wimpffen, major-gen. of the *etat-major* of the Austrian army, at the camp before Znaim, July 12, 1809.

TWENTY-EIGHTH BULLETIN.

The Danube has risen six feet. The bridges of boats which had been constructed before Vienna, since the battle of Wagram, have been broken by the effects of this rise; but the bridges at Ebersdorff are solid and permanent; none of them have suffered. Those bridges, and the works of the island of Lobau, are the admiration of the military persons of Austria. They avow that such works are without example since the time of the Romans.—The Archduke Charles having sent major gen. Weissenvof to compliment the Emperor, and since that, the baron de Wimpffen and prince John of Lichtenstein having come upon the same courteous errand in his name, his majesty has thought proper to send to the Archduke, the duke of Friuli, grand marshal of the palace, who found him at Budweis, and passed part of yesterday at his headquarters.—The Emperor left his camp at Znaim yesterday, at nine o'clock in the morning, and arrived at the palace of Schoenbrunn at three in the afternoon.—His majesty had visited the environs of the village of Spitz, which forms the *tete-de-pont* of Vienna. Gen. Bertrand has been charged with the execution of different works, which must be marked out and begun this day.—The bridge of piles at Vienna will be re-established with the least delay possible.—His majesty has named as marshals of the empire, gen. Oudinot, the duke of Ragusa, and gen. Macdonald. The number of marshals was eleven; this nomination will make it 14. There still remain two vacancies.—The places of col-gen. of the Swiss, and col-gen. of the chasseurs, are also vacant. The col-gen. of the chasseurs, is, according to our constitution, a Grand Officer of the empire.—His majesty has testified his satisfaction with the manner in which the Surgery has been served, and particularly with the services of the principal surgeon, Heurteloup.—His majesty passing through the field of battle on the 7th, caused a great number of wounded to be taken off; and left there the duke of Friuli, grand marshal of the palace, who remained all day.—The number of wounded Austrians in our hands amounts to 12 or 13,000.—The Austrians have had 19 generals killed or wounded. It has been remarked as a singular fact, that most of the French officers, whether of old France, or of the new provinces, who were in the Austrian service, have perished.—Several couriers have been intercepted; and among their letters has been found a regular correspondence of Gentz with count Stadion. The influence of this wretch in the leading determinations of the Austrian cabinet, is hereby materially proved. Such are the instruments which England employs, like a new Pandora's box, to raise storms and spread poisons on the Continent.—The duke of Rivoli's corps encamps in the circle of Znaim; that of the duke of Auerstadt in the circle of Brunn; that of the duke of Ragusa in the circle of Korn-Neubourg; that of marshal Oudinot before Vienna at Spitz; that of the Viceroy on Presbourg and Gratz. The imperial guard returns to the environs of Schoenbrunn. The harvest is very fine, and abundant every where. The army is cautions in a beautiful country, and rich in provisions of all kinds, wine particularly.

Treaty of Peace between France and Austria, October 15, 1809.

Napoleon, by the Grace of God, and the Constitution of the Empire, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the League of the Rhine, &c. Having seen and considered the Treaty concluded, determined, and signed at Vienna, on the 14th of this month, by the Sieur Nompere de Champagny, our Minister for Foreign Affairs, in virtue of the full powers to that end given him by us, and the Prince John of Lichtenstein, Marshal of the Armies of His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, equally provided with full powers—which treaty is of the following tenor :

His Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the League of the Rhine, Mediator of the League of Switzerland ; and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, being equally animated with the desire of putting an end to the war which has arisen between them, have resolved to negotiate forthwith a Definitive Treaty of Peace, and for that purpose have appointed as their Plenipotentiaries, namely—His Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the League of the Rhine, the Sieur Jean Baptiste Nompere Count de Champagny, Duke of Cadore, Grand Eagle Bearer of the Legion of Honour, Commander of the Order of the Iron Crown, Knight of the order of St. Andrew of Russia, Grand Dignitary of that of the Two Sicilies, Grand Cross of the Orders of the Black and Red Eagles of Prussia, of the Order of St. Joseph of Wurtzburg, of the Order of Fidelity of Baden, of the Order of Hesse Darmstadt, his said Majesty's Minister for Foreign Affairs ; and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, the Sieur Prince John of Lichtenstein, Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece, Grand Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa, Chamberlain, Marshal of the Armies of his said Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and Proprietary Commander of a Regiment of Horse in his service : who having previously exchanged their full powers, have agreed upon the following Articles :—

Art. I. There shall, from the day of the exchange of the ratifications of the present Treaty, be peace and friendship between his Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the League of the Rhine, and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, their heirs and successors, their States and Subjects respectively, for ever.

II. The present peace is also declared to be common to his Majesty the King of Spain, his Majesty the King of Holland, his Majesty the King of Bavaria, his Majesty the King of Wirtemberg, his Majesty the King of Saxony, and his Majesty the King of Westphalia, his Most Eminent Highness the Prince Primate, their Royal Highnesses the Grand Duke of Baden, the Grand Duke of Berg, the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, the Grand Duke of Wurtzburg, and all the Princes and Members of the League of the Rhine, the Allies, in the present war, of his Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the League of the Rhine.

III. His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, cedes, as well for himself, his heirs and successors, as for the Princes of his House, their heirs and respective successors, the principalities, lordships, domains, and territories, hereinafter mentioned, and also all titles which may accrue from the possession of the same ; and all properties, whether manorial or held by them under an episcopal title, lying within the said territories.

1. He cedes and transfers to his Majesty the Emperor of the French, to form part of the League of the Rhine, and to be placed at his disposition for the

daily marches.—The fort of Brunn shall be given up to the French army on the 14th of July; and that of Gratz on the 16th.

Made and concluded between us the undersigned, charged with full powers from our respective sovereigns, the prince of Neufchatel, major-gen. of the French army, and M. Baron Wimpffen, major-gen. of the état-major of the Austrian army, at the camp before Znaim, July 12, 1809.

TWENTY-EIGHTH BULLETIN.

The Danube has risen six feet. The bridges of boats which had been constructed before Vienna, since the battle of Wagram, have been broken by the effects of this rise; but the bridges at Ebersdorf are solid and permanent; none of them have suffered. Those bridges, and the works of the island of Lobau, are the admiration of the military persons of Austria. They avow that such works are without example since the time of the Romans.—The Archduke Charles having sent major gen. Weissenvof to compliment the Emperor, and since that, the baron de Wimpffen and prince John of Lichtenstein having come upon the same courteous errand in his name, his majesty has thought proper to send to the Archduke, the duke of Friuli, grand marshal of the palace, who found him at Budweis, and passed part of yesterday at his headquarters.—The Emperor left his camp at Znaim yesterday, at nine o'clock in the morning, and arrived at the palace of Schoenbrunn at three in the afternoon.—His majesty had visited the environs of the village of Spitz, which forms the *tete-de-pont* of Vienna. Gen. Bertrand has been charged with the execution of different works, which must be marked out and begun this day.—The bridge of piles at Vienna will be re-established with the least delay possible.—His majesty has named as marshals of the empire, gen. Oudinot, the duke of Ragusa, and gen. Macdonald. The number of marshals was eleven; this nomination will make it 14. There still remain two vacancies.—The places of col-gen. of the Swiss, and col-gen. of the chasseurs, are also vacant. The col-gen. of the chasseurs, is, according to our constitution, a Grand Officer of the empire.—His majesty has testified his satisfaction with the manner in which the Surgery has been served, and particularly with the services of the principal surgeon, Heurteloup.—His majesty passing through the field of battle on the 7th, caused a great number of wounded to be taken off; and left there the duke of Friuli, grand marshal of the palace, who remained all day.—The number of wounded Austrians in our hands amounts to 12 or 13,000.—The Austrians have had 19 generals killed or wounded. It has been remarked as a singular fact, that most of the French officers, whether of old France, or of the new provinces, who were in the Austrian service, have perished.—Several couriers have been intercepted; and among their letters has been found a regular correspondence of Gentz with count Stadion. The influence of this wretch in the leading determinations of the Austrian cabinet, is hereby materially proved. Such are the instruments which England employs, like a new Pandora's box, to raise storms and spread poisons on the Continent.—The duke of Rivoli's corps encamps in the circle of Znaim; that of the duke of Auerstadt in the circle of Brunn; that of the duke of Ragusa in the circle of Korn-Neubourg; that of marshal Oudinot before Vienna at Spitz; that of the Viceroy on Presbourg and Gratz. The imperial guard returns to the environs of Schoenbrunn. The harvest is very fine, and abundant every where. The army is cantoned in a beautiful country, and rich in provisions of all kinds, wine particularly.

Treaty of Peace between France and Austria, October 15, 1809.

Napoleon, by the Grace of God, and the Constitution of the Empire, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the League of the Rhine, &c. Having seen and considered the Treaty concluded, determined, and signed at Vienna, on the 14th of this month, by the Sieur Nompere de Champagny, our Minister for Foreign Affairs, in virtue of the full powers to that end given him by us, and the Prince John of Lichtenstein, Marshal of the Armies of His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, equally provided with full powers—which treaty is of the following tenor:

His Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the League of the Rhine, Mediator of the League of Switzerland; and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, being equally animated with the desire of putting an end to the war which has arisen between them, have resolved to negotiate forthwith a Definitive Treaty of Peace, and for that purpose have appointed as their Plenipotentiaries, namely—His Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the League of the Rhine, the Sieur Jean Baptiste Nompere Count de Champagny, Duke of Cadore, Grand Eagle Bearer of the Legion of Honour, Commander of the Order of the Iron Crown, Knight of the order of St. Andrew of Russia, Grand Dignitary of that of the Two Sicilies, Grand Cross of the Orders of the Black and Red Eagles of Prussia, of the Order of St. Joseph of Wurtzburg, of the Order of Fidelity of Baden, of the Order of Hesse Darmstadt, his said Majesty's Minister for Foreign Affairs; and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, the Sieur Prince John of Lichtenstein, Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece, Grand Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa, Chamberlain, Marshal of the Armies of his said Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and Proprietary Commander of a Regiment of Horse in his service: who having previously exchanged their full powers, have agreed upon the following Articles:—

Art. I. There shall, from the day of the exchange of the ratifications of the present Treaty, be peace and friendship between his Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the League of the Rhine, and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, their heirs and successors, their States and Subjects respectively, for ever.

II. The present peace is also declared to be common to his Majesty the King of Spain, his Majesty the King of Holland, his Majesty the King of Bavaria, his Majesty the King of Wirtemberg, his Majesty the King of Saxony, and his Majesty the King of Westphalia, his Most Eminent Highness the Prince Primate, their Royal Highnesses the Grand Duke of Baden, the Grand Duke of Berg, the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, the Grand Duke of Wurtzburg, and all the Princes and Members of the League of the Rhine, the Allies, in the present war, of his Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the League of the Rhine.

III. His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, cedes, as well for himself, his heirs and successors, as for the Princes of his House, their heirs and respective successors, the principalities, lordships, domains, and territories, hereinafter mentioned, and also all titles which may accrue from the possession of the same; and all properties, whether manorial or held by them under an episcopal title, lying within the said territories.

1. He cedes and transfers to his Majesty the Emperor of the French, to form part of the League of the Rhine, and to be placed at his disposition for the

interest of the Sovereigns of the League:—The territories of Saltzburg and Berchtesgaden; that part of Upper Austria, situate on the further side of a line running from the Danube, at the village of Straas, therein comprehending Weissenkirchen, Wedersdorff, Michelbach, Greist, Muckenhausen, Helst and Jedina; thence in the direction of Schwanstadt, the town of Schwanstadt on the Aller, and thence ascending along the bank of that river, and the lake of the same name, to the point where the lake touches upon the territory of Saltzburg. His Majesty the Emperor of Austria shall only retain in property the woods belonging to the Salz-Cammer-Gut, and forming part of the manor of Mondsee, with liberty to cut and carry thence the brushwood, but without enjoying any right of Sovereignty upon that territory.—2. He also cedes to his Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, the County of Gorizia, the Manor of Montefalcone, the Government and City of Trieste, Carniola, with its dependencies on the Gulph of Trieste, the Circle of Willach, in Carinthia, and all the territories lying on the right bank of the Save, from the point where that river leaves Carniola, along its course to where it touches the frontiers of Bosnia: namely a part of Provincial Croatia, six districts of Military Croatia, Fiume, and the Hungarian Littorale, Austrian Istria, or the district of Castua, the islands depending on the ceded territories, and all other territories however named, upon the right bank of the Save; the middle stream of the said river serving as the boundary between the two States.—Lastly, the Lordship of Radzuns lying in the Graubunderland.—3. He cedes and makes over to his Majesty the King of Saxony, the territory of Bohemia depending upon and included in the territory of the Kingdom of Saxony, namely the parishes and villages of Guntersdorff, Taubantranke, Gerlochsheim, Leukersdorf, Schirgiswald, Winkel, &c.—4. He cedes and makes over to the King of Saxony, to be united to the Duchy of Warsaw, the whole of Wester or New Gallicia, a district round Cracow, on the right bank of the Vistula, to be hereafter ascertained, and the Circle of Zamosc in Eastern Gallicia.—The district round Cracow, upon the right bank of the Vistula, shall in the direction of Podgorze, have for its circumference the distance from Podgorze to Wieliczka. The line of demarkation shall pass through Wieliczka, and to the westward touch upon Scawina, and to the eastward upon the Beck, which falls into the Vistula at Brzdegy.—Wieliczka and the whole of the territory of the Salt-pits shall belong in common to the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Saxony. Justice shall be administered therein in the name of the Municipal Power; there shall be quartered there only the troops necessary for the support of the Police, and they shall consist of equal numbers of those of both nations. The Austrian Salt from Wieliczka, in its conveyance over the Vistula, and through the Duchy of Warsaw, shall not be subject to any toll-duties. Corn of all kinds, raised in Austrian Gallicia, may also be freely exported across the Vistula.—His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and his Majesty the King of Saxony, may form such an arrangement with regard to these boundaries, as that the Save, from the point where it touches upon the Circle of Zamosc, to its confluence with the Vistula, shall serve as the line of demarcation between both states.—5. He cedes and makes over to his Majesty the Emperor of Russia in the easternmost part of Gallicia, a tract of territory containing a population of 400,000 souls, the city of Brodi being, nevertheless, not therein included. This territory shall be amicably ascertained by Commissioners on the part of both Empires.

IV. The Teutonic Order having been abolished in the States of the League of the Rhine, his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, in the name of his Imperial Highness the Archduke Anthony, abdicates the Grand Mastership of that Order in his States, and recognizes the dispositions taken with regard to the property of the Order, locally situated out of the Austrian territory. Pensions shall be assigned to those who have been on the civil establishment of the Order.

V. The debts funded upon the territory of the ceded provinces and allowed by the States of the said provinces, or accruing from expences incurred for their Administration, shall alone follow the fate of those provinces.

VI. The provinces which are to be restored to his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, shall be administered for his behoof by the Austrian Constituted Authorities, from the day of exchanging the Ratification of the present Treaty; and the Imperial Domains, wheresoever situated, from the 1st of November next. It is nevertheless understood, that the French army in this country shall take for their use whatever articles cannot be supplied by their magazines for the subsistence of the troops and the wants of the hospitals; and also whatever shall be necessary for the conveyance of their sick, and the evacuation of magazines.—An arrangements shall be made between the High Contracting Parties respecting all war contributions, of whatever denomination, previously imposed on the Austrian provinces occupied by the French and allied troops; in consequence of which arrangement the levying of the said contributions shall cease from the day of the exchange of the Ratifications.

VII. His Majesty the Emperor of the French, king of Italy, engages to give no obstruction to the importation or exportation of merchandize into and from Austria, by way of the port of Fiume; this, nevertheless, not being construed, to include English goods or manufactures. The transit duties on the goods thus imported or exported, shall be lower than upon those of all other nations, the kingdom of Italy excepted. An inquiry shall be instituted, to ascertain whether any advantages can be allowed to the Austrian trade, in the other ports ceded by this Treaty.

VIII. The titles of domains, archives, plans and maps of the countries, towns, and fortresses ceded, shall be given up within two months after the period of the Ratification.

IX. His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, engages to discharge the yearly interest, arrears, and capitals, invested in securities of the Government, States, Bank, Lottery, or other public establishment, by subjects, companies, or corporate bodies in France, the Kingdom of Italy, and the Grand Duchy of Berg.—Measures shall also be taken, to completely liquidate the sum due to Mont St. Theresa, now Mont Napoleon, at Milan.

X. His Majesty the Emperor of the French engages to procure a full and complete pardon for the inhabitants of the Tyrol and Vorarlberg who have taken a part in the insurrection; so that they shall not be prosecuted either in person or property.—His Majesty the Emperor of Austria equally engages to grant a full and complete pardon to those inhabitants of the territories of Galicia, of which he returns into possession, whether civil or military, public officers, or private individuals, who have taken part in the levying of troops, or the formation of judicial or municipal administrations; or in any other proceeding whatsoever during the war, which inhabitants shall not be prosecuted in their persons or property.—They shall have permission, during a period of six years, to dispose of their properties, of whatever description they may be; to sell their estates, even those that have been considered inalienable, such as *fidei commissa* and *majoratus*: to leave the country, and to carry with them the produce of these sales, in specie, or effects of any other description, without paying

any duty for the same, or experiencing any difficulty or obstruction.—The same permission, and for the same period, shall be reciprocally allowed to the inhabitants and landholders in the territories ceded by the present treaty.—The inhabitants of the Duchy of Warsaw, possessing landed estates in Austrian Galicia, whether public officers or private individuals, shall enjoy the revenues thereof, without paying any duty thereon, or experiencing any obstruction.

XI. Within six weeks, from the exchange of the present Treaty, ports shall be erected, to mark the boundaries of Cracow, upon the right bank of the Vistula. For this purpose there shall be nominated Austrian, French, and Saxon Commissioners.—The same measures shall be adopted within the same period upon the frontiers of Upper Austria, Saltzburgh, Willach, and Carniola, as far as the Saave. The Thälweg (stream) of the Saave shall determine what islands of that river shall belong to each power. For this purpose French and Austrian Commissioners shall be nominated.

XII. A military Convention shall be forthwith entered into, to regulate the respective periods within which the various provinces restored to his Majesty the Emperor of Austria shall be evacuated. The said Convention shall be adjusted on the basis that Moravia shall be evacuated in fourteen days; that part of Galicia which remains in possession of Austria, the city and district of Vienna, in one month; Lower Austria in two months; and the remaining districts and territories not ceded by this treaty shall be evacuated by the French troops, and those of their allies, in two months and a half, or earlier if possible, from the exchange of the ratifications.—This Convention shall regulate all that relates to the evacuation of the hospitals and magazines of the French army, and the entrance of the Austrian troops into the territories evacuated by the French or their allies; and also the evacuation of that part of Croatia ceded by the present treaty to his Majesty the Emperor of the French.

XIII. The prisoners of war taken by France and her allies from Austria, and by Austria from France and her allies, that have not yet been released, shall be given up within fourteen days after the exchange of the ratifications of the present Treaty.

XIV. His Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the League of the Rhine, guarantees the inviolability of the possessions of his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, in the state in which they shall be, in consequence of the present Treaty.

XV. His Majesty the Emperor of Austria recognizes all the alterations which have taken place, or may subsequently take place in Spain, Portugal, and Italy.

XVI. His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, desirous to co-operate in the restoration of a maritime peace, accedes to the prohibitory system with respect to England, adopted by France and Russia, during the present Maritime War. His Imperial Majesty shall break off all intercourse with Great Britain, and, with respect to the English government, place himself in the situation he stood in previous to the present war.

XVII. His Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, shall observe, with respect to each other, the same ceremonial in regard to rank and other points of etiquette, as before the present war.

XVIII. The Ratifications of the present Treaty shall be exchanged within six days, or sooner, if possible.

Done and signed at Vienna, Oct. 14, 1809.

(Signed) J. B. NONTERE DE CHAMPAGNY.

JOHN PRINCE OF LICHTENSTEIN.

We have ratified, and hereby ratify the above Treaty, in all and every of the articles therein contained; declare the same to be adopted, confirmed, and established; and engage that the same shall be maintained inviolable.—In confirmation whereof we have hereto affixed our signature, with our own hand, being countersigned and sealed with our Imperial Seal.—Given at our Imperial Camp at Schoenbrunn, Oct. 15, 1809.

(Signed) NAPOLEON.

By the Emperor.—CHAMPAGNY, Minister for Foreign Affairs.—H. B. MARET, Minister Secretary of State.

Certified by us, The Arch-Chancellor of State, EUGENE NAPOLEON.

THE
ROYAL
MILITARY CHRONICLE;

OR

BRITISH OFFICER'S

MONTHLY REGISTER, CHRONICLE, AND MILITARY
MENTOR.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1816.

CONTENTS.

MILITARY CORRESPONDENCE.—
Account of the Bermudas, or Somer
Islands, 237—Kinsale, 241

TOPOGRAPHY of the Field of Wa-
terloo, 245

ORIGINAL NARRATIVE of the Bat-
tle of Waterloo, from the French, con-
tinued, 254

ADDITIONAL DETAILS of the Bat-
tle of Waterloo, concluded, 258

ORIGINAL LETTERS written by Of-
ficers during the several Campaigns in
Portugal and Spain, arranged accord-
ing to the Campaigns.—Letters during
the Campaign in Spain in 1809, 271

ORIGINAL MEMORIALS of the Pub-
lic and Private Life of Frederic of
Prussia.—Frederic in his Private and
Domestic Life, 275

The **HISTORY** of the WAR from the
year 1792 to 1814—Campaign of 1792
continued, 290

HISTORY of the WAR in SPAIN and
PORTUGAL. Translated from the
French of General Sarrazin, continued,
294

The **LIVES** of the GREAT CAPTAINS
of MODERN HISTORY.—The Life
of John Duke of Marlborough conti-
nued, 299

ORIGINAL Narrative of My Services,
in the Year 1813, translated from the
French, concluded, 307

OFFICIAL NARRATIVES of the Cam-
paigns of Buonaparte.—Campaign in
Russia in 1812—First Bulletin, 312;
2d, 313; 3d, 314.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY favour of one of our earliest Correspondents, we are enabled to restore an original Title in our work,—that of “Original Military Correspondence,” which we had been compelled for a long time to omit; the greater part of our earlier Correspondents having fallen in the battles of their country, and others being removed to stations whence we can only hope to hear from them once, or twice in the year. We have to request, therefore, the contributions of officers under this Title, and they will perhaps pardon us for mentioning (as what is usual in all periodical works), that they will have the goodness to post-pay their letters; but which expence, to all who desire it, we shall have pleasure in refunding at the office.

At the beginning of every volume, a Military Plate will be given, which we pledge ourselves shall be in the first style of engraving; and thereby a more sufficient ornament to the work than a greater number of ill-finished and ill-engraved Plates, which we should be compelled to give, if required monthly. It is incredible what perpetual anxiety, and what frequent injury, we were obliged to sustain when we were under the triple necessity of first finding Plates for the identical Biography which we had received,—secondly finding a correct Biography for such a Plate as we could procure,—or thirdly, procuring the Plates in time to be worked off.

The Works published this Day are,

1. A JOURNAL of the THREE DAYS of the BATTLE of WATERLOO, being My own Personal Journal of what I saw, and of the events in which I bore a part, in the battle of Waterloo and retreat to Paris. By an Eye-Witness. Translated from the French. Price 5s. 6d. bds.
2. The Fifteenth Number of D'Anville's Atlas and Geography of the Antients (which concludes that valuable work), price 5s. 6d.
3. The Third Journal of the Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula, will be published on the first of March, price 2s. 6d.

THE ROYAL MILITARY CHRONICLE.

No. 22.] NEW SERIES, FEBRUARY, 1816. [Vol. IV.

ORIGINAL MILITARY CORRESPONDENCE.

An ACCOUNT of the BERMUDAS, or SOMER ISLANDS.

By an Officer of the 98th, lately quartered there.

SIR,

IN one of your early numbers of the Military Chronicle, you had an excellent Head or Title,—**TOPOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF FOREIGN STATIONS OR GARRISONS.** Under this you gave us for a time some admirable accounts of our quarters in foreign colonies, but from want of matter, or Correspondents upon those stations, you suddenly abandoned it. I can easily imagine, that you must have suffered your proportion of your country's loss in losing many of your early friends in the battles in the Peninsula: indeed, I myself know too many of your Correspondents, who fought and fell in that field of true honour. But I feel persuaded that every day will produce you others who will worthily supply their place. Permit me for the present to advise the immediate restoration of all the former titles and divisions of your Chronicle; and I will almost take upon myself to promise you that Correspondents will not be wanting, who (when acquainted with your wishes) will move into the place of those who have died the death of Patriots. But to come at once to the point,—restore your title, *Topographical Accounts*, and as far as respects the West Indies and Ireland, I will supply it for at least some months. Please to consider the enclosed packet as my first contribution.

A Friend to the Principles of the Military Chronicle.

W. F. H.

IN the year 1593, Captain Lancaster, upon a voyage of discovery to the East Indies, had occasion to call at the island of Cuba by a far different route from that at present pursued by the East Indiamen. It is well known, that for many years after the Portuguese discovered Cape Badajoz, distant navigation was merely confined to the western shore of Africa, until the famous Vassa de Gama, under the auspices of King Henry IV. of Portugal, struck at once into the unbeaten paths of the Pacific Ocean, and doubled the great southern promontory of Africa,

by them called the Cape of Storms, but by us the Cape of Good Hope. It was, indeed, unavoidable that in all coasting voyages vessels should at times be driven off by the violence of storms and tempests; to such natural accidents we are chiefly indebted for the discovery of the *Madagascars*, *Azores*, and many of the West India islands. It appears that nearly by the same concurrence of circumstances we owe the discovery of the *Bermudas*; for the abovementioned Captain Lancaster, finding it necessary to write home, dispatched one Henry May, from *Hispaniola*, on board a French ship commanded by M. de Barbortier; which ship, having been driven out of her course by tempests, was wrecked upon her passage home upon the reefs of *Bermuda*. Mr. May, with a few of his fellow sufferers, was so fortunate as to gain the shore, and first landed upon one of the principal islands, now called *St. George's*. He found it at that time, as he describes, a terrestrial paradise, abounding with orange, lemon, and citron trees. Here was seen the towering palm, whose straight and naked stem shoots up to an immense height, crowned with a cupola of foliage resembling the feathers of the ostrich, overtopping all his fellows of the forest; a tree which, from the variety of its species, its numberless uses in trade and agriculture, may well be styled the lord of southern vegetation. Contrasted with the deep rough green of the cedar were seen the tall *papa*, with its bright grey stem and leaves of emerald green, bearing a fruit in shape and colour resembling a lemon, but unpalatable to the taste of an European. Groves of *mangoes*, *bannas*, and *plantains*, together with labyrinths of unknown aromatic underwood, crowned little islands, a stone's throw from each other, forming in miniature small bays and harbours, whose rocky inlets, fringed with tints of various hues, reflected from the transparent waves, underneath whose surface glided fish of unknown shapes and colour; a scene so novel, so romantic, and unknown, that for a time it rivetted the attention of the wanderers, and they lost sight of their own calamities in contemplation of the wonders around them. No vestige of human habitation was to be seen, all was silence and solitude, interrupted only occasionally by the murmurs of the distant breakers, the carol of the feathered tribe, and the spicy hum of the southern breeze as it swept the lofty cedars. Birds of beautiful plumage were seen feeding upon the berries of odoriferous shrubs: wild hogs grazing in the vallies, and great whales gambolling in the deep. Scenes like these the poets in all ages have delighted to dwell upon, and we have reason to believe that this island once, in reality, equalled that of the famed *Calypso* in imagination:—

“ But times are alter'd, trac'e's unfeeling train

“ Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain.”

Our immortal Shakespeare has with justice made it the scene of his shipwreck, making *Ariel* to warble forth his wild notes amidst rocks still more wild than those. He seems to allude to the heavy dews that fall here, and the continual turbulence of the breakers, when *Ariel* says,

"When once thou call'd'st me up at dun midnight,
"To fetch Heaven's dew from the still vex'd Bermoothes."

Although the islands bore no mark of habitation at the time Mr. May visited them, yet he had sufficient room for conjecture, that others had been in the same predicament as himself, though perhaps were less fortunate in their escape. The wrecks of vessels of different nations were easily discerned by this judicious mariner wedged amongst the rocks, and scattered along the coast, exhibiting awful memorials of the unskillfulness of navigation in those days, or hardy confidence in disregarding the reports or cautions of former navigators, who had laid down, though somewhat erroneously, the situation of the northern shoals, and named them the Bermudas, from John Bermuadas, a Spaniard, who first discovered them, though no mention is made in history of his ever landing upon them.

It appears a matter of some surprise, that Mr. May did not form a temporary settlement, especially when it is considered in what state he found the island, together with what he saved from the vessel and cargo. With these advantages he might at least have enjoyed a state of peaceful tranquillity for a few months, and might have employed the time in endeavouring to attract (by signals displayed from the most conspicuous parts of the island) the notice of some ship, either outward or homeward bound. But with the true spirit of an English sailor, bold, restless, and enterprising, May and his comrades prepared and contrived to build a vessel out of the remains of the wreck and cedar of the island, sufficient to convey them in safety to Europe, where, after enduring numerous hardships, incidental to such adventures, they at length providentially arrived.

May's adventures and arrival in England creating some interest, rumour became busily afloat, and our sanguine countrymen, in the heat of fervid imagination, and as fancy pictured, lavished several names upon them, such as the Fortunate Islands, Fairy Isles, &c. But they were mentioned and were forgotten, until in the reign of James the Second, in the year 1609, Sir George Somers was wrecked there, upon his passage from England to Virginia, whither he was bound, with an addition of five hundred men, for the support of that infant colony. Instead of "Fortunate," had these rocks, as far as respects shipping, been denominated "unfortunate," the epithet would have been more applicable, for it appears that our first knowledge of them is derived solely from a series of disasters, and time in this respect has not altered their character. As an instance, intelligence has just been received of a large American ship having struck upon the westernmost reefs, and foundered; and so common are occurrences of this nature, that scarce a week elapses in the winter season that some unfortunate mariner does not get entangled amongst rocks and breakers. They, indeed, surround these islands, as with an adamant chain, extending many leagues in circumference, and at a considerable distance from the shore. It is customary with the Bermudians, after a heavy blow, to ascend the heights,

and look out (but for purposes of humanity not spoil) for what they call a *turtle in the net*.

Happily, considering the numerous wrecks that yearly occur, very few lives comparatively are lost. This must be imputed to the praiseworthy exertions of the natives, who for skill, dexterity, and courage in the management of their boats amidst angry breakers and deadly shoals, cannot be excelled, and perhaps not equalled, in the known world. Instances have frequently been known of their venturing out, when blowing almost hurricanes, in boats from twenty to twenty-four feet keel, when the perilous situation of the ground has compelled them to luff up and bear away every five minutes, at the imminent risk of their lives, and which the admirable rig and construction of their boats will allow them to do in perfect security. When compared with those of other countries these boats answer their helm almost instantaneously, and will form an acute angle in a few seconds. They will further run under a press of sail for the space of an hour, dead to leeward, and beat back again in an hour and an half.

The Moosolah boats of India, sewn together with fibres of the cocoa-nut tree, remarkable for their breadth, depth, and buoyancy, the ease and safety with which they transport the astonished traveller through tremendous surfs on the far-famed shores of Asia, have long attracted the attention of the curious. The canoes of the Sandwich islands, of no less curious construction, it is affirmed, will go thirteen knots an hour upon a wind when in smooth water, but lose this advantage when in a sea. The boats of Deal, and along the Kentish coast, are much praised for their build and the heavy sea in which they will live, when piloted by their brave and skilful conductors. But as they are generally without ballast, and carrying (*i.e.* square sails), two insurmountable obstacles to beating to windward, they can never be relied on when deprived of the help of oars.]

After seeing the *beancods* of Portugal, the Dutch saiths, and Maltese gallies, I can venture to affirm, speaking of a certain length of a boat, as managed only by two hands, that those of Bermuda excel all others in the world for swiftness in all weathers, combining the advantages of simplicity, durability, and safety, and the greatest of all marine qualities, facility of getting to windward. These boats, it is asserted, will live in a sea with a British frigate, and make weather with her. They will form a square when beating to windward, and when well taken care of will last for fifty years. And here let me observe to the inhabitant of a great town or obscure village, if my poor endeavour should amuse a vacant hour by the bright blazing hearth, that whatever is connected with the sea should never be indifferent to an Englishman. It is the girdle of our liberty, on whose surface, like Adamantine studs, our glorious navy may be seen wave their triumphant flags in every clime. It is by such aids, seconded by the more powerful one of Providence, that your corn fields wave in plenty, that peace is in your dwellings, and that British freedom, founded on British courage, stands secure.

But to return to our history. About a mile from the town of St. George's, the capital of the Bermudas (which stands upon the island of that name), a little to the north-east, and a pleasant walk from the town along the northern shore, lies a small nook, called by the inhabitants Building Bay; it is remarkable for nothing but its being the inlet whence Sir George Somers launched his cedar vessel, upon the bosom of the Atlantic, perhaps the first of that timber ever raised by British hands, and certainly of a construction never before seen in those seas.

Sir George, like his predecessor, May, did not, it seems, save much from the wreck, as he appears to have been hard pushed even for iron, indispensable, one would think, to his project. But his strong mind and fertile genius surmounted every obstacle, and with only one iron bolt, which probably fastened the stern-post to the keel, this intrepid mariner managed to erect a vessel capable of conveying himself and companions to Virginia. It is the province of a reflecting mind to mark the rise and progress of every thing that is great or good in nature, useful or beneficial in arts and sciences. The first will raise our thoughts to Him that made us, and those that travel have many ways of seeing the wonders of His works: it will store our minds with knowledge, giving us a perfect tranquillity, which will set us above the petty vexations of the world in the day of trouble; the latter may make us more useful to our fellow-creatures, and by adding to our comforts in the hour of trial, ward us from the murmurs of despair.

A DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF KINSALE.

KINSALE is a small town, about fourteen miles from Cork; situated at the bottom of the harbour of Kinsale; formerly of some repute, and commanded by a strong fort, called Charles' Fort. Upon the right as you enter the harbour, you leave on the left the Old Head of Kinsale. Upon this is a well constructed light-house, the happy Beacon hailed by many a worn out mariner, after a long and tempestuous voyage across the Atlantic. It is, in fact, a very prominent cape, and is generally the first land made off Ireland by ships from distant voyages bound to Cork. It has a most curious and well constructed light; and upon a fine summer's evening, it throws a soft and beautiful shadow many furlongs upon the waves. It is also mostly visited by all strangers and parties of pleasure on the water, during the summer months, from Kinsale, who generally rendezvous there, to the confusion of cold whiskey punch, cold ham, and tongue.

Kinsale is famous for boating, and the fishermen have well constructed boats, which they manage very skilfully. They are safe, and sail very fast, and near the wind, and are of a beautiful model, inferior to none but the Bermudian; but like all things in Ireland, there is room for im-

provement even in them. Here are boat races once a-year, and generally two or three prizes are liberally bestowed by the nobility and surrounding gentry. Most gentlemen have a cutter for the season.—The Kinsale boat differs from the English cutter, in the swell and rise of the bow, the clear falling off abaft, mast short, and raking forward, the fore stay very taught, the gaff topped up so far as nearly to form a line with the foresail, which is the real cause of their lying so near the wind, and which, with the judicious construction of the floor and hull, render one of them, for swiftness and safety, worth a dozen of English boats, either on the Thames, Deal, or at Portsmouth. Near Charles' Fort, by the sea, is a mineral Spa, of great efficacy for bilious complaints, and for those whose systems have become relaxed by long residence in warm climates, or dissipation. About half an hour's walk from the town, either by the upper military road, or else along the side of a sweet hill, is a narrow winding path, which rises almost perpendicular from the sea, so narrow that two cannot walk a-breast, so safe that any one would go, and so sweet, that the lover would for a season forsake the side of his mistress to contemplate on her shade,—perhaps to address her in the beautiful semblance of Johnson's Indian Prince, "O damsel! beautiful as the sun shining on the water," and to say, "here alone would I separate from you." This path leads to the sweet little villa of Summer's Cove, at the bottom of a small bay, formed by projecting rocks, one hundred yards asunder: where, in most winds, the sea gently undulates under the windows of the inhabitants, being broken off by the projection of the point upon which Charles' Fort is built. This village is chiefly occupied by the excise, and a few poor honest inhabitants, who endeavour to procure a living by the sale of butter, eggs, and poultry to the garrison. There is, however, one or two families of respectability. Dean Graves, the Dean of Kinsale, lives here in a most enchanting spot. It is a rural house, situated in a garden formed of rocks and terraces, rising one above the other, beautifully adorned with vegetation, and not less with the chearful and hospitable smile of its good old owner, whose wisdom, piety, charity, and example, have contributed to exalt virtue, since his residence has decorated this place. He is an eminent proof of the good effects of men of influence and confirmed good habits residing amongst the lower class of the poor Irish.

Summer's Cove is at the bottom of a little valley. Behind it, and on both sides, the land gradually rises, partitioned out into little fields, in the highest state of cultivation. The rich and mottled clover, the dark green of the potatoe, and the light green of wheat and barley, form a delightful and varied picture. The fences, as in England, are not composed of quickset so green and gay, yet the numerous wild flowers and thick vegetation that covers them, amply compensate for the loss. Having a southern aspect towards the sea, the general tranquillity of the climate, the simplicity of the inhabitants, its remoteness from the busy haunts of men, instil into the mind a delicious resignation, a calm con-

tentment. One looks back from such a scene with little regret, and anticipates almost with indifference, except (if I had such or such an object how happy should I be,) one who would relish its charms,—one who would see God through all his works. Yet there is certainly even here a deficiency. No wood: an Irishman will cut down a tree, but will be shot before he will plant one. The ground, however, is so beautifully variegated, by rivulets, small hills and dales, without assistance of art, that the deficiency is not perceived. From the village you ascend a small hill, and proceed a few hundred yards to Charles' Fort, on a rock by the sea side, having a beautiful lawn in the rear of it, and on both sides a green slope, gradually descending to the water's edge, which is fringed with rocks of various shades and colours. On this slope I have often laid, and watched the sail, as it has passed the Old Head of Kinsale, either outward or homeward bound, and not unfrequently anticipated the hopes and fears of the captain, his passengers, and crew. None but those who have served in distant climates, experienced the vicissitudes of fortune and war, and have only half heard of the causes and events of the late mighty struggles in Europe, can conceive the sensations that arise from the first sight, after a long absence, of one's native land. In a fine day, on a smooth sea, how delightful! or on a still eve, when twilight grey in her sober livery all things clads, the lights as they break from the trees, or as we double some rocky point; the old church, the windmill, the dashing of the pilot's oars, or the furling up of his sails, all have their delightful associations, whilst if made in a storm or tempest, what a delightful sensation of transition arises to the mind by contrast. To quit the filthy vessel, dungeons of confined air, putridity, and bilge water, the boisterous sailor, and too often blasphemous captain; and then leave the sea-sickness for the

Nicely sandy floor,

And varnish'd clock, that clucks behind the door.

Even where there are no friends to receive one, no smile, but those produced from the bar-maid, by the interesting and silver sounds of the chinkling dollars, the officious waiter, and the uxorious landlord. Kinsale is the Bath of Ireland; the gentry resort there during the summer season from all parts, and every thing is very cheap. A turkey can be bought for 1s. 8d. a duck, for 10d. and meat, 4d a pound; lodgings, when well selected, are plentiful and cheap, with every accommodation for hot and cold bathing.

It is observed that every one improves here, and that married ladies are observed to thrive astonishingly. There is an abundance of fine shell and other fish, and one wants nothing here but honest servants, honest tradesmen, and a moderate income, to be as happy as the heart could wish. The upper class of inhabitants are highly polished, hospitable, benevolent, and attentive to strangers; they have a fascinating ease in their manners, void of brogue, that instantly captivates an Englishman; and though they themselves enjoy many blessings and advantages, they

readily allow our superiority in the refinements of life, and glory in their loyalty to the sister kingdom; many of them are of English extraction. Lord Kinsale, a worthy nobleman, resides here, and, as one of our old writers style them, the far-famed family of the Decourceys.

In the centre of the town, upon an eminence, overlooking the forts, villages, and harbour, is a fine green, surrounded with trees, kept in the best order, with gravel walks and seats; at one end is the reading or club-room, at the other the assembly, billiard table, and place for refreshments. Every thing is in miniature, for from this green you may see your lodgings, the harbour, and adjacent country, with ruined forts and castles, by the side of the river leading up the country, towards a domain of the Duke of Devonshire's, along whose banks parties are weekly made to Shannon Bridge, and the neighbourhood, which by some is believed to excel Kinsale for beauty and picturesque views. Having the advantage of hanging woods, ruined castles, and mills, to adorn its borders, it affords an agreeable change for those who delight in water parties. In no country have I ever seen a sweeter green than that of Kinsale; and certainly during the summer season no promenade can afford a more lovely display of charming *belles*.

The Irish women (the genteel women) are beautiful and virtuous to a proverb, and the ladies of Kinsale appear to have as much taste in dress as those of Cheltenham and Bath; in some respects better, for they never unbecomingly run into the extremes of fashion. One is astonished here at the number of females (nearly twenty to one) whom you may count upon this green on a fine summer's evening; these in fours, fives, sixes, and even sevens, walking together without a single gentleman, who too generally (except of the army or navy) prefer their horses and their claret to the society of the most charming and lovely women in the universe.

There are barracks for two regiments, or more, in Kinsale, but of late the garrison has only consisted of a weak militia regiment, whose commander has always the politeness to suffer their bands to play in the centre of this fairy green several evenings during the week, perform sacred music at the church, and commendably assist at all balls and institutions for charity. Nor are the ladies of Kinsale deficient in the laudable virtue of charity (there being so few men, and the ladies, of course, forming such a vast majority, I say ladies.) They have a School of Industry for Protestant, and I believe Catholic, children. Balls are given for their benefit, sermons preached, and even listened to for their advantage, and little private theatricals to complete the whole.

(To be continued.)

TOPOGRAPHY OF THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

BEING at Brussels a few days after the memorable battle of Waterloo, our party, consisting of three, was in readiness by six in the morning on the 31st of July.—When we had mounted our carriage, we called to the postillion—“*Waterloo !*”—“*Oui, Monsieur l'Anglais,*” he answered, with a smack of his whip and an emphasis, which shewed that he felt that conducting Englishmen *there*, was conducting them to their own proper domain. There had been rain during the night, and the morning was gloomy ; having, as we were told, the same appearance as that of the 18th of June ; of course, we would not have exchanged it for the brightest sunshine. The ground would be wet,—but so it was on the day of the battle ; and further, in point of time, we should just arrive about the hour it commenced.

After driving three or four miles, we entered the awful forest of Soign . It covers an immense extent of country from east to west, but is only about six or seven miles broad, where the road passes through it to Waterloo.

The impressions of an Englishman on entering this wood, are much enhanced by knowledge of the fact, that it was the great source of supply of ship-timber for Napoleon’s naval schemes at Antwerp, and already had built several ships of the line. The same forest which was intended to furnish means of her humiliation, protected the rear of her victorious army on the day when England, at one blow, destroyed the power of her destroyer for ever.

Every foot of the road was interesting, as it held its very straight course through the wood. We contrasted the gloomy, quiet of our journey,—a few peasants going to their early labour,—with its accumulated horrors on the day of the retreat of the baggage and wounded of the army ; the multitudes who dropt and died ; the numbers who were crushed to death ; the hurry, the alarm, the confusion ; the cries, and shrieks, and groans, of that scene ; and the interesting unprotected “*Elizabeth,*” steadily and safely, by a miracle, holding her way in the middle of it. Our carriage kept the paved chauss e, or centre of the way ; the two sides, of about 15 feet wide each, being deep and muddy, as they were on the great occasion. The whole breadth of the road seemed to be 40 or 50 feet. The trees which bounded it on each side are tall, and kept trimmed like a very high hedge or screen ; beyond them immediately commences the thick wood, in all the irregularity of nature. Here the wounded had crawled, and died in great numbers ; much baggage had been plundered ; and the whole population of the country had fled for safety.

Our postillion pointed out the mounds which marked where men and horses had been interred ; they were apparent every hundred yards. sepulture had been hurried and imperfect, especially of the horses ;

hoofs, and even limbs, frequently appearing. Often bayonet scabbards stuck out; and caps, shoes, and pieces of cloth, scarcely in the gloom distinguishable from the mud in which they lay, gave indication of the spots where many a soldier after bleeding in the field and toiling along the road to expected aid and comfort, unassisted, almost unpitied by the self-engaged sufferers who saw him fall, had sunk to rise no more. Some rain fell as we were bestowing a passing survey upon these affecting monuments of the brave, in a situation the most dismal we had ever beheld.

Waterloo's village and small neat church with its brick built dome were now in our view, situated in a recess of the wood evidently cleared for them. The road was now quite out of the forest; which, however, blackened the whole region to east and west as far as the eye could reach. In this poor hamlet, which history is to name with veneration as long as time endures, the peasants have been at pains to preserve the chalking on the doors; in which we recognised the well-known names of celebrated officers, or the offices of the several departments at head-quarters.

We were immediately surrounded by the people offering for sale, with great importunity, relics of the field; particularly the eagles which the French soldiers wore as cap plates. A few cuirasses, both the back and breast pieces, were likewise held up to us; as well as sabres, bayonets, and other spoil.

We drove a mile forward to the still smaller hamlet of Mont St. John, by a gradual ascent of the road; to right and left of which, the British army bivouacked on the eve of the battle; having advanced over the high ground in the morning to the southern slope facing the enemy; on fair open ground, without an advantage, to decide the fate of the world.

Mont St. John is quite behind the British line; and had its name given by Buonaparte to what was properly the farm house of La Haye Sainte, which he did succeed in carrying; but certainly never was so far advanced as Mont St. John; indeed he never did, for more than a few minutes at any time, succeed in penetrating the English position.

We left our carriage at this last hamlet, and walked on to the field with nervous anticipation. To the right and left were the multiplied marks of the artillery wheels, as rivalling "lightning's course in rain and in speed," they had careered to their station in the memorable line. Whole tracts were marked by the feet of the cavalry, often fetlock deep in the mud. The last homes of the brave began to appear, with the larger *tumuli* of their horses, more frequent as we approached the scene of contest. Keeping still the great road, we came to a tree which formed the precise centre of the British line; the well chosen station of the Duke of Wellington, when not occasionally visiting other parts of the position to confirm the unflinching spirit of his gallant comrades. It commanded a full view of the intermediate plain, and of the whole of the enemy's vast force upon the adverse slope and country beyond it, with every movement made or threatened by him.

Nothing is more false than the French apology, (added to their never-failing pretence of being overpowered by numbers), that the British

position was naturally strong, and carefully fortified. *Unentrenched* stood the British army, along its whole position, on a slope so gentle, that a coach driving up would not slacken pace; and to the ridge of which the French cavalry found no difficulty of galloping at full speed to the very bayonets of their opponents, who threw themselves into squares, their only entrenchments, to receive the charge. It was, to use a favourite English phrase, just the place for "*a fair set to; a clear field and no favour.*"

We had the good fortune to meet with a very intelligent English officer, who had been in the action, and who had that day paid his first visit to the field, after recovering of his wound.

From Lord Wellington's station, we stood and gazed on the whole scene; not daring to break silence for some minutes. And deep was now the silence of the vast sepulchre of 20,000 men, contrasted with the roar and the carnage of the battle. The gloomy weather still lasted; and was valued by us, as peculiarly suitable to the scene we were contemplating. The imagination is incalculably aided by viewing the scene of a memorable battle. The actors being generally familiar to us, we can easily people the field with them; and become thereby actually present at the moment of the event. Indeed, so very simple is the field of Waterloo, that a conception of very ordinary power may quite take it in from description alone. Although here and there, varied by inequalities, it will serve all popular purposes to say, that at the distance from each other of about a mile, the contending armies occupied parallel high grounds sloping, with almost equal declivity, to a plain of about half a mile broad, which intervened. The English line, or rather two lines, extended about two miles; the French masses nearly three miles. The Brussels road ran at right angles through both armies; forming the centre of each. On this road, in one line, are the villages of Waterloo, and Mont St. John, and the farm houses of La Haye Sainte, and La Belle Alliance; and the only other place which requires to be referred to, is the memorable Château of Hougomont, advanced a short way in front of nearly the right of the British position. The road from Brussels to Nivelles, which branches off at Waterloo from the great road already described, passed the right of the army; which last being thrown back into a curve, crossed the angle formed by the two roads, like the scale of a quadrant. A number of smaller roads and foot-paths intersected the field in all directions, none of them of any importance in the affair, excepting always those which admitted the brave Prussians to their share of the glory of delivering the world.

The night before the battle, the troops lay down, already drenched with the heavy rain, and in the deep mud of the ground. Every one must have remarked, that by a singular fatality, our brave army have often had very unfavourable weather for their greater exploits. The country had been quite dry till the movement of the troops from their cantonments; but on the 17th, the rain and thunder and lightning continued almost without intermission, till the morning of Waterloo, when

it ceased, and the weather became fine again. Fortunately, there was too much excitement of spirits, for this physical inconvenience to be much felt, either at the time or afterwards. The men were fresh from cantonments; and their toil, though severe, was short. Never did British army take the field in finer condition. The cavalry especially felt the benefit of fighting, before losing the effects of their superior keeping, by the toils and privations of a campaign.

When cooking their breakfast, the troops were called to desist, by the spirit-stirring preparative from the *aids-du-camp* passing at full gallop—"Stand to your arms, the French are moving." They had moved. An immense array of cuirassiers had already swept across the plain, to embarrass the British deployments. A momentary alarm and confusion were created among our infantry and artillery. The Life Guards, who had mainly covered the retreat the day before, had the honour of the first dash at the enemy on the 18th of June; the commencement only of much good service throughout the day. No charge on that field is described as more magnificent than this, the first from these brilliant and tremendous troops. The shock was scarcely waited for by the enemy; a moment cleared the whole front attacked; and in no part of the day was the flight of the cuirassiers more unequivocal, except at the termination of the battle, than it was immediately after this their first essay.

A sentiment of pride is universal in the country, because of the well-earned distinction of the household troops of both arms, and with one voice is hailed the wise abandonment of that system, so unjust to them, which kept them exclusively for shew, and denied to the British monarch the high sight of a circle of proved warriors immediately around his person, of the same cast with those who carry his name with his own to the remotest quarter of the world.

As we stood on our commanding spot, the first thought was most naturally of the numbers of the contending armies respectively. The British were stated by Buonaparte himself at 80,000, and certainly they have never been made out to have been more. Marshal Blücher estimates them at the same number. Of these not more than 30,000 were actually British; the rest were Germans, Belgians, and Dutch. There was assuredly no corps of Prussians in the battle before the evening. The French army certainly were 130,000, making the enormous balance in their favour of 50,000 men; and, be it never forgotten, *all French*, and the best troops of France.

Buonaparte knew the number of his already devoted adversaries well; and with his usual presumption expressed great astonishment to see their undismayed front on *that* side of the forest. His fear was, that they would escape him in the night; and he exclaimed, on first seeing their order of battle with the dawn—"Ah! *je les tiens donc, ces Anglais!*"

The regular battle, it is well known, commenced by the almost simultaneous advance (and we distinctly saw their course) of three entire *corps d'armée* on the right, left, and centre of the British line. The at-

tack on the right had for its first object the carrying of the post of Hougoumont, the key of the position ; in possession of which, the French could have turned the British right. That column had shortest way to move ; and, under Jerome, it was there that the cannon and musquetry first began. As admitted by the "*Three Days*," fresh reinforcements were sent to this scene of carnage repeatedly to no purpose. The utmost success of probably 30,000 men, was obliging the light companies of the 1st, 2d, and 3d Foot Guards, under the command of Lord Saltoun, to take refuge *within* the post, instead of defending the small wood on the outside of it. The post itself was never occupied by the enemy for a moment. The Guards kept it, in spite of grape, and musketry, and balls, and shells, and flames ; till they issued from it victorious in the hour of vengeance.

The *corps d'armée* destined for the left (the 6th), soon arrived at the first attack in that quarter about the centre of the British left wing ; but were calmly received and repulsed, by the admirably served artillery, and by the 42d, 79th, and 92d Highlanders, supported, it is believed, by the 1st and 28th regiments, under the lamented Sir Thomas Picton. The whole was in our view. Nothing could be more tremendous than the mode of attack ; it was headed by artillery, which discharged showers of iron grape shot, each bullet larger than a walnut*. It was a battle, on the part of the French, of cavalry and cannon, both equipped as if by magic, and much more formidable than had ever been known, in the French armies even, to take the field. "*L'artillerie*," says the "*Journal of Three Days*," "*se porta en avant, sur toute la ligne, et les colonnes la suivirent†.*" Heading these columns were the iron-cased cuirassiers, in as complete mail, breast and back, as in the days of that defensive armour ; upon which the musket balls were heard to ring as they glanced off, without injuring or even stunning the wearer. These *men at arms* had immense infantry columns of support at their backs.

A stunted hedge bounded each side of a narrow cross road, which ran along the whole of the British left wing, joining the great road near the Duke of Wellington's tree already mentioned. In the hedge there were a number of gaps, which had been made to serve as a kind of embrasures for the line of the British cannon of the left wing : and a trifling bank, only here and there two or three feet high on which the hedge grew, and in which apertures for the guns were cut where necessary, was the only thing resembling shelter, which any portion of our artillery enjoyed ;—and may have given occasion to the author of the "*Journal of Three Days*," to speak of appearances of fresh earth turned up in the British position.

When the cannon and infantry had staggered the masses of the enemy, and somewhat calmed their fury ; round the extremity of the

* Some of these dreadful balls we found on the field.

† "The artillery advanced *in front* along the *whole* line, and the columns followed."

cross road, full on the flank of the foe,—horses in perfect condition, men in steady determination,—wheeled, like a whirlwind, the Royals, Greys, and Enniskillens—England, Scotland, and Ireland, in high rivalry and irresistible union. In vain, for the second time, the iron cases,—the cuirassiers were “*bouleversés et culbutés*,” (in the words of the “*Journal of Three Days*”) their cannon was deserted and taken; and the columns of infantry were thrown into such confusion, that they had just time to get beyond the range of the prudent pursuit of their adversaries, whose warfare was yet defensive. The dragoons and infantry, with their captured cannon and eagles, calmly returned to their place in position, to await the next advance of the enemy.

If our present ground had the well-fought round faintly described in full view; so had Napoleon's station, about a mile along the road from whence we stood. With the poor farmer Lacoste pinioned on horse-back beside him, stood the Emperor; unable to conceal his astonishment at the recoil and almost flight of his finest troops; and constrained, in spite of himself, repeatedly to mutter compliments to the spirit, rapidity, and steadiness of the British cavalry. “These English fight admirably,” said he to Soult; “but they *must* give way.”—“No, Sire, they prefer being cut to pieces,” was the answer of one who knew something of them. The grey horses especially struck him, and he often repeated, *quelles superbes troupes!*

The centre attack was most of this time in full activity, and overwhelming efforts were making to gain the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, advanced two or three hundred yards from the British position. Here fortune bestowed one melancholy smile on Napoleon's arms. No moment even of temporary success was theirs in the line; but they did establish themselves, with an odds of twenty to one, in the post of La Haye Sainte, in consequence, as the Duke of Wellington's account testifies, of the unexpected failure of the ammunition of a detachment of the German Legion, to which its defence was committed; a failure which, from the position and great strength of the assailants, it was at the time considered impossible to supply. This very limited, and, as it turned out, *bootless*, success of the enemy, it appears is matter of much self-reproach to the commander in chief. He has been heard to use very hard words, when speaking of what he calls his want of presence of mind on the occasion. It was impossible to send ammunition in by the gates at the two sides of the farm-yard; but it might have approached the *back* of the house, under cover of the British fire, and been handed in by an aperture made on purpose. Considering what the general on such a day had to think of, it will not be surprising that, with all his commanding influence, the Duke of Wellington has not succeeded in inducing any of his auditors to join in the accusation. He has one comfort; the post, when carried with immense loss, did no good to the captors. It neutralized a large force, and never for a moment shook the British centre.

The three attacks now described, we were told, might serve as a fair specimen of the reiterated war during the entire day. From eleven in the morning till seven at night, it consisted of a succession of such assaults, with unabated fury, and increasing numbers, and often with a boldness and deadly effect, which perplexed our soldiers, and put their matchless firmness to the utmost trial. It may be believed, that every fresh onset swept away multitudes of our infantry; still the survivors gave not an inch of the ground, but made good the lines and firm the squares. No men in Europe could have endured as they did. Again and again the enemy's cannon and cavalry rebounded from their "adamantine front," dismayed and scattered. These were the *breathing* times of our heroes! Line was with admirable alacrity formed for a greater breadth of fire than the squares afforded, immediately on seeing the *back* plates of the cuirasses; when masses of French infantry approached with a heavy fire of musketry. They did "go through their work," as Napoleon often muttered, unlike any troops *he* had ever seen. Such were the visits of the cannon and cavalry, that, as I have repeatedly been assured by officers with whom I have conversed, these interludes of infantry battle were a kind of *refreshment*, after their toil with the other arms! They never took the trouble to look at the numbers; they felt as if boys had attacked them, merely to keep them in wind; and invariably routed the columns by a very few steps in advance with pointed bayonets.

The Duke, in visiting different points, was often received with a shout of impatience to be led on. The gallant 95th were very tired of the iron cases, and the iron grape shot. An immense body of French infantry happened to approach that noble regiment at one time when the commander was paying them a visit; "Let us at 'em, my Lord, let us down upon 'em," quite regardless of their numbers. "Not yet," replied the chief "not yet, my brave men, but you shall have at them soon; firm a little longer; we *must not* be beat; what would they say in England?"

From our vantage ground, we had gained a very satisfactory general idea of the field, and, before setting out on a circuit of more minute inspection, went down to the farm house of La Haye Sainte, to examine the state in which the conflict had left that post. Much of the wreck of the battle lay between the Duke of Wellington's station, and the farm house, which manifested the hazard to which he had been exposed.

The "*Journal of three Days*"* admits the necessity of sending against La Haye Sainte "*de nouvelles forces*," before it was taken, by the slaughter of almost all its brave defenders. It is just an ordinary farm house and court of offices. The house forms one side of a square, and the offices the other three; the court yard collecting the manure in the middle, and sheltering the cattle. The side opposite to the house is a

* This Journal of three Days of the Battle of Waterloo is just published, price 5s. 6d. being translated by the Editor of the Military Chronicle.

long building for cows; the passage being separated from the cows' stalls by a parapet about four feet high. At each end of the passage is a large door or gate, both of which were literally riddled with musket balls, fired *from within*, and *from without*, as could easily be distinguished from the kind of hole the ball had made. The bodies, after the action, were heaped up in the cows' stalls, as high as the parapet. The whole farm house, yard, and offices might have afforded room for 1000 or 1500 men to act. They had made holes for musketry all round the buildings; and many a hole had been made for them by the enemy. The whole presented a scene of shattered ruin, which could not be looked upon without a degree of interest amounting to terror. It stood a noble monument of the determined valour of our German brethren in arms.

Some very poor children who seemed to starve about the ruins, soon joined us, and began to beg from us "*quelque chose*" with the most persevering importunity. Their miserable appearance was in perfect agreement with the scene of desolation about them. We saw no grown people who seemed to have any interest in the place.

Having succeeded in opening the shattered door which led out to the fields to the west, we saw several women still engaged in the lately most lucrative occupation of gleaning up any thing which they could sell to strangers. The same persons had very probably been active in stripping and plundering the slain. We asked them where they were during the action:—" *Toutes dans le bois.*"—Did they hear the noise?—the answer was a shrug and look of dreadful recollection. They seemed to be finding very little worth taking up. We were ourselves at the moment more fortunate, for among some straw, and plainly marked with blood, we found a French bayonet, which we brought away with us.

We returned to the tree, and directed our course westward along the British right wing. There was no difficulty in tracing the well-defended line—it was now a *line of graves*. The survivors never quitted it, but to advance. The very ground was hallowed; and it was trode by us with respect and gratitude: the multitudes below, so lately interred, occasioned a very impressive subject of reflection.

If the unknown dead called forth these feelings, much more did the consciousness of standing on the spot, where some one known to us had "nobly fought and nobly died." We stood where the interesting Sir William de Lancey had met his death, when rallying, with great spirit and effect, a battalion of Hanoverians, which had got into confusion. He nobly refused to occupy the time of the surgeons with *his* wound, which he had heard them pronounce mortal, when they thought him insensible. He was removed to the village of Waterloo, where he died. This gallant young man's early name, and just favour with his great commander, excited general and deep interest for his fate, and no where more than in Edinburgh, where he had been married only a few weeks before.

Indeed the instances of heroic death were as numerous as they are affecting. Colonel Miller of the first guards requested a last sight of the

colours under which he had fought. He kissed them fervently, and begged they might be waved over him till he expired.

The lamented Captain Curzon, Lord Scarsdale's son, met his fate with almost "military glee." In falling from his horse, he called out gaily to Lord March, who was riding with him at a gallop,—“ Good b'ye, dear March.” And by one effort more, when his friend had left him for the urgent duty of animating a foreign corps, in very critical circumstances, he looked up, and cried “ Well done, dear March.”

The afflicting idea strongly occurred, of the next day's horrors of such a field as Waterloo. Numbers of the desperately wounded and dying, in the midst of the dead, raised their heads, when visitors to the scene passed them, to implore water, or to beg death at their hands, to end their agonies. Many of the wounded were not removed till the Wednesday, the third day after the battle.

All was now hushed in the stillness of the grave, the sad consummation which the wounded implored. No one who has not seen it, can imagine how touching it is to see, strewed over the ground, fragments of what the brave men wore or carried when they fell. Among the straw of the trodden down corn which still covered the field, lay caps, shoes, pieces of uniforms and shirts, tufts, cockades, feathers, ornamental horse-hair red and black, and what most struck us, great quantities of letters, and leaves of books. The latter were much too far defaced by rain and mud, to make it worth our while to lift any of them. In one letter, we could just make out the words, so affecting in the circumstances, “ My dear husband.” We brought away some leaves of a German hymn book; and probably, had we had time, might have found something curious in a department in which the peasants seemed not at all to have anticipated us.

We were now on the station of the Prince of Orange, and where he received his wound. The Dutch and Belgians under his immediate command behaved very gallantly. The Prince is said, in a moment of chivalrous feeling, when applauding their valour, to have torn the star from his breast, and thrown it into their column; adding, that he did not know who best deserved it, and therefore he gave it among them.

JAMES SIMPSON.

Note.—This Gentleman, a man worthy of his country and his profession, has published a most eloquent Narrative of his Visit to Flanders, and which we warmly recommend to our readers. The above is only a brief extract of what ought to be in the hands of every officer.

ORIGINAL NARRATIVE OF THE BATTLE OF WATER-LOO.

*(From the French.)**(Continued from page 164.)*

THE centre, in which was the third and fourth corps, with the 6th corps and the Guard in the reserve, was directed upon Fleurus. Marshal Grouchy, with his cavalry and some infantry, manœuvred towards the village of Sombref upon the road to Namur.

In debouching from Fleurus, we instantly discovered the Prussian army, whose principal masses were drawn up in condensed columns. They were stationed upon the *plateaux* which joins the windmill of Busse. Their position was along a ridge of heights, in the immediate front of which, at the bottom of the hills, was a deep and woody ravine, and which extended in front of their whole line. Its right was appuyed on the village of St. Amand; its centre at Ligny; and its left, of which the eye could not perceive the termination, extended itself towards Sombref, and prolonged itself indefinitely upon Gembloux and the route to Namur. All these villages, which were very considerable in themselves, and were strongly situated upon rough and intersected ground (*terrain inégal et intrecoupé*), were in advance of the ravine above mentioned, and were well manned with infantry.

Having duly recognized the position (an art in which he excels every man of his age) the Emperor ordered the suitable dispositions to attack it. His mind, his eye, his whole deportment, were now on fire.

The first corps, which made a position of our left, together with two divisions of heavy cavalry, was posted in the rear of the village of Frasnes,—that is to say, a little to the right of the high road to Brussels, so as to be in readiness to move itself to any point in which it might be wanted.

The third corps was directed in columns of attack upon the village of St. Amand.

The 4th advanced upon Ligny, having the guard, the 6th corps, and a numerous cavalry in reserve.

Marshal Grouchy, with the divisions on the right, made his advance towards Sombref.

The third corps began the fire in attacking the village of St. Amand, where it met with an obstinate resistance. It carried it, however, at the point of the bayonet, but was again charged by the enemy, and compelled to abandon it.

In the mean time, the fourth corps precipitated itself with great alacrity upon Ligny, and a most obstinate conflict was commenced upon this point. Each party fought with the utmost desperation, and for a long time there appeared no yielding or thought of yielding upon either side.

In the same moment, our two wings had come to the engagement with the opposite wings of the enemy; our right, directing

itself against the enemy at Sombref, whilst our left advanced against Frasnes.

Every part of both armies (our reserve alone excepted) was thus engaged; the affair therefore was now general, and the cannonade, increasing every instant, roared in tremendous horror along the lines.

Upon both sides was the conflict sustained with the same resolute courage,—I had almost said, the same sanguinary obstinacy. I really know not how to describe the inconceivable fury and exasperation of the soldiers on both sides; it seemed as if every man had to avenge himself of some personal injury, and saw in his adversary only his implacable enemy. The French refused to give or take quarter; the Prussians, it is added, had previously announced the intention of massacring all the French who should fall into their hands. The chief fury of the enemy seemed directed towards the Imperial Guard. The French themselves regarded all the Prussians and other Germans as fugitive slaves, and treacherous malefactors. In a word, the mutual hatred was inflamed by the memory of past injuries, and the certainty that whoever should be victors, the victory would be abused by cruelty.

The villages, which were the scene of action, were taken and retaken several times, after the most horrible carnage. Those of St. Amand and Ligny were disputed with an invincible desperation. But the French succeeded in establishing themselves in the church-yard of St. Amand, and in maintaining themselves there in despite of the repeated efforts of the Prussians to expel them. The conflict, however, was truly terrible upon this point, and was so doubtful, that Buonaparte sent in all haste to seek the first corps to reinforce the combatants in this quarter.

By this movement, the left wing, which was at this moment engaged with the English army at Frasnes, and which had succeeded in repelling the English from the heights of Frasnes to the farm of Quatre Bras, was greatly enfeebled; and what added still to the error of having moved away this important reserve of Marshal Ney, was that Napoleon had not the consideration to inform the Marshal of this subtraction of the greater part of his force.

The first corps had moved off, in its new direction upon St. Amand, about an hour, when the English army, being considerably reinforced by the Prince of Orange, resumed the offensive, and began to repel with much vigour our tirailleurs and advanced columns. On the flank of the high road to Brussels was a wood; the English occupied the verge of it, and were separated from us by a hollow way in the form of a ravine.

But between the wood and the ravine were numerous plateaux, which formed advantageous positions for cavalry. Some of them were either in advance of the ravine, or had an easy passage over it. These *plateaux* were suddenly covered with battalions of infantry supported by a formidable cavalry, which confident in their reinforcements, now boldly advanced; and threatened to charge and pierce our opposed line. Our troops, wearied by their previous advantages, seemed to retreat from new efforts. The

moment was critical, and it became necessary to call up the reserve. Marshal Ney, however, little alarmed at these appearances, because he reckoned upon his first corps in reserve, now sent it the order to come up, and to charge the enemy. But how great was his astonishment and embarrassment, when he learned that Buonaparte had already marched it off to another point.

He immediately ordered the 8th and the 11th cuirassiers, who happened to be at hand, to charge the first battalions. This charge was executed with the greatest bravery; but these battalions, being supported from behind with the infantry which filled the wood, were enabled to return such a terrible fire upon us, that our cuirassiers, being repelled in their attempt to pierce them, were compelled to make a wheel round; and as always happens in such cases, retired in much disorder. It was in this charge, which, however unfortunate, was executed with the greatest resolution, that a cuirassier of the 11th regiment took a colour of the English 64th regiment.

The retrograde movement which was now sensibly beginning, and the multitude of wounded soldiers who threw themselves into the rear, began to excite a manifest terror amongst their comrades. The waggoners, the servants, the attendants of the camp of all kinds, saved themselves with precipitation; and communicating their panic to all they met, soon clogged up the road to Charleroi. The rout indeed in this point (Ney's command) was beginning to be complete; every one was flying in confusion; and the cry of "the enemy, the enemy," was general.

But the evil was not in fact so great as it appeared, and therefore was repaired. This Marshal, the bravest amongst the brave, was not to be daunted or confounded by a slight disaster. General Roussard, with his division of cuirassiers, hastened in a long trot into the front of the English, and reassured the fugitives by his presence, and in good part re-established the battle. Our infantry, taking their position upon the heights of Frasnes, were compelled to abandon all purpose of a more forward movement; they confined themselves, therefore, to maintaining this position, and they succeeded in it.

Such was the effect of Napoleon's withdrawing the first corps from Marshal Ney. And the first corps was as useless to the Emperor, as it would have been effectual to Marshal Ney. It was employed only in marching and in returning.

In the meantime the fire continued with increased vivacity along the whole line, and particularly towards Ligny, where the greater part of both armies were assembled, and upon which therefore each directed its main efforts. The cannonade, indeed, never relaxed for an instant; and our artillery, as far as I could form a judgment from what I saw, made a most horrible havoc in the Prussian columns, which being posted in masses on the opposite ridge of hills, and upon *plateaux* just below our batteries and position, afforded us a point-blank aim at less than half cannon-shot. On the other hand, our own troops, carefully posted in the sinuosities of the ground, and at the foot of the hills, were comparatively very little exposed to the Prussian artillery; which

thus, (like those troops themselves) made more noise than effect, and reminded every military man of the ferocious whiskers and cowardly hearts, —the warlike dress and insignificant minds, of the Prussian Officers.

About seven in the evening, we were masters of the villages, but the Prussians still retained their positions behind the ravines. Buonaparte had all long manœuvred so as to be enabled to make a sudden movement upon the rear of the ravine; he saw that the occasion was now at hand, and he instantly directed his Imperial Guard and all his reserve upon the village of Ligny.

This bold and most skilful movement had for its object to separate the right of the Prussians from the rest of their army, and thus to intercept it from making a retreat upon Namur.

The guard moved forwards at the *pas de charge*, being supported, moreover, by a numerous cavalry and a most formidable artillery. It forced the village and in despite of a shower of balls cleared the ravine. The Prussians were for a moment daunted, and seemed about to fly; but suddenly resuming their courage, recommenced a tremendous fire upon us whilst in the ravine. A sanguinary contest again began, till the Imperial Guard, rushing in front up the ravine, charged the Prussian squares with the bayonet. The Prussians even yet stood their ground for a time. But at length nothing could resist the impetuosity of the French grenadiers; they forced and cut their way in every direction. The Emperor finished the business at this moment by bringing up the cavalry to charge. The Prussians, thus pierced in every part, and seeing all their courage of no avail, now began their retreat, abandoning to us the field of battle, covered with the dead and wounded, and several dismounted cannon. The Imperial Guard took possession of the ground quitted by the enemy, and the cavalry pursued them.

Whilst this decisive operation was effected at Ligny, the third corps endeavoured to occupy the right wing of the Prussians, with the purpose of masquing the previous operation upon Ligny. But the enemy's generals, seeing the purpose of this feint attack, and seeing at the same time the repulse of his left from Ligny, commenced a well disposed retreat, which was now general upon all points of the Prussian army. The enemy now only fought to secure its retreat, which they effected by filing off in columns upon Gembloux and Namur; a strong rear-guard occasionally fronting to repel our attacks.

But as the enemy were defeated, and their columns were soon in the act of flying with more precipitation, we applied ourselves to the pursuit. The night, and the fatigues of the soldiers, prevented us from executing this purpose with any effect. We were compelled to content ourselves with passing the ravine, and occupying the ground hitherto possessed by the enemy. At ten, the fire had ceased upon the whole line, and our army was in bivouac.

(To be continued.)

ADDITIONAL DETAILS OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

(Concluded from our last.)

THE rain which had continued heavy throughout the night, began to abate about nine in the morning, when Buonaparte, whose headquarters that night had been at Planchenois, a farm some little distance in the rear of the French line, and about fifteen miles from Brussels, put his army in motion. The position which they occupied was on a ridge immediately opposite to that of the British, at a distance varying from 1000 to 12 or 1300 yards. Their right was on the heights in front of Planchenois; their centre at a little country tavern and farm, famous from that day in history for its appropriate name of La Belle Alliance; their left leaning on the road to Brussels from Nivelles. The cuirassiers were in reserve behind, and the imperial guard in reserve upon the heights. Grouchy and Vandamme had been detached toward Wavre against the Prussians; and the sixth corps under Count Lobau, with a body of cavalry, was in the rear of the right, ready to oppose a Prussian corps, "which," says the official French account, "appeared to have escaped Marshal Grouchy, and to threaten to fall upon our right flank." Buonaparte had obtained information of this, and it was confirmed by an intercepted letter from one of the Prussian generals: but of the strength, temper, and disposition of the Prussian army he seems to have been woefully ignorant. Reversing, however, his plan of the 16th, and perhaps considering Blücher as in no state to renew the combat, he ordered the great body of his force against Wellington, thinking to overpower the British army by dint of numbers. He brought, therefore, against their 75,000, three corps of infantry, and almost all his cavalry, amounting with artillery to not less than 110,000 men, 40,000 more being in reserve, or awaiting the Prussians on the right.

The two points of the greatest importance in the British position, were the farm of Hougomont with its wood and garden in front of the left. In the early part of the forenoon the French army was paraded almost as if Buonaparte thought to intimidate his opponent by the display of so formidable a force, and about noon, or a little earlier, the action began by a furious attack upon Hougomont: Soult and Ney attacked it with one corps, and the French came on with their usual shouts and their usual impetuosity. This point Lord Wellington had strengthened as much as possible during the night: a detachment of the Guards was stationed there, and the garden and wood were lined with Nassau troops as sharpshooters. These troops disputed the ground gallantly, and when they were compelled to retire under cover of the house, the Coldstream and the Third drove back the enemy. Within half an hour 1500 men were killed here in an orchard not exceeding four acres in extent. Great efforts were made by the assailants: they surrounded the house on three sides, and they set it on fire with shells,

and burnt a great part of it nearly to the ground. But they were compelled to desist from the attack, and fresh English troops recovered the wood. Throughout the day the enemy made repeated efforts in great force to obtain possession of this important point, but it was defended with the utmost gallantry to the last. Artillery on both sides was directed against this wood, and almost every tree bears marks of the tremendous conflict; their branches shattered and the trunks pierced. Generations, and perhaps centuries hence, the woodman, when he feels his axe strike upon the imbedded balls, will remember Wellington and the battle of Waterloo.

This attack upon Hougoumont was accompanied by a very heavy fire from more than 200 pieces of artillery upon the whole British line, and under cover of this fire repeated attacks were made, first by infantry only—then by cavalry only—and lastly and principally by cavalry and infantry together. One of these latter was so serious and made with such numbers, that General Alava says it required all the skill of the British commander to post his troops, and all the courage and discipline of his soldiers to withstand the assailants. This was the attack on Sir Thomas Picton's division, and in which that gallant officer fell. The Duke himself happened to be in this part of the field at that moment. The French advanced up to a hedge (the only one in the country, and which gives its name to three or four neighbouring hamlets) which extends along the heights where the British left was placed—some of our foreign corps who were posted behind this hedge gave way, but the Duke moved up some British troops, and the enemy was driven off with immense loss. It was at this time Sir Thomas Picton fell: at the moment when the enemy, astonished at seeing their charge met in this manner, fired and retreated, a musket ball struck his right temple, went through his brain, and passing through the skull on the opposite side was retained by the skin. A helmet might probably have saved the life of one of the most distinguished and gallant officers in the British service. Indeed, the enemy in this action found the full advantage of defensive armour, which we, strangely as it would seem, have not yet adopted. The French cuirass is made pigeon-breasted, so that unless a musket ball be fired very near it, it is turned off, and it is kept polished that the balls may more readily slant aside; the hinder part fits the back; they are stuffed with a pad, fastened on with a clasp, and are put on and off in an instant. The weight of the whole is about 16 pounds, not enough to occasion any inconvenience to an able-bodied man. The men who were thus armed were the flower of the French army: it was required that they should not be less than six feet high, that they should have been twelve years in the service, have served in three campaigns, and maintained a good character. Their horses are proportionably good. Thus armed and thus mounted they possessed a most important advantage over the British troops, the great points of weight and strength in our cavalry having been sacrificed for the sake of activity and display: the

error had been felt in Spain ; it was still more severely felt at Waterloo. The enemy had another advantage, in the use of the lance, the most formidable, if not the most efficient weapon with which a horseman can be armed, as had been proved to our cost at Albuhera.

The attack in which General Picton fell proved fatal also to Sir William Ponsonby. He led his brigade against the Polish lancers, and checked their charge. Accompanied by only one aide-de-camp, he got into a ploughed field, where his horse stuck ; he was badly mounted, for he had not expected to be in action so soon, and his own charger was not arrived. A body of lancers approached him full speed ; these men have always distinguished themselves by their barbarity : Sir William saw that his death was inevitable, for the horse was incapable of extricating himself, but he hoped the aide-de-camp might escape, and taking out the picture of his lady and his watch, was in the act of delivering them to his care when the enemy came up and speared them both. The brigade revenged their commander so well, that the Polish lancers were almost entirely cut to pieces before the day was over. Two eagles were taken in this charge ; two of those imperial eagles which had been given to the French troops only seventeen days before in the Champ de Mars, and which, in sight of the people of Paris, they had sworn to defend, and to perish if necessary in defending them. The bearer of one had well performed his oath ; it was defaced with blood in the struggle, and the eagle was severed from the pole by the cut of a sabre. These standards were inscribed with the names of Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau, Friedland and Wagram. It has been a matter of surprise to some, why more eagles were not taken—the reasons are, first, that the number of eagles is very small ; each regiment has but one eagle, though it has four battalions, so that in our army there are eight colours for the same number of men to whom one eagle is assigned—secondly, it appears from the Order Book of one of the French regiments which was picked up on the field of battle and is now before us, that the eagles had not been generally distributed to the army, and that only a few favoured regiments had yet had them ;—and thirdly, it is surprizing that one eagle ever should be taken, for they are purposely made portable, and easily detached from the staff ; and it is a practice of the French, with that mixture of rhodomontade and meanness which characterized them under Buonaparte, to boast that they had secured their eagles when the staff and the colour were abandoned, and the eagle itself was in the pocket of some runaway ensign.

It was only on the left of the centre that the enemy obtained a temporary success ; some light troops of the German Legion had been stationed in the farm of La Haye Sainte ; the French succeeded in occupying the communication between them and the army, and when all the ammunition of the besieged was expended, they carried the farm-house, and, it is said, put every man to the bayonet. This enabled them, about two o'clock, to occupy a small mound on the left of the road near where the

hedge joins the road from Brussels to Charleroi, and just opposite the gate of the farm, and from this position they never were dislodged till the grand advance of the British army about seven in the evening. The battle continued with the most desperate intrepidity on both sides. Buonaparte continually bringing forward his troops in considerable masses, and the British and their allies resolutely resisting them. The Duke of Wellington was every where; always where the struggle was most arduous, in the hottest fire and front of the danger, he was seen, as Waller says of Lord Falkland,

exposing his all-knowing breast
Among the throng as cheaply as the rest.

Never were his exertions more needful: sometimes he was rallying broken infantry, sometimes placing himself at the head of formed squares. No man indeed ever had more confidence in his troops, or did more justice to them. "When other generals," he has said, "commit an error, their army is lost by it, and they are sure to be beaten; when I get into a scrape, my army gets me out of it." The men on their part amply returned the confidence which they so well deserved. "Bless thy eyes!" said a soldier in Spain, when Lord Wellington passed by him for the first time after he had returned from Cadiz to the army—"Bless thy eyes, I had rather see thee come back than see ten thousand men come to help us!" On this day both men and leaders were put to the proof: none of their former fields of glory, many as they had seen together, had been so stubbornly contested, or so dearly won. All this while there was no appearance of the Prussians; and well as the British army stood its ground, many an anxious eye was directed towards the quarter from whence they were expected.

Blucher had put his army in motion at break of day. The corps of Borstel and Bulow were to march by St. Lambert, occupy a position there under cover of the forest near Fritschermont, and take the enemy in the rear when the moment should appear favourable. Ziethen's corps was to operate on the right flank of the enemy by Ohain, and Thielman to follow slowly and afford succour in case of need. But the two first of these corps had been placed on the east side of the river Dyle at Wavre; they had to cross by a narrow bridge; and to add to the delay which this necessarily occasioned, the houses in the street leading to it were on fire, so that the infantry passed with difficulty, the cavalry and artillery with still greater, and the powder-tumbrils not at all till the fire was extinguished. The passage too by the defile of St. Lambert was far more difficult than had been expected, so that when it was half past four in the afternoon, only two brigades of Bulow's corps had arrived at the covered position which was assigned them. But there was not a moment to be lost, and the general resolved immediately to begin the attack with the troops which they had at hand. Their way was through the forest of Soigny, which extends over many leagues of

country, and from whence Brussels is supplied with fire-wood. By good fortune the peasant who guided them was a man of more than common sagacity; and instead of coming out of the forest of Fritschermont, he proposed to descend into the valley lower down, and come out in a direction towards Planchenois, nearly on the French reserve—"Then," said he, "we shall take them all." In the best concerted plans of war something must always be greatly affected by adventitious circumstances, and the Germans have well observed how much depended on this peasant, who, had he been less disposed to serve the allies, or less intelligent, might easily have led them into a hollow way where their cannon could not have past. Buonaparte saw them coming out from the wood, and asked one of his adjutants who they were: the adjutant, looking through the glass, replied, "They are Prussian colours;" and Buonaparte, it is said, turned pale, and shook his head, without answering a word.

General Bulow had only two brigades and a corps of cavalry. Count Lobau was stationed on the rear of the French right to oppose them, and all the means in reserve were ready to succour him, and Buonaparte says, to overwhelm the Prussians when they should advance. Relying upon this disposition, he says, he led an attack upon the village of Mont St. Jean; (by which he means the heights of Mont St. Jean, with a farm of the same name; the village being, as we have already stated, far to the rear, and on a separate line of hills;) from this effort he expected decisive success, this being, in fact, the vital part of Lord Wellington's position: but here he accuses the French of a movement of impatience, so frequent in their military annals, and frequently so fatal to them. The cavalry of reserve, according to his account, having perceived a retrograde movement made by the English to shelter themselves from the French batteries, crowned the heights of Mont St. Jean, and charged the infantry; a movement, he says, which, if made at the proper moment, and supported by the proper reserve, must have secured the victory; but which, because it was made in an insulated manner, and before affairs were terminated on the right, became fatal. Neither the British nor the Prussian accounts notice any such error; nor indeed, does this statement accord with the remainder of the narrative, which was drawn up under Buonaparte's direction, or by himself. He says that as there were no means of countermanding this movement, all the cavalry ran to support their comrades; that for three hours numerous charges were made, several squares of the British were broken, and six standards of light infantry taken; that the Prussians in their flank attack were first kept in check, and then repulsed by General Duhesme with the young guard; and that finally they fell back, they had exhausted their forces, and on that side there was nothing now to fear. This was the moment for an attack upon the British centre; it was made; and he proceeds to say, "the day was won, the French occupied all the positions which Lord Wellington held at the beginning of the

contest, and after eight hours' fire and repeated charges of foot and horse, all the army saw with joy that the battle was gained, and the field in their power.

Buonaparte's narrative is evidently drawn up for the purpose of excusing himself as a general, and thus palliating a defeat, the extent of which he could neither deny nor extenuate. The truth is, that, acting as he always has done, he set every thing upon the hazard. He is a general who has done great things with mighty means; and thinking that his means were now also fully adequate to the occasion, he attempted to bear down all resistance by an overwhelming attack, neglecting, or scorning to reflect upon what must be the consequences of failure. Certain it is, however, that he did every thing for victory which man could do; and that his officers and men seconded him with ability and energy worthy of a better cause. His great object—his only hope—his sure means of success was to overpower the English before the Prussians could arrive in any force; he therefore made a perpetual repetition of attacks with horse and foot, supported by the whole of his artillery. It was one of those efforts by which he has more than once decided the fate of a campaign. Under cover of as tremendous a cannonade as ever was witnessed upon a field of battle, he formed his cavalry into masses, brought up the whole of the *élite* of his guards with his reserves, and made an attack upon our centre, which, if it had been possible to quell the spirit of a British army, would have proved successful. Our cavalry was driven to the rear of our infantry;—our advanced artillery was taken. Every battalion was instantly in squares, and though the French cavalry repeatedly charged, not a square was broken;—more than once did Wellington throw himself into one of these squares, and await the result of a charge, in full reliance upon the steadiness of the men, and ready to stand or fall with them. The troops advanced by echelons to cover the guns. On arriving nearly at the line which their cavalry had occupied, the French infantry appeared, and it became necessary for some battalions to deploy, though almost surrounded by the enemy's horse. For about an hour the conflict at times appeared doubtful: the carnage which ensued was such as the British army had never before experienced. Shocking as the slaughter was, it would have been much greater had it not been for the state of the ground, which was thoroughly soaked with rain; for although this, by preventing dust, afforded better aim to the artillerists, many shots never rose after they touched the ground, and none bounded so often as they would otherwise have done; and the shells frequently buried themselves, and, when they exploded, threw up the mud like a fountain.

This continued for about one hour, though Buonaparte would make us believe that the French cavalry had stood their ground in these tremendous circumstances for *three* hours—a manifest impossibility. The fact, as it did occur, is sufficiently surprizing, for the French cavalry were on the *plateau* in the center of the British position between the two

high roads, for three quarters of an hour, riding about among our squares of infantry, all firing having ceased on both sides. It was now that the Duke advanced his squares forward to recover and protect the guns—he recalled to the centre the cavalry which had been detached to the flanks, and the French cavalry were at length driven off. After this, and till seven in the evening, repeated attacks were made along the whole front of the centre, so frequent and so close to one another, that it was impossible to distinguish them. About noon, Buonaparte made a last and desperate effort to force the left of the centre of the British army near La Haye Sainte; he made it with cavalry and infantry, supported by artillery; and the more to encourage the men he deceived both them and their generals. Labedoyère, whom he had made a general and a count for that treason which has since received its due, but not its appropriate punishment, brought a message to Marshal Ney from Buonaparte, that Marshal Grouchy had arrived and was attacking the enemy; this intelligence he spread among the soldiers as he rode along the lines. However politic it might have been to raise the spirits of the soldiers by this delusion, Ney very naturally expresses his indignation at discovering that Grouchy was far distant, and that the troops who had arrived were enemies instead of friends. The attack, however, was made, and for a few moments, but only for a few, with hope. The first brigade of guards advanced to meet the leading division, and poured in so well directed a fire as literally for a time to make a chasm in it. Ney led the attack: he has disgraced his country and himself by the most abominable cruelty and the most aggravated treason; but on this day he performed all that could be required from a soldier and a general, and he says that officers and men displayed the greatest intrepidity. General Friant fell by his side, his own horse was killed, and he fell under it. This would have been too honourable a death for the Marshal Prince of Moskwa, who might fitly superadd the name of Iscariot to his titles. He, however, who knew that if there were to be any punishment inflicted for the foulest crimes, he himself must stand in the first rank of offenders, did not shrink from danger; sword in hand, he remained on foot; and he appeals to those who survived the battle, if he was not among the last to quit the scene of carnage. This attack had been made with what was called the middle guard—the young guard was on the right with Lobau—the old guard, hitherto untouched, was in reserve at the bottom of the ascent up which the middle guard charged—when the latter were routed, a cry, say the French accounts, was heard, “All is lost, the Guard is beaten:” this seems natural, and is probably true: and when the remains of the middle guard in their flight threw themselves into the ranks of the old guard, it was impossible but that some disorder must have ensued, even in the ranks of those tried veterans.

Blucher, as well as Ney, had been apprized of Grouchy’s movement, but more truly. About six o’clock he was informed that Thielman had

been attacked by a superior force, and that they were disputing possession of the town. This intelligence did not disturb the veteran general: he well knew that the battle must be decided at Waterloo, not at Wavre; any thing which might happen there was of little moment, and he therefore steadily pursued his course. At half past seven the whole of Borstel's corps and part of Bulow's had successively come up, and at this time it was that evident Buonaparte's attack upon the British—the last effort of fury and despair—had failed. Ziethen's first column at this time also arrived on the enemy's right flank near the village of Smouhen, and instantly charged. As the Prussians past our left columns in their advance, they cheered them with that exultation which the determination and sure hope of conquering inspired, and all their bands played God save the King. Wellington perceiving their movements, and seeing the confusion of the enemy, took that great and decisive step which has crowned his glory and saved Europe. He advanced with the greatest celerity the whole line of his infantry, supported by the cavalry and artillery; he put himself at the head of the Foot Guards, spoke a few words to them, which were answered by a general hurrah, and then, he himself guiding them on, the attack was made at all points, and in every point with the most perfect success. The Prussians soon after rushed forward on the enemy's right, at the *pas de charge*, and made their attack under the most favourable circumstances; their troops descended into the plain and formed into brigades in the greatest order, and fresh bodies continually unfolded themselves, issuing from the forest on the height behind. Even if the British army had not repulsed the enemy, assailed him, and already driven him to flight, this movement of the Prussians would have been decisive; it must have forced the French to retire; if they had succeeded in their efforts against Lord Wellington, it would have prevented them from profiting by the success, but being made at a moment when the British had secured the victory, it rendered that victory complete beyond all expectation, all hope, almost it might be said beyond all former example. *Sauve qui peut* was the cry in Buonaparte's army. A total rout cannot be more fully acknowledged than it is by his own account. "A complete panic," he says, "spread at once through the whole field of battle—the men threw themselves in the greatest disorder on the line of communication—soldiers, cannoneers, caissons, all pressed to this point; the old guard which was in reserve was infected, and was itself hurried along. In an instant the whole army was nothing but a mass of confusion; all the soldiers of all arms were mixed pell-mell, and it was utterly impossible to rally a single corps. The enemy, who perceived this astonishing confusion, immediately attacked with their cavalry, and increased the disorder, and such was the confusion owing to night coming on, that it was impossible to rally the troops and point out to them their error. Thus a battle which *had been* terminated, a day of false manœuvres which *had been* rectified, the greatest success

which *had been* ensured for the next day, all were lost by a moment of panic terror." There is an unfortunate grammatical error in this part of the statement; Buonaparte speaks of all these things in the *plusquam perfectum* tense, whereas he should have used the imperfect. The sentence, however, which thus speaks of a battle that was terminated before it was over, and of success which was certain but never came to pass, is yet of material value in one point of view, for here he distinctly states that the previous false manœuvres had been rectified, and thus completely contradicts his own prior assertion that the loss of the battle was occasioned by the premature advance of the cavalry of reserve.

Buonaparte's station during the battle had been upon the Charleroi road at the hamlet of La Belle Alliance, a little to the right of the middle of the French position. In the early part of the day he had reconnoitred the ground, and directed the movements from a sort of scaffolding, observatory, or telegraph, which had been erected for some ichnographical purposes; but he afterwards seems to have remained personally at La Belle Alliance.—There, says General Gneisenau, he gave his orders; there he flattered himself with the hopes of victory, and there his ruin was decided. Towards this farm, which, because of its elevated situation, was visible from every side, the march of all the Prussian columns was pointed; and there, when night had closed in, and the rout of the enemy was complete, Blucher and Wellington met in the pursuit and congratulated each other as victors. In commemoration of the alliance then subsisting between the British and Prussian nations, of the union of the two armies, and their confidence in each other, Blucher desired that the battle should bear the name of La Belle Alliance. The British general, finding himself on the same road with this excellent veteran, left the pursuit to him, on account of the fatigue of the British troops, who had then been twelve hours in action, and who were by no means fresh when the day began. Blucher assured Lord Wellington that he would follow the enemy through the night; he assembled all the superior officers, and gave orders to send the last horse and the last man in pursuit,—welcome orders, and obeyed as heartily as they were given. The British army then halted, formed on the hill, and gave the Prussians three cheers as they passed; a moment which all who were present will remember as having given them the sublimest emotion of their lives. The pursuit could not have been delivered over to better hands; the enemy had deserved no mercy from the Prussians, and they found none. Both on this day, indeed, and on the 16th, the conduct of the French had been brutal. An English ensign, a youth of seventeen, being taken in the first action, was led to Buonaparte, who asked him if he thought he could overtake the British army before they embarked for England! this youth was sent to the rear of the French troops, where he was stripped almost naked, and severely beaten when he remonstrated; and when at length getting sight of the general who commanded the division, he claimed his pro-

tection as a British officer, the ruffian answered, "We will treat you all in the same manner." Their lancers speared many prisoners in cold blood; and when one of our most lamented officers received a wound and fell senseless, and probably dead, from his horse, a Frenchman stepped out and beat his head with the butt end of a musket. Thus insolent, thus brutal, thus inhuman in success, they were equally treacherous and abject in defeat; many threw down their arms and surrendered, then, watching their opportunity, took them up again and fired at those who had spared them. Some of these villains were deservedly sabred; and the Prussians, during the night, took ample vengeance for their loss on the 16th, and for the cruelties which the French then exercised.

The confusion of this rout is represented as ludicrous by those who witnessed it, when they recollect it apart from its horrors. One letter says, "we were among infantry, imperial guards, and others with large fur caps, who were throwing down their arms, and many of them roaring *Pardon!* on their knees." "Our brigade," says another, "darted into a medley of lancers, cuirassiers, infantry, dragoons, guns, &c.—such a scene! I can hardly help laughing at the recollection. They were fairly cowed;—great hulking cuirassiers, galloping as hard as they could, tumbling off to save themselves." The strength and stature of these men which made them so formidable in battle, the moment they were tainted with fear made them appear contemptible; the very advantages upon which they prided themselves in their courage, making cowardice more conspicuous. Here were to be seen cavalry throwing themselves off their horses in the hope that they might better evade pursuit on foot; and in another place the foot soldiers were dismounting the cavalry that they might mount and ride off themselves. At Salamanca night and darkness saved the French after their defeat; but the moon rose upon the field of La Belle Alliance, and in broad moonlight the Prussians kept up the chase. The French were now routed beyond redemption,—the road, says General Gneisenau, resembled the sea shore after some great shipwreck; it was covered with cannon, caissons, carriages, baggage, arms, and wreck of every kind. Those of the enemy who were foremost in the flight, and did not expect to be so promptly pursued, attempted to repose for a time,—presently the Prussians were upon them, and thus they were driven from more than nine bivouacs. In some villages they seemed to recover courage when beholding only their own numbers, and made a shew of maintaining themselves,—but when they heard the beating of the Prussian drums, or the sound of the Prussian trumpet, the blast of which was as dreadful as if it summoned them to the Last Judgment, their panic returned, and they renewed their flight, or ran into the houses, where they were cut down or made prisoners. Eight hundred of their bodies were found lying here, where "they had suffered themselves (it is a German who speaks) to be cut down like cattle." General Duchesme, who commanded the rear-guard,

fell in this place. A black hussar of the Duke of Brunswick's corps sacrificed him to his master's memory. "The Duke fell yesterday," said the Brunswicker; "and thou shalt also bite the dust;" and so saying he cut him down.

The British army on the preceding day had experienced the inconvenience of crossing the narrow bridge at Genappe, though theirs was a leisure movement, made in excellent order, and with the spirits of the men unchanged. The French had now to cross it in the utmost confusion of haste and terror. Buonaparte, whose first thought in danger had been how to secure his own personal safety, rode off with his staff, and a Walloon peasant who lived near La Belle Alliance, whom he ordered to guide him by a bye-road, to Charleroi. There is a bridge over the Dyle at a village not far from Genappe; Lacoste, being perhaps as much confounded by the events of the day as the Emperor Napoleon himself, and somewhat also by the company in which he found himself enlisted, did not remember this bridge, so he led the runaway Emperor to Genappe, where the waggons were wedged sixteen deep upon the causeway, and they were an hour and a half before they could make way through the press. Buonaparte effected his flight through this town about half an hour after midnight. The fugitives made their last attempt at rallying here; they entrenched themselves with cannon and overturned carriages, and commenced a brisk fire of musketry when the Prussians approached;—some cannon shot, followed by a loud hurrah, sufficed to frighten away all thought of further resistance; and the flight and pursuit were continued with increased fear on the part of the enemy, and unrelenting ardour on the part of the conquerors. Buonaparte's carriage with his hat and sword, and papers, and the insignia of all his orders, were found at Genappe. His travelling library also was taken, consisting of nearly 800 volumes, in six chests: among these books were a French Homer, a French Ossian, the Bible, and the Pucelle of Voltaire! The spoils which were lying along the road tempted the Prussians and abated their speed, otherwise, it is said, that scarcely a man of the beaten army could have escaped; as it was, the pursuit was not given over during the night. The loss of the enemy was great, even beyond that at Leipsic; they stopt not in their flight till they had passed all their fortresses; the allied armies passed them also, and when Buonaparte, after having excited the French armies to rebellion, and led them for the third time to destruction, reached the capital, he brought with him tidings of this total and irreparable defeat, and that Blucher and Wellington were on the way to Paris!

The French army were never more skilfully directed than in this memorable action, and never had they fought so well. They had, indeed, every motive of which such men are susceptible, for exerting themselves to the utmost;—the pride of former victories, shame and indignation for late defeats, and the bitterest hatred of the enemies to whom they were opposed,—nations whom they had wronged, and outraged, and in-

sulted, and despised; and by whom they had been beaten and humbled and forgiven. Only by success could they justify to their own countrymen the audacious enterprize in which they were engaged; only by success could they legitimate the government of the usurper for whom they had sworn themselves;—only by success could they hope to escape the penalties of treason and rebellion. Victory would give them every thing;—their old supremacy, their old renown, their old days of military license, of rapine and free-quarters would be restored; their leader had told them that the moment was arrived for every Frenchman who had a heart to conquer or to perish. And it might have been thought that in this instance he would have acted up to his professions; that however he might, on former occasions, have braved public opinion by flying from his armies in their utmost need, he would now at least have played the man, and perished bravely in the ruin which he had brought upon himself and his adherents. But Buonaparte's spirit has nothing of the heroic character,—the love of life with him is stronger even than the love of empire;—he clings to the carcass like a shipwrecked sailor to a plank in the ocean, because, like the sailor, he knows into what an abyss he must sink when that miserable hold can no longer be maintained. He was therefore among the foremost in the flight. Marshal Ney assures us that *before the end of the battle* he had disappeared,—but the soldiers performed their part better; it was not until the defeat was irreparable that they fled, and till every effort of skill and courage and fury and despair had been exhausted. The British troops were no novices in war,—yet they who had witnessed the bloody conflict at Albuhera, and the murderous assaults at Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, and St. Sebastian's, never beheld such slaughter as at Waterloo. The loss of the British and Hanoverians there and on the 16th amounted to not less than 13,000 men, and 750 officers,—a proportion which evinces how obstinate and perilous must have been the conflict;—of these more than two-thirds must have fallen at Waterloo. The Prussian loss we have no grounds for computing; at Waterloo it could not have been great, because they were scarcely engaged before Ziethen's arrival consummated the defeat of the enemy. On the side of Wavre, where Thielman was attacked by Grouchy and Vandamme with superior force, it must have been greater,—the whole loss of the Prussians, from the commencement of the campaign till their triumphant entrance into Paris, has been officially stated at 38,000. But the loss of the French in the last great battle and the rout exceeded that of all the allies in the whole campaign twice told. A wide and sweeping destruction overtook them,—a vengeance as signal their crimes. Many of the prisoners had been at Leipsic—but this they said was much worse,—*nous sommes écrasés*, was their remark. Blucher's expression in his first dispatch was, the whole French army was in a state of perfect dissolution. Even this was not hyperbolic; their baggage, equipage, tumbrils, artillery, the whole of what is called the *material*, were taken,—they began the day 160,000 strong, and by their own

account, when the wreck of the army had collected and united with Grouchy's corps, they did not amount to 60,000 !

The state of the field of battle is too dreadful for description. Let us rather relate such facts as are honourable to our nature, and mitigate and relieve these horrors. It has been said in the French papers that the British soldiers exerted themselves to form litters and carry off the wounded French from the field. Some of our wounded who had still the use of their limbs, employed themselves in binding up the wounds of their enemies, and administering to their wants : and in Brussels people of the first rank attended the wounded night and day. And it marks in the most gratifying manner the good conduct of the British army while quartered in Brussels previously to the battle, that the inhabitants sought with the greatest anxiety among the wounded for their former guests, and took them to their houses and care as *old friends*. It marks too the character of the different nations, that among the pillage of the dead, French novels are enumerated, (we know of what description !) and German testaments. The enemy's cannon was brought triumphantly into Brussels, ornamented with ribbands and flowers : some bore the cypher of Louis XVI., others had the words Liberty and Equality, the greater number had the mark of Napoleon. The joy of the Belgians may well be conceived ; however averse they might be to the arrangement which united them to the Dutch,—a Catholic to an heretical people,—nothing could be so desirable in its immediate effects as such a victory, which saved them from the license of Buonaparte's army, his contributions and his conscriptions, and relieved them at the same time from the presence of the allied armies. They were flattered also by the part which they had born in the success, and the manner in which the Prince of Orange had signalized himself: he had behaved with distinction in Spain, and had now added to his former renown,—but not without receiving a severe wound. Throughout the north of Germany, wherever the heavy hand of France had been felt, (and whither had it not extended ?) the people exulted as much now when their deliverance was secured, as they had done in the preceding war, when it was first obtained. At Hamburg, it is said, such universal joy had never been displayed as when the news of the victory arrived : a public thanksgiving was appointed, a collection in the churches was made for the sufferers, and on the day which had been thus set apart for the duties of religion and charity, the tomb of Klopstock was restored, which Davoust had thrown down, as if in hatred toward the senseless dust of him who had endeavoured to make the Germans feel as a nation, and to keep alive in them the love of freedom and of their country,

ORIGINAL LETTERS

WRITTEN BY OFFICERS DURING THE SEVERAL CAMPAIGNS
IN PORTUGAL AND SPAIN,

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE CAMPAIGNS.

The following Collection of Letters will be duly valued by our Readers, as being so many original cotemporaneous documents, written at the time, and on the spot, of the several Campaigns. They are arranged in distinct packets according as they belong to different Campaigns. Thus the first Packet is entitled,—LETTERS DURING THE CAMPAIGN OF 1808; and as the value of this kind of document depends upon its authenticity, at the end of every Packet is added the name of the officer by whom the Letters were written. And where the whole of the Letters are not by one Writer, but are intermixed, the intermixed letters are signed with the name of the Writer.

LETTERS DURING THE CAMPAIGN IN SPAIN IN 1809.

LETTER I.

Oporto, May 13, 1811.

AFTER a series of operations, conducted with the utmost rapidity and attended with the happiest success, terminated by an achievement second to none recorded in the page of history, either for boldness of conception or the promptitude with which it was carried into execution, Sir Arthur Wellesley, on the 12th of May, obtained possession of this important city.

The following is a detail of the movements of the British from the hour of their leaving Coimbra, until the auspicious moment, when Lieutenant-General Paget with a handful of men, made good the passage of the Douro in the face of a formidable enemy.

On the morning of the 8th instant, Lieutenant-General Payne, with the brigades of cavalry and infantry, under the command of Major-Generals Cotton and Hill, marched from Coimbra, the latter by way of Aviero, at which place the infantry was to embark for Ovar, and turn the enemy's right by the road on the sea-coast.

The first and immediate object of the commander in chief, was to dispossess the enemy of Oporto; and while the principal force was employed in the attack upon the main body of the French in that city, Marshal Beresford was directed to proceed with his division by Lamego on the Upper Douro, and cross the river at that point, for the purpose of diverting the enemy's attention.

On the following day, the brigade of Guards, with those of Brigadier-Generals Sontag, A. Campbell, and Cameron, advanced from Coimbra with the whole of the artillery and stores attached to them. Brigadier-General Cameron took the road of Aviero; the Guards halted about three o'clock at Familicoa, and the other two brigades occupied Malheada and adjacent villages in the rear.

May the 10th.—The march of the troops was resumed at day-light; and, at two o'clock, the head of the column arrived upon the bridge over the Vouga. Generals Payne and Cotton with the cavalry, and Colonel Trant with the Portuguese under his command, had passed the river late on the preceding evening, and early this morning drove in the advanced posts of the enemy; who, after making a short resistance, retreated on the road to Oporto pursued by the British. The Honourable Major Lincoln Stanhope was wounded in the arm by a sabre in charging the enemy with a squadron of his regiment, the 16th light Dragoons. At six o'clock, the Guards halted in the miserable village of Albegaria Nova, where the French had converted the dwellings of the inhabitants into stables.

May the 11th.—Much depending on the rapidity of movement, the Guards were again under arms at an early hour; and having halted to refresh themselves from ten o'clock until noon in the small town of Penhios, about five in the evening they arrived at St. Antonia de Arifana, the head quarters of the reserve for the night—twenty-four miles from Oporto. The pursuit of the enemy had been continued by General Payne to a position, the heights of Grigon, about three leagues from that city, whence a reinforcement was sent by Marshal Soult, making their numbers amount to nearly five thousand men. Upon this body a spirited attack was made by Brigadier-General R. Stewart, and Major-General Murray, by a well conducted movement with a brigade of the King's German Legion turned the left flank of the enemy; who, in retreating, was charged by two squadrons of the 16th and 20th Dragoons, under Major Blake, led on by Brigadier-General the honourable C. Stewart, assisted by Lieutenant-Colonel Delancey, Captain Mellish, and Captain Dashwood. The advance of the British took up a position on the hill beyond Carvalhos, within two short leagues of Oporto.

The brigade of Generals A. Campbell and Sontag, which halted yesterday in Albuguria Velha, were this evening quartered in Penhios.

The faintest tints of dawn appeared in the horizon as the Guards quitted their cantonments yesterday to advance. The intelligence of the preceding evening had led the troops to expect an immediate meeting with the enemy; but it was now learnt that he had retired with considerable precipitation during the night, and destroyed the bridge of boats across the Douro. The troops continued to advance and entered Villa Nova da Porto about two o'clock, when they had the satisfaction of finding that a part of the army had already crossed the river in boats, assisted by the Portuguese, notwithstanding the vigilance of the French sentries, and were at that moment engaged with the enemy.

From the Sierra Convent, situated on the south bank of the Douro, the Commander of the forces had observed the French retiring to a height immediately above the city, and with the intention of cutting off their rear-guard, he pushed three companies of the Buffs across the river, under Lieutenant-General Paget, who was directed, in the event of being pressed, to throw himself into a convent, which the enemy could not approach without being exposed to a destructive fire from some guns advantageously placed in the gardens of the convent. The result happened as Sir Arthur Wellesley had foreseen. The enemy's columns, on observing the movements of the British, descended from the height to re-enter Oporto; but by this time Major-General Hill had crossed the Douro with his brigade, which he was enabled to effect with great celerity by the unremitting and voluntary exertions of the Portuguese in navigating the boats. Nearly at the same moment a squadron of the 14th Light Dragoons, under Major Hervey, and two pieces of artillery, were got over, and Major-General Murray, who had passed the river, a few miles above, with a battalion of the King's German Legion, appeared on the left flank of the enemy, who found himself compelled to retire, but took up a more advantageous position, where he seemed determined to make a stand. The Guards now received orders to advance, and were embarked as they reached the Douro, under the superintendence of Colonel Donkin, with the most perfect regularity. Although harassed by a fatiguing march of upwards of eighty miles in four days, over a most difficult country, yet no sooner were they formed on the opposite shore, than the whole began to run up the steep streets of Oporto, and continued their exertions until the head of the column was ordered to halt. In passing along, the brigade was cheered with repeated shouts of *Viva Ingleses*, by the inhabitants, who hailed the British as their deliverers. The smiles of the young ladies at the balconies, their white handkerchiefs waving as the troops approached, and the prayers of the aged, accompanied with tears, for their success, formed a most interesting scene. The way was somewhat obstructed by the artillery and waggons of ammunition

which the enemy had abandoned in his retreat. Amid these lay the bodies of the dead and wounded Frenchmen, already stripped by the Portuguese, and exhibiting a most painful sight.

The brigade had only halted a few minutes, when a considerable number of prisoners, chiefly wounded, were brought in, and the enemy, who at first made a shew of maintaining his position, finding himself pressed on both flanks, retired in great confusion, after a spirited charge of the 14th Dragoons by Major Hervey, towards the hill of Valongo, about a league in front. There the commander of the forces determined on leaving him for the night, satisfied with the advantages he had already obtained. The French must have suffered considerably in the action, but on the side of the British the loss was trifling, compared with the importance of the victory they had gained, which in less than three hours had given them possession of Oporto, the second city in the kingdom.

After remaining a short time on the ground, the British marched into quarters, and were received by the inhabitants in the most hospitable manner.

Marshal Soult was completely surprised in Oporto, and consequently had made no arrangements for the removal of his sick, of whom above a thousand were found in the hospitals. It certainly was in his contemplation to evacuate Portugal, his army having been considerably diminished by sickness; but this he meant to put in execution at his leisure, conceiving himself perfectly secure by the destruction of the bridge; and Loison had been detached towards Amarante to oppose the progress of Marshal Beresford in that direction. Nothing could exceed the astonishment and distress of the French Chief, on being assured that the British were actually crossing the Douro, and this bold movement was equally unexpected on the part of the Portuguese.

The conduct of Marshal Soult must be considered as the best eulogium on the merits of this enterprise, as he is universally acknowledged to be one of the best officers in Buonaparte's service, and as such, is said to enjoy a considerable portion of his master's esteem.

LETTER II.

Travessa, on the Northern Frontier of Portugal, May 19th, 1809.

The exertions of the army for several days succeeding the capture of Oporto, were unremitting, and of the most fatiguing description.

The bridge over the Davé having been repaired, on the 14th instant the 16th Light Dragoons, the brigade of Guards and Brigadier-General Camerou's, advanced to Villa Nova de Famalicoa, on the road to Braga, with the intention of cutting off Marshal Soult's retreat by that direction into Spain. On the march it was understood that the commander of the forces had received information from Marshal Beresford, of his having defeated General Loison, near the bridge of Amaranté, and that he was pursuing the fugitives towards Chaves.

Next day the column reached Braga about noon. Marshal Soult had taken up a position at the distance of a league and a half, and was supposed to meditate an attempt at pushing through the city in the night, with a view of getting into the road to Tuy and Valence. About two in the morning, the French drove in the out piquets; but this was merely a feint, as immediately afterwards they continued their route towards the frontiers. At four the column marched; and although the rain on this and the two preceding days was nearly incessant, yet the spirits of the troops were kept up by the hope of overtaking

the flying foe. This hope was partly verified; for about six in the evening the enemy was discovered by the advance, posted in the village and adjacent heights of Salamondè. Lieutenant-Colonel Fuller, of the Coldstream Guards, commenced the attack with the Light Infantry of the brigade, which would have been followed up by the whole division; but on the approach of night the French fled, after sustaining a trifling loss. As it continued to rain during the night, and no cover could be obtained, the troops were in a most uncomfortable situation, only to be equalled by that of the defeated enemy. Next morning (the 17th) several prisoners were taken in the woods, and a considerable quantity of baggage was found. It was now discovered that the French had been enabled to retire by the left, over a small bridge, which only admitted the passage of one at a time. The armed peasantry had been directed to oppose the enemy at this point, but, unfortunately, some Swiss troops, clothed in red, under the command of General Reynaud, being mistaken for British, were permitted to cross, and by the dispersion of the Portuguese, the remains of the rear-guard were enabled to effect their escape, but many fell over the precipices in the darkness of the night, and were drowned in the river Cavedo, which was considerably swelled by the late rains.

About noon the column moved forward, and at dusk halted in the village of Ruvaens, without seeing any thing of the enemy. This place afforded very indifferent accommodation, and there was no possibility of bringing forward wine for the troops, the advance being much too rapid, and the roads so bad as to preclude the carriage over this mountainous district.

On the 18th the army marched at daybreak, and in the course of a few hours the British found themselves again in the track of the enemy, who had burnt several villages in his retreat. A number of men and horses lay dead in the roads, as the French destroyed all the animals which, from weakness, were unable to proceed, to prevent them from falling into the hands of the British. At three in the afternoon the column, consisting of a brigade of Artillery, the 16th Light Dragoons, the Guards, a brigade of the King's German Legion, and Brigadier-General Cameron's, was halted for about an hour within two leagues of Montalegre, the frontier town of Portugal. The several corps were then cantoned in the adjoining villages, which they found deserted by the inhabitants. Strong parties of French cavalry had visited them in the morning, and carried off all the bread and wine they could find.

This morning the British remained in their quarters, it being ascertained that M. Soult had entered Galicia with the remains of his army. Major-J. Murray, with his Aid-de-Camp, witnessed the retreat of the enemy from Montalegre; his columns marched slowly, and appeared to be in great distress,

(To be continued).

ORIGINAL MEMORIALS
OF THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE OF FREDERIC OF PRUSSIA.
(Continued from page 140.)

Frederic in his private and domestic Life.

FREDERIC was twenty-eight years and four months old when he succeeded to the crown, for he was born on the 24th of January 1711, and William died the 31st of May 1740. The new monarch intrusted the care of the obsequies of his father to the Baron de Poelnitz, enjoining him to pay the strictest attention to the commands contained in the will of the king in this respect, even to the quantity and quality of the wine he had ordered to be given to the persons who should compose the procession. For himself, eager to enter upon his new vocation, he could think of nothing but the affairs of his state; he; however, soon felt the necessity of entering upon them with method and deliberation. Fortunately, he had acquired the conviction, that each day bringing its indispensable occupation, the first and most essential step was to make such arrangements as precluded the necessity of deferring till tomorrow what should be done immediately; nor less so, that to do a great deal, and do it well, no means can be more effectual than the most rigid order, founded on the mass and nature of our occupations: he accordingly came to the resolution of rising habitually at four in the morning, and to appropriate the hours of the day in the following manner:—he ordered his attendants to awake him at the time prescribed; but he was by nature a great sleeper, and it was not without considerable difficulty that he had taken the habit of rising between five and six at Rheinsberg; so that at first it answered but little purpose that his attendants awoke him at four, as he did not fail again to shut his eyes and sleep for another hour at least. It is easily conceived that on these occasions he was much out of humour, and that he reproved and threatened his attendants. But what was to be done? Was he not the same king who at four had sent them away, or begged them to let him alone? At length the king became sensible, that no one was to blame but himself, and that none but violent means would remedy the inconvenience: he therefore ordered the person who was to awake him, on pain of serving as a common soldier for life, to apply a towel dipped in cold water to his face every morning at four o'clock. In this manner he contracted the habit of rising early, which he preserved till he was sixty years of age. At this period he left off playing on the flute, having lost several of his teeth; and from that time his private concerts, from six to seven in the evening, were almost wholly discontinued, which gaining for him a daily portion of time, enabled him to rise an hour later.

I scarcely need observe, that he was sometimes obliged by circumstances to infringe on the regular distribution of his time. For example, the entertainments given on great events, the journeys he was obliged to make, and the annual review of his troops, necessarily changed for the

time the order of his arrangements. In this manner it was that, having sent for me one evening before six o'clock, he cast his eye suddenly on a time-piece, and said, "It wants, Sir, but a quarter to seven o'clock; I have a letter to write, and shall be in bed by seven, as I must be up at one, and on the plain of Temploff before three: I will see you again to-morrow if I have time. Good evening to you for the present." This was the evening previous to his first day's review of his army at Berlin.

I say nothing of Frederic's manner of dressing. His ordinary habit was to put on his clothes the moment he was out of bed; that is to say, he put on his boots; his curls, toupet, and queue, occupying no more than two or three minutes, and two or three in addition served to complete his dress. He used neither slippers nor dressing-gown. I never saw him more than three or four times in coloured coats, and these were old and simple in their form: and perhaps as many times in a sort of wrapping gown made of printed cotton; but this he never wore but when severely indisposed, and on such occasions his hat and boots never failed to be added.

When his dressing was finished, a page brought him a basket of letters to his address. He employed the time till eight o'clock in reading them, carefully examining the seal of each, to see if it was entire; for he suspected, and not without reason, that the cabinet secretaries sometimes opened and suppressed letters, the contents of which they feared might be injurious to themselves. From this practice he became perfectly acquainted with the different seals of families of distinction, and even with those of private individuals: and this enabled him to dispense with the trouble of opening such letters as he knew he should not be inclined to answer: the only trouble he gave himself being to throw them into the fire in winter, and to tear them in pieces and leave them on his table in summer.

The letters he opened he afterwards divided into three distinct and separate parcels. The first consisted of those that contained solicitations he intended to grant, and were doubled with the address inward: the second consisted of such letters as contained solicitations he intended to refuse; these were doubled with the address on the outside: the third included all letters respecting which he wished to deliberate or consult with his ministers or others; these were folded twice instead of once.

About eight o'clock, when all was finished, a cabinet secretary entered his room, for the most part only one, the eldest among them, he who was the greatest favourite, and for that reason considered the principal. The secretary and the three others, being in waiting in an adjoining room, examined the parcels one after another; and, while the king breakfasted, called over in a distinct voice the substance of each letter in a short phrase of this kind, *Such a one solicits a favour*; and the king dictated with the same conciseness his reply, excepting when some further observation was necessary. When, for example, the letter was from a woman, he never failed to observe, especially if his answer was to

be a refusal, "She is a woman, and must be answered with politeness."

The secretary put down with a single mark of the pencil the directions he received at the top of the letter; the secretaries having among them a common cypher, which each was obliged to learn on being invested with this office. There are two circumstances which should not be omitted in this place; one was, that the king required all letters that came to him to contain no more than a single page, so as to spare him the trouble of turning to the next side, which put him always out of humour, for he cared very little about the custom prescribed by fashion of leaving wide spaces in letters addressed to superiors. The other circumstance was, that every postmaster who forwarded letters to the king accompanied them with a sheet of paper, on which such letters were described and numbered, together with the address of the persons who had written them; for these letters were not allowed to be thrown into the common receiving-box, but were delivered in the office, where the address of the persons who wrote them was taken down in writing. These precautions had a double object; the saving of time, and precluding opportunities of being imposed upon. In the first of these points Frederick was completely successful, since no order could be more perfect than that he had established: but as to the second, the most he could attain to was to be less frequently deceived than other people; for on urgent or important occasions the secretaries still ventured on the suppressing of letters, which they effected either by altering the postmaster's list, or pretending he had omitted to send any. I will give a proof of this by relating a private anecdote that came to my knowledge. The king had created twelve appointments for French surgeons to be employed in his army, when he should be engaged in war; these places, it may well be supposed, excited the jealousy of the Germans, and the cabinet had conceived no less a project than that of bestowing them on twelve German surgeons. One of these places being vacant, a young French surgeon, then on his travels at Berlin, wrote two successive letters to the king to solicit it, without receiving an answer to either. This person was introduced to me by some of my countrymen; and to do him what service I could, I dictated for him, under my own roof, a third letter to the king; I sealed it with my own seal, directed it with my own hand, and delivered it at the office as if from myself: the secretaries not suspecting the procedure, the letter reached its destination, and the place was obtained the very next day. I had, it must be confessed, acted inconsiderately, but the French surgeon mentioned nothing of his two preceding letters, so no discovery was made; besides, the part I took could not but be considered as natural, and devoid of any hostile intention; it might be by chance that this person was induced to put his letter into my hands, and that it was directed and put into the post-office by myself; as he was a countryman, he might be known to me; in short, every thing concurred to justify my conduct, and the success still more than all the rest.

I return to Frederic's distribution of his time. When the favourite secretary left the king's cabinet, he divided the immense parcel of letters into four equal parts, and shared them with his brother secretaries, each of whom proceeded to write replies conformably to the pencilled cypher; nor had they a moment to lose, for the whole were to be taken for signature to his majesty by four in the evening at latest. None of the secretaries ever thought of dining; they took nothing throughout the day but breakfast, and a soup in the forenoon, supper being the only meal they had time to think about. They had, in reality, a basket full of answers to make regularly every day; these, as well as copies of them, were all to be executed by their own hand, since no stranger was admitted to partake the labour. When the king had signed all the answers, it still remained for the secretaries to forward them; in this, however, they were assisted by their clerks, whose part it was to fold and seal the letters, while it was that of the secretaries to write the address. The reason for this precedence was, that the king did not choose to have it known to whom he addressed letters. It should also be observed, that in signing the letters, the king never failed to read at least twenty chosen at hazard out of the number presented him, and if the smallest deviation from the directions he had given appeared, the secretary whose act it was was sure of being completely ruined. At five, or a little after, the whole was delivered to a courier, who always reached Berlin before nine, when all letters in his custody, directed to persons residing in that place, were punctually and speedily delivered. Thus, if no answer was received on the following day of that in which a letter had been addressed to the king, the parties might be sure of not receiving any, unless his solicitation was of a nature to require the advice of some minister or head of the administration.

The four cabinet secretaries were necessarily slaves for life. The king required them to live in complete solitude: they were no where to be seen in public, nor did they receive visitors under their own roof. The king, it is true, took care that they should have a convenient house with a pleasant garden attached to it, and that nothing should be wanting to them with respect to the comforts of life: their stipend was forty thousand livres per annum. At the same time, no one who could possibly be suspected of being addicted either to intrigue or indiscretion was suffered to approach them. I knew of but one of them who ever married: this was counsellor Muller. The king in offering him the place said, "My proposal requires that you should sacrifice yourself to the service of the state. Examine well if you have the courage. I had resolved never to employ a married man in my cabinet: I know you have a wife and children; I am therefore breaking an important rule in your favour; this I do in consequence of the particular esteem I entertain for you, and the firm persuasion that neither your wife nor children will be allowed to enter your official cabinet, and that they will be kept in perfect ignorance of the affairs with which you will be intrusted. In a word, you must ever bear in mind that to serve me as you ought, you

must forget your family, friends, and relations." M. Muller accepted because he dared not refuse; his nomination was the cause of the profoundest affliction to his whole family, who all wept bitterly: so much were places of this kind held in terror by every one not blinded by ambition or hired by the spirit of intrigue.

Frederic having dismissed his secretaries about nine in the morning, sent for his first aid-de-camp, who, in most instances, was a general officer: all matters relative to military affairs were concerted between them, and Frederic gave his orders respecting the discipline of the army; he appointed officers to such places as were vacant in his regiments, and provided for every exigency in this important branch of his administration. His aid-de-camp seldom left him without as much employment as would fill the whole of his time till the following day. The king about ten o'clock frequently exercised his regiment of guards, or some other corps in garrison at Potsdam, in person, and this occupation generally detained him till the hour of parade, from whence he returned to dinner; but he as frequently consecrated these two hours to reading, to his literary compositions, music, or to writing private letters, that being the time in which almost the whole of his productions, whether in verse or in prose, were composed. He was commonly to be seen walking in his garden, accompanied by three small grey-hound bitches, and followed by a page or footman. This was likewise his time for giving audience, and for any sort of casual occupation: but as he grew older he made his appearance seldomer at the parade, particularly since the seven years' war.

At twelve o'clock precisely he sat down to dinner with such guests as he had invited at ten. These consisted, according to circumstances, of literary men, courtiers, generals, and such of the princes of Brunswick as happened to be at Potsdam.

The breakfasts he gave were, for the most part, composed of chocolate or fruits; his dinners were extremely well served, for Frederic was no less an epicure than a great sleeper. It should at the same time be considered, that this meal was also his principal recreation from business; accordingly he always appeared cheerful at table and talked incessantly. When he did not intend to walk in the evening, he prolonged this repast till near three o'clock; but when the weather was fine, and he wished to walk, or he had some study or other occupation in view, he confined it to one hour. During the dessert, the steward of the kitchen laid before him a book of tables and a pencil, and the king wrote in it all the articles he chose for the dinner of the following day. He was particularly fond of all sorts of pies, of foreign cheeses in high esteem, and sent for them from the most distant countries of Europe. He liked all his dishes highly seasoned with spices, even his soups. His ordinary beverage was French wines, which he preferred to all others. He sometimes drank nothing but champaign mixed with water for a long time together, affirming that nothing was so wholesome and agreeable. He had twelve cooks, consisting of Germans, French, Italians, English,

and Russians, who had large salaries. They all found constant employment; each kept to his separate department; and each knew his task. The cooks were under the superintendence of two stewards of the kitchen, who also were well skilled in the culinary art. The name of one of them was Joyard, a native of the city of Lyons; that of the other, Noel, who was a native of Perigueux. These two presided at the sideboard, where they appeared in coats laced with gold. For a number of years the king allowed each of them a bottle of wine for each meal; but this custom he at length suppressed, from the persuasion that what was left from the dessert was sufficient. I have been witness to the complaint of Noel on finding himself condemned to drink nothing but water in his old age, particularly as, to the most excellent qualities, he added that of the strictest economy in his department. Joyard, who was a man of more moderate taste, only smiled without complaining. In fact the two stewards, besides handsome salaries, had other considerable profits on the daily table expenditure. At first Frederic paid them a rix-dollar for every dish; afterwards, only twenty gros-chens; then sixteen, or a florin; at last he reduced it to half a rix-dollar. This method of defraying the expences of his table enabled him to dispense with the minute detail of the accounts of housekeeping. On this head I must observe that the cooks were furnished gratis, first with as much wood as it was possible for them to consume, the company who supplied it having engaged to provide a large quantity annually for the king, queen, &c. &c.; secondly, a large supply of the best butter, which arrived at stated times from the dairy in Holland, established by William the First on the Hawel, and which was more than four square leagues of excellent pasturage in extent; thirdly, a similar advantage as to all sorts of game, the tenants upon the royal estates having contracted in their leases for sending a certain quantity of those articles to the royal kitchen per week, which was regularly convoyed by some public vehicle at their expence. Thus it appears that the stewards had to purchase no article of food but butcher's meat, and common sorts of fish, which in that country are extremely cheap; all extraordinary or foreign supplies, together with wines, liquors, teas, coffee, chocolates, sugars, confectionaries, and articles for the dessert, being exclusively paid for by the king. I have not included, in this statement, vegetables and sundries for culinary uses, which were paid for by the stewards. Hence it appears that nothing can be more false than the accounts in circulation that Frederic paid the expences of his table at so much per head, for this was never in reality the case.

Another point of importance should here be added. The king was extremely fond of kernelled fruits, and took care to have his table provided with them as long as they remained in season: some of these were constantly placed on the brackets in his sitting room, and he frequently ate them as he paced up and down for exercise, and no doubt they contributed equally to his health and pleasure. As soon as his predilection for this kind of fruits was known, the most considerable gardeners erected hot-houses, that they might be able to supply him with them at all sea-

sons of the year. Sometimes he purchased them at a high price : for instance, he has been known to pay a ducat for a cherry ; the same for the finest plums, and other fruits ; and still more for pine-apples. This kind of luxury proved extremely useful to the country, since it was the means of introducing, both at Potsdam and Berlin, and afterward in some parts of the adjacent country, a cultivation both pleasing and salutary in its nature, and which had previously remained unknown in those climates, the principal productions of which were turnips, cabbages, and potatoes. Frederic set the example to his subjects by planting a prodigious number of the choicest wall-fruit trees, all exposed to a south aspect, in his gardens at Sans-Souci.

In the afternoon, when the cabinet secretaries had withdrawn with the signed letters, the king sent for the secretary of orders, who was for the most part charged with the correspondence of the academy, with that to the professors of the different schools, the literati, and artists, whether natives or otherwise : when these different branches furnished no other employment, this interval was devoted to reading and literary composition.

At six the concert commenced, and lasted an hour. Frederic assisted on the flute ; and it may be believed that, if he happened to break the time, his fault was repaired by those who accompanied him, or that they imputed to themselves the blame. However, by degrees, as he lost his teeth, he acquired a lisp that was extremely unfavourable to the sounds of his flute.

He was fond of exercising himself in walking after dinner, particularly in the months of July and August, the time of his drinking the waters. The extent of his walk was generally from one of his castles to the other ; and though the distance is considerable, and he had somewhat the appearance of general weakness, it occasioned him no fatigue. As he used this exercise for purposes of health, he sought to derive from it only amusement, which generally led to the sportive and sarcastic humour I have before described. None of his courtiers liked to be his companion on these excursions. Once, for a whole year together, I know not why, it was the Count de Schwerin who was almost every day summoned for this purpose ; he has since been appointed from a general to be master of the horse. He was of low stature and corpulent : having never accustomed himself to any but horse exercise, and being near seventy years old, he could with difficulty keep pace with the king, his face all the time running down with perspiration. M. de Schwerin was not of a character to dissemble the inconvenience these walks occasioned him, and his ill humour was an admirable subject for the jesting propensity of the king. One day the king led him further than usual, and proposed returning without stopping to rest. When they were within about a mile of their journey's end, they discovered a sedan behind some bushes, and Frederic, in a tone of the most provoking raillery, obliged him to get into it ; when no sooner were they proceeding than the king beset him with such a multitude of questions that the

unfortunate M. de Schwerin, the better to hear and answer them, did nothing but put his body out at one or the other of the windows, and at length reached home more fatigued with this sort of exertion than if he had finished his journey on foot. The title of your excellency, which the king on this occasion did not fail at every moment to repeat, did not restrain the count from betraying his dissatisfaction, which had nearly terminated in a rupture, and procured him at least the advantage of passing a few days in tranquillity.

The interval between the concert and the time for walking and supper time, which was ten o'clock, was generally spent in conversation. Frederic, however, after the seven years' war, discontinued his suppers; and, in consequence, had created two kinds of evenings: in the one, he sent for three, four, or at most six generals, or other courtiers, to whom he gave a supper consisting of four dishes and a dessert; in the other, no supper was served, the guests not being of the number of his table companions. In the first of these cases, he sent his guests to the supper table at ten o'clock, when he himself retired to bed; but it sometimes happened that, when eagerly engaged in conversation, he went with them to the eating room, helped one or two of the dishes, talking all the while, but never sat down; and in a few minutes disappeared. In the second case he simply dismissed the guests at the same hour.

In this distribution of his hours, it is evident he sought to compensate the cares and exertions of the morning by the social pleasures of the evening; that to insure himself calm repose by night, and be the better enabled to meet the fatigue of the succeeding day, he took pains so to fashion his amusements that they might disencumber his mind of every subject of disquiet or perplexity in which he had been concerned.

I have said nothing of the king's stables, because, at Berlin, they form a part of the riding-house, where also the master of the horse resides, and are near the castle. On this head Frederic was indeed little luxurious: I am persuaded he had never more than six or eight sets of harness, and about twenty saddle-horses. As he had no partiality for field sports, he kept no packs of hounds; and it is easily imagined that he required a smaller number of horses than other princes. I observed in him but one object of prodigality; this was his snuff-boxes, of which it is said he had fifteen hundred, and many of them of great value. I never saw him without four, five, or six of these, both in his pocket and on the table before him. The snuff he used was Spanish.

ORIGINAL HISTORY
OF THE MEMORABLE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN OF SUWOROW IN
1799.

(Concluded from our last.)

IN the mean time, the rear of Macdonald's army was harassed by the divisions under Generals Ott, Hohenzollern and Klenau, who sent in great numbers of prisoners. The division of Victor was compelled to abandon its position in the Val de Taro, and to take refuge in the Genoese territory; and Macdonald himself, driven from a position he had taken behind the Secchia, pursued by the Imperialists, harassed by continual insurrections of the people in Tuscany, betrayed by the Cisalpine General *La Horz*, whom he had left in that country, and menaced with the approach of a corps of Russians just landed near Ancona, at last submitted to abandon a country disfigured by his crimes. He led off the miserable remains of his army, now reduced to about 8,000 men, first towards Leghorn, and thence along the states of Genoa and the country of Nice, whence most of his skeleton divisions formed a junction with Moreau, while he himself, as a reward for his bravery, his perseverance, his incredible toils and sufferings, and his unshaken fidelity to his trust, was neglected, if not disgraced by his masters! Such has ever been the gratitude of Republics!

Suworow was now reaping the fruits of his victory, amidst the admiration, the applauses, and benedictions of the people for whom he was combating. The loss of the Imperialists, in the battle of the Trebia, consisted of one Lieutenant-colonel, thirty-six officers of the staff and commissioned officers, and 3,250 men, killed; and of three Generals, three Colonels, one Lieutenant-colonel, 187 staff and commissioned officers, and 4,300 men, wounded: making in all 7,781 men. The French lost, in killed, 6,200 men, of all ranks; in prisoners taken in the field of battle, 5,087; wounded, made prisoners, 7,183, amongst whom were 502 officers of the staff and commissioned officers, eight Colonels, two Generals of division (Olivier and Ruska), and two Generals of brigade (Salm and Cambrecy); making in the whole 18,470 men.

But, it was neither the prisoners taken, nor the numbers slain, it was neither the duration of the contest nor the valour displayed, that gave the most éclat to the action on the Trebia. Battles, which, though long and bloody, are followed by no important and durable consequences, require the assistance of books to preserve them from oblivion; while others, which, like those of Blenheim, Pultawa, Hastings, and Agincourt, decide the fate of a campaign, or change the dynasty of an empire, are immortalized without the aid of historians or poets. This is the destiny of the battle of Trebia; for, it at once decided the fate of the campaign and of Italy.

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Suworow was now reaping the fruits of his victory, amidst the admiration, the applauses, and benedictions of the people for whom he was combating. The loss of the Imperialists, in the battle of the Trebia, consisted of one Lieutenant-colonel, thirty-six officers of the staff and commissioned officers, and 3,250 men, killed; and of three Generals, three Colonels, one Lieutenant-colonel, 187 staff and commissioned officers, and 4,300 men, wounded: making in all 7,781 men. The French lost, in killed, 6,200 men, of all ranks; in prisoners taken in the field of battle, 5,087; wounded, made prisoners, 7,183, amongst whom were 502 officers of the staff and commissioned officers, eight Colonels, two Generals of division (Olivier and Ruska), and two Generals of brigade (Salm and Cambrecy); making in the whole 18,470 men.

But, it was neither the prisoners taken, nor the numbers slain, it was neither the duration of the contest nor the valour displayed, that gave the most eclat to the action on the Trebia. Battles, which, though long and bloody, are followed by no important and durable consequences, require the assistance of books to preserve them from oblivion; while others, which, like those of Blenheim, Pultawa, Hastings, and Agincourt, decide the fate of a campaign, or change the dynasty of an empire, are immortalized without the aid of historians or poets. This is the destiny of the battle of Trebia; for, it at once decided the fate of the campaign and of Italy.

The attempt of the French Generals was, indeed, an act of boldness approaching to temerity, but their plan was vast, and most admirably concerted. If Suworow had been two days later, Moreau and Macdonald would have formed a junction, and, with an army of 50,000 men, would not only have obtained a reinforcement of 10,000 more, by relieving Mantua, but they would, by the same stroke, have completely cut off all communication between the armies of Kray and Suworow, and would have had it in their power to march against, and to defeat whichever they chose. Again, if Suworow had had five thousand troops less, if he had not previously received a reinforcement from General Kray contrary to the secret orders of the Aulic Council, or if Moreau or the Ligurian legion had come up during the battle, the consequence would have been still more fatal. So that, in whatever point it be viewed, it was the battle of the Trebia that purged Italy of republicans, and restored seven princes to their dominions.

After the battle of the Trebia, the Field Marshal fixed his head quarters at Alexandria, where he covered the sieges of the citadel of that place and that of Tortona, and where, till the *battle of Novi*, he seemed to have little more to do than receive the pleasing details of the consequences of his victories and of his judicious arrangements. The first intelligence that arrived after his return, was that of the surrender of the citadel of Turin, which had capitulated, on condition of the garrison being sent to France to be exchanged for an equal number of Austrians, General Fiorella, the commandant of the garrison, and all his officers, being kept as hostages for the fulfilment of the articles. Thus was this noble city, the capital of Piedmont and the King of Sardinia's dominions, once more cleared of its devastators. On the 30th of June the French garrison of Bologna capitulated with General Klenau, and at the same time, the few *sans-culottes* that remained in Florence, retreated to Leghorn, where as they could escape no further, they capitulated. The insignificant garrisons that had been left in different parts of Tuscany followed the example of their brother republicans, and laid down their arms, one after another; not, however, before they, and their predecessors, under Championnet and Macdonald, had left the print of their rapacious and sacrilegious hands on that beautiful and happy country, and destroyed in six months the fruit of forty years wise and paternal administration, which all the concessions, humiliations and sacrifices of the Grand Duke had not been able to preserve from their clutches. In the States of the Church, where, two months before, "nothing was to be seen but scaffolds, ruins, famished inhabitants, the most horrible tyranny, all the crimes of avarice, oppression, revenge and despair;" in the States of the Church, two months before ruled by an execrable republican banditti, who extorted the last crust from the peasant, and who answered the cries of hunger with the bayonet; in these oppressed States there now remained only a small garrison in Rome (whence Championnet had been recalled, and whence Macdonald had withdrawn a great part of the troops), a still smaller in *Ancona* and in *Civita Vecchia*. The republican troops in the interior were reduced

to a few bands of roving thieves, who, for safety, depended upon their hiding-places rather than their arms. Lower down, in the Neapolitan dominions, affairs took a turn still more decided. Some remains of the royal army having assembled in Calabria, with some of the peasants, marched under the brave Cardinal Ruffo, to the relief of Naples, soon after it was left by Macdonald. Just as the city had opened its gates on the 27th of June, in consequence of a capitulation, which the king afterwards refused to ratify, because it stipulated a pardon for the traitor Moliterno, Lord Nelson, with his squadron, arrived in the bay, and the forts of St. Elmo, Capua, and Gaeta, being very soon recaptured, and the French sent home on parole, the king returned to his capital about the end of July, after having been exiled from it for the space of four months. The traitor Moliterno was swung from the yard-arm of a British frigate, and, before the end of July, the deliverance of the whole kingdom of Naples was completed by the exertions of Admiral Nelson and Captain Trowbridge, with the sailors and marines under their command, aided by a few slight detachments of Neapolitan, Russian, and British troops.

But had it not been for the glorious result of *the battle of the Trebia*, had Macdonald formed a junction with Moreau, or had the former defeated Suworow, instead of having his own army almost annihilated, the re-conquests of Naples, Tuscany, &c. would not have taken place; or, if they had, they would have been of short duration, and would only have tended to incense the tyrants of France, who would, with their usual impudence, have termed them rebellions, and would have made them the pretext of new confiscations and murders. It was, then, to the battle of the Trebia that this long and rapid succession of happy events was to be attributed; it was that which revived the hopes and courage of all honest men in Italy, and plunged half a million of miscreants into despair.

While the Imperialists were thus gathering the well-earned fruits of their former victories, the French were meditating another attack on them, more desperate than before; in which, however they were only preparing new disgrace for themselves, and fresh laurels for Suworow.

Moreau, after the battle of the Trebia, retreated in great haste from before Tortona, and having assembled the remnant of his own army, and the miserable scattered remains of Macdonald's, amounting in all to about twenty-five or thirty thousand men, formed, in the beginning of July, a line of defence in the strong position, taken by Bonaparte when he first entered Italy, and which, from Savona to Vado, extended through the Appenines, and behind the Bormida to Mellesimo. While the French General was employed in strengthening his already advantageous ground, and attending to the collecting of his army, and to the organizing and disciplining of the detachments sent to him from the interior of France, Field-Marshal Suworow, confining himself to advancing the sieges of the important fortresses of Alexandria, Tortona, and Mantua, and having his force very much divided, undertook no

operation either against Genoa, still groaning under the yoke of republicanism, or against Moreau's position; so that, from the latter end of June to the middle of August, when the battle of Novi was fought, both armies remained in a state of seeming inactivity.

In the beginning of August, Moreau, to whose zeal, patience, courage, and military popularity, the Directory were (as M. Mallet du Pan justly observes) indebted for still having an army in Italy, was ordered to give up the command of that army to Joubert, and was himself then appointed to take charge of the troops then assembling in Alsace.

Meanwhile the citadel of Alexandria, though defended by General Gardenne, one of the bravest officers and staunchest republicans in the French army, capitulated on the 21st of July, a week after the trenches were opened by the Imperialists, under the Count of Bellegarde. The speedy reduction of this fortress tended to frustrate the plans of Joubert, whose present object was to gain time, in order to re-organize his army, discipline the new levies daily coming in from France, enable fresh succours to arrive, and secure the advantage of a diversion to be made by the army of the Alps, which was collecting in Dauphine and Savoy, under General Championnet.

In this situation, and with these views before him, he received the dreadful intelligence of the fall of Mantua, which noble city and most important fortress had surrendered, by capitulation, to General Kray, on the 28th of July, after a siege of twenty days.

Joubert wished for nothing so much as delay; but, while it was doubtful whether a delay of even a month would give him all the additional advantages he expected from it, it was certain that a few days would bring Suworow a reinforcement of 20,000 victorious Austrians, led by the brave General Kray. This consideration determined Joubert to wait no longer, but to take the offensive himself, attack the Imperialists before the junction could take place, and raise, if possible, the siege of Tortona.

Suworow suspected his intentions, and made his preparations accordingly. General Count of Bellegarde, with 8,000 men, was stationed at Serzo; General Kray, who had fortunately arrived with his army, was ordered to remain at Alexandria, while the Field-Marshal himself, with 600 Russians, went to Possolo Formigolo, leaving the rest of the army at Rivalta.

On the 12th of August, Joubert, just after he had put his army in motion, had the mortification to learn, that the much dreaded junction of Kray and Suworow, which his movements were intended to prevent, had already been effected! This unwelcome and unexpected news seems to have given him a foreboding of the fate which awaited him: for it appears that he wrote to his wife soon afterwards, that the unlucky position of the armies compelled him to engage under circumstances that gave him but little room to hope for success. It was, however, too late for him to retract; he must either advance or retreat; longer inactivity was become impossible. His left wing, therefore, advanced from Melle-

simo, crossed the Bormida, dislodged the 8,000 men, under General Bellegarde, from Serzo, and posted itself on the Orba, in the plains of Alexandria. The count of Bellegarde had received orders to fall back, after a shew of resistance, in the like manner that General Ott, on a former occasion, had been ordered to act upon the approach of Macdonald. The Field-Marshal was resolved to render the battle general and decisive; he, therefore, strictly forbade the engaging in any partial action, in consequence of which order, the advanced posts fell back, one after another, and Joubert, who began to conceive hopes of driving the whole army with as much facility as he had done its detached bodies, pushed on into the vicinity of Novi, and took possession of that town.

The beautiful and extensive plain of Piedmont, where French cruelty had so often stained the ground with the blood of the innocent peasant, is terminated at Novi by a long ridge of hills, which though not very lofty, are extremely steep and rugged. Upon the top of this ridge, during the 14th, the French army formed an encampment, and on the 16th, Joubert intended to make a general attack upon the allies. In this, however, he was, notwithstanding the great advantage of his position, anticipated by the Field-Marshal, who had not marched over so many heights with his Russians to be stopped, at last, by the heights of Novi. Minds like that of Suworow delight in overcoming obstacles: the road to military glory is always up hill and difficult of ascent.

On the 15th, the Imperialists marched to the attack. Joubert's army consisted of about 40,000 men: that of the allies, of about 47,000. The superiority of the latter, as to the discipline of the troops, who were besides, flushed with victory, was still greater than their superiority of numbers; but the superiority of position which the French possessed, more than overbalanced every advantage of the allies. Joubert had his line already formed, and his cannon ready to play upon the first column that attempted to advance; while the Imperialists had to break up, to advance, and to form again, under a continual fire, and that too on the side of a hill, upon which they could hardly drag their cannon, much less bring it to bear upon the enemy.

The Imperial army was in motion before daylight. The Field-Marshal had given orders that the greatest silence should be observed, and so strictly were these orders obeyed by the several divisions, that the first intimation the French received of their approach was from the glistening of their bayonets in the rays of the sun, just peeping over the horizon. Instantly the beat to arms was heard in the French camp, followed by the *Marseillois' Hymn*, while cries of *Vive la Republique*, and of *Tortone ou la mort*, rent the air. But, the sans-culottes had now to meet an enemy, whose heart was neither to be softened by sounds, however sweet, nor appalled by noises, however loud or hideous.

The Allies advanced slowly and steadily on, in spite of the most tremendous fire from the whole line of the French, who, regularly drawn up on the edge of the heights, took their aim at leisure, without being exposed to a single shot in return. Joubert commanded his centre in

person, Moreau the right wing, and de Grouchy the left. The right wing of the Imperialists, consisting of Bellegarde's corps of Austrians, was commanded by the gallant Kray, the conqueror of Scherer and of Mantua; to the left General Melas, with another body of Austrians, was stationed a little in the rear to protect Tortona against the enemy's right wing, whose destination was thought to be against that important fortress; the centre, composed entirely of Russians, was led by Suworow.

At five o'clock General Kray reached the top of the heights, and immediately began the attack, in which, a few minutes after, he was followed by Suworow in the centre. It continued with great violence for several hours, during which, both sides alternately gave way and advanced again, till the Austrians and Russians were obliged to retire. About two o'clock, the Imperialists made another attack; but, in spite of all their efforts, the French still maintained their ground, making dreadful slaughter amongst their enemies. Both armies now prepared for a third and more mortal conflict: the Imperialists, marching over the bodies of their slain, rushed in upon the French, with the utmost fury. The battle became uncommonly bloody, the ground was strewed with dead and dying, Joubert, mortally wounded, was with much difficulty carried from the spot; but, still victory seemed to lean towards the republicans. Most fortunately for the Allies, just at this moment, the brave old General Melas, who had turned the flank and beaten the right wing of the French, came up with sixteen battalions of Austrian infantry. This decided the contest. The whole French line was thrown into confusion, they abandoned Novi and its heights, and fled with the utmost precipitation. Joubert was now dead; four other Generals, Periguan, Colli, Portouneau, and Grouchy (who has since died of his wounds), were taken prisoners; and Moreau, who had come to the battle as a volunteer under Joubert, led off, towards Nice, the wretched ruins of his army.

The loss of the French, in the battle of Novi, consisted of thirty pieces of cannon, fifty-seven waggons, fourteen standards, the Commander in Chief killed, four Generals taken prisoners, and 15,000 men, in killed wounded, and taken. Nor was the loss of the Imperialists much less, as to numbers. The Austrians had 5,600 men killed and wounded, and the killed of the Russians, owing to their obstinacy in refusing quarter, was proportionably greater. The lowest computation makes the killed and wounded of the Allies amount to 12,000 men. The French were said to have left five thousand men dead on the field of battle; but, such was the carnage, such the indiscriminate heaps, in which Russians, Austrians and French lay dead, and in which they were buried, that the exact number of the latter was next to impossible to be ascertained by any body but Moreau himself, whose masters thought it prudent never to publish any detail on the unpleasant subject.

The Directory did, however, confess, for once, that they had been defeated. If Joubert had not been killed, the ungrateful despots would most assuredly have disgraced him; but as he was dead, they were re-

solved to turn his death to as good account as possible, by paying to his memory such funeral honours as were well calculated to excite, among their volatile slaves, an enthusiasm that might assist in replenishing their depopulated ranks. Numberless were the anecdotes, which were related in proof of his heroism; amongst other stories, the silly people were told, that even after he fell, he continued to call out to his army: "*en avant ! en avant !*" But, it is much more probable, that, when the Russian bullet entered his heart, he cried out, "*Mon Dieu !*" and fainted. Not content, however, with making him a republican hero, they must also make him a *knight-errant*. It was said, that, as he marched up to the battle, he placed the portrait of his newly married wife in his bosom, saying to his officers: "*Il faut bien que je triomphe ! J'ai juré à ma femme et à ma patrie, que j'arracherai le laurier de la tête de ce Russe.*" That Joubert should have sworn this, is not, indeed, incredible: it was only adding one more false oath to these he had taken to support his king, and two constitutions, all of which he had successively assisted to destroy; nor were his expressions at all incompatible with that mixture of frivolity and ferocity, which characterize the republicans of France; but he forgot, or was not informed, that, if there was any valour-inspiring virtue in portraits, Suworow carried one at his breast as well as he. At any rate, neither the oath nor the portrait was of any avail. The laurel still grew and still flourished on the brow of Suworow, who now became a Prince in addition to his other titles; while disappointment, defeat and death were the lot of the presumptuous Joubert, whose vile carcass went to fatten the land of that very king of Sardinia, whom, only seven months before, he had betrayed and driven from his palace and his dominions, and whose misfortunes he had aggravated by every species of contumely, insult, and degradation.

With the battle of Novi terminated Suworow's campaign in Italy, whence he soon after marched, with his Russians, to co-operate with the Archduke Charles, in Switzerland and on the Rhine, leaving the Austrians, under Generals Kray and Melas, to act against the French army, which was now stationed in the states of Genoa, under the command of the ferocious Championnet, the plunderer of Naples and of Rome. This army was considerably augmented, and gave that of the Austrians no small embarrassment; but, though Genoa, when the last advices came away, still writhed under the horrible tyranny of the republicans, and though some few passes, posts, and trifling districts, on the skirts of Savoy and Piedmont, still remained in their possession, their forces were acting rather as defenders of France than invaders of Italy. Civita Vecchia and Rome, the only places of the south remaining in their hands, surrendered; the former, to the brave and enterprising Captain Trowbridge of the British navy; and the latter, to the no less gallant General Boucard, a Swiss, in the service of the king of Naples, having under his command a body of Neapolitans and Russians, and a few British soldiers and marines, who also had the honour to assist in wresting the city of the Cæsars from the hands of the Gauls, while their

countrymen, at Acre, were defending the tombs of antiquity against the wrath of these modern barbarians.

But all these subsequent events were no more than the natural consequences of the victories of Suworow. It was to his wisdom, his valour, his promptitude and perseverance, and to the animating confidence which his great name inspired, that Italy owed its deliverance. In the space of four months from the latter end of April to that of August, he tore up by the roots four republican and infidel despotisms, watered by the blood of the loyal and the faithful, and, in their stead, replanted royalty and christianity. The Cisalpine, the Ligurian, the Roman and the Vesuvian republics are no longer known but as monuments of his fame, while eighteen millions of people, delivered from the degrading curse, are daily calling to heaven for blessings on his head.

THE HISTORY OF THE WAR,

From the year 1792 to 1814; in which the Military Transactions of each Campaign are related separately and in detail.

CAMPAIGN OF 1793.

BOOK III. CHAP. II. *continued.*

BUT although fortune, in almost every other portion of the seat of war, seemed to second the efforts of the revolutionists, events still appeared unpropitious in La Vendee. In the course of the summer the towns of Saumur and Machicoul were seized upon by the royalists, and although they were afterwards defeated before Nantz, and repeatedly dissipated by the garrison of Mentz, yet it was found impossible to quell them entirely. At length Barrere obtained a decree for putting an end to the war in the course of "a single month;" and such was his presumption, that he soon announced "the total extinction of the rebellion," in consequence of the successes obtained at Martagne, Chollet, Chatillon, and Beanpreux, while Merlin of Thionville, on his arrival from the western army, announced with a savage joy, "that the insurgent territories were reduced to a heap of ashes, and soaking in blood."

Notwithstanding this, the inhabitants of the disaffected departments appeared frequently in arms, fought several actions, and actually besieged some of the neighbouring towns. The chiefs too, who had relied before entirely on their own strength, now thought proper to enter into correspondence with foreign powers, and to obtain succour from England, they made an attack on Granville, with a view of keeping open a communication, and facilitating the reception of supplies: but having failed in their attempt, and La Roche Jacquelin, one of the bravest of their leaders, being killed upon this occasion, a body of troops which had sailed to their assistance at the close of the year, under the command of Lord Moira, returned to England, and the expedition was abandoned.

But such was the nature of this contest, that out of the ashes of *La Vendée* new armies seemed to arise, and although fresh victories were announced daily in the convention, yet it became manifest that this domestic conflict was far more terrible than all the united disasters of the many foreign wars in which France was now involved.

Hostilities on the frontiers of Spain and Italy participated of the general fortune of the campaign, being carried on in a languid manner at the commencement, and increasing in vigour and animation towards the conclusion. Early in the spring, *Don Ventura* drove the French from the fort of *Andys*, and destroyed the encampments of *Biritau*; while *Don Ricardos*, at the head of the *Catalonias*, about the same time defeated the republicans at *Givet*, and *Bellegarde* was taken after a bombardment of thirty-three days. General *Dagobert* attacked and carried a camp belonging to the enemy, at the bottom of mount *Libre*; but on the other hand, *Don Ricardos* defeated the French near *Perpignan*. Soon after this, however, an entrenched camp belonging to the Spaniards at *Pirescham* was forced, and twenty pieces of cannon, together with the tents and baggage, were taken. At length, in the month of November, the republican forces entered *Catalonia*, and it soon became evident that Spain was unable to contend with this warlike people.

The French having determined to humble the court of *Turin*, fitted out a formidable fleet at the beginning of the year, under *Truguet*, with a view of obtaining possession of the island of *Sardinia*. After seizing on the isles *St. Peter* and *Antioch*, the expedition, consisting of nineteen sail, many of which were line of battle ships, appeared in the gulf of *Cagliari*, whither the commandant of the former had retired with his garrison, consisting of eight hundred men. The French admiral immediately sent a deputation of twenty-one men on shore with a flag, and an officer who demanded the surrender of the capital; but the *Sardinians* having killed seventeen of these, the remainder retreated to their boat. The fleet having at length entered the harbour, commenced an attack upon *Cagliari*, and the bombardment continued during three days, in the course of which period the assailants were much annoyed by the red-hot balls fired from the shore. Several of the ships also were damaged in their masts and rigging, and one was set on fire; while, on the other hand, the shells thrown from the bomb-vessels produced but little effect. In short, this expedition appears to have been conducted in such a manner as to reflect but little glory on the naval power of France; and nearly all the troops landed at different times and in different places were cut off by the inhabitants, who precipitated themselves from the mountains, and fought with the greatest bravery and resolution.

The civil war that took place in the southern departments, for a time appeared to give a decided preponderance to the feeble efforts of the king of *Sardinia*. The greater part of the republican troops being recalled for the purpose of reducing *Toulon* and *Marseilles*, the remainder were completely defeated in the county of *Nice*; and the whole

of Savoy appeared on the eve of returning under the dominion of its ancient masters. But towards the latter end of October the Sardinians were completely beaten at Saorgio, and it began to be conjectured that the approaching campaign would prove disastrous to Victor Amiadaeus.

The superiority of the English fleet in the Mediterranean contributed not a little, however, to support for a time the declining fortune of the house of Savoy, as well as to produce a considerable effect on some of the Italian states; for although Genoa, notwithstanding the unfair means resorted to, could not be intimidated into a declaration of war against France, yet the court of Florence at length yielded to threats, in consequence of which the French minister was dismissed, and such measures adopted as afterwards bereaved the sovereign of Tuscany of his ducal crown, notwithstanding the intervention of a short and precarious peace.

BOOK IV.—CHAP. I.

Preparations for the Campaign of 1794.—The French reconquer Austrian Flanders.

As the campaign of 1793, notwithstanding its prosperous commencement, had not closed with the same success, great preparations were made by the allies for opening the succeeding one. The courts of London and Vienna accordingly adopted the most efficacious measures to bring a body of men into the field, and colonel Mack, an officer in the confidence of the emperor, was sent to England on purpose to concert a plan with the British ministry. The conduct of the cabinet of Berlin had however become equivocal, for early in the present year an intercourse took place between commissioners from the French republic and general Kalkreuth at Francfort.

The king of Prussia, nearly at the same time (Feb. 7, 1794), notified to the diet of Ratisbon, that unless his troops received subsistence at the public expence, he would consider himself under the necessity of withdrawing the army on the Rhine, and contributing no more than his simple contingent; he also opposed the general armament of the inhabitants of the empire, which had been proposed by its head, and intimated to the prince de Saxe Cobourg, that the whole of his forces, with the exception of twenty thousand men, was about to leave the neighbourhood of Mentz, and retire to Cologne. At length his majesty, by a public declaration, in which he described the present contest as a war "with a delirious and never-diminishing swarm of foes," openly proclaimed his secession from the continental confederacy.

But all this proved to be a mere artifice to procure advances on the part of the maritime states: for England and Holland immediately entered into a subsidiary treaty for the maintenance of sixty-two thousand four hundred men, in the course of which the interests of the house of Brandenburg were regulated with all the nicety of mercantile calculation.

The emperor, who had been also induced to persevere in his efforts by the expectation of a loan from Great Britain, endeavoured to rouse the tardy zeal of the Germanic body, to which he intimated the necessity of a triple contingent: he at the same time increased his troops in the Low Countries, so as to amount to nearly a hundred and fifty thousand men; and, on purpose to obviate jealousies similar to those that had occurred in the course of the preceding autumn, it was determined that Francis II. should command the allies in person.

After the solemnity of his inauguration as duke of Brabant, his imperial majesty accordingly took the field at the head of the combined armies, which were stated at this period to amount to two hundred thousand men; and it was now hoped that, in addition to such an immense military force, an unity of action would be obtained, and former misfortunes avoided. On the other hand, the preparations on the part of the French were such as no age or country had ever witnessed. Instead of agreeing to a cessation for two years, as had been proposed by an agent of the combined powers at a neutral court, they intimated their intentions of carrying on a terrible war as the best mode of obtaining an honourable peace; in reply to the offer of "a provisional acknowledgment of the French republic," they insisted on "the provisional destruction of the royal governments;" and, already affecting the language of ancient Rome, intimated a design of surrounding the coalesced kings with the circle of Popilius.

The decree for the levy in mass had already placed all the youth of the most populous nation in Europe at the disposal of a government which boasted of having one million two hundred thousand men in arms. The war with the maritime powers having interdicted the importation of gunpowder and military stores, these were now supplied by the chemists and artisans of France. Paris alone, from its three hundred forges and fifteen founderies, furnished eleven thousand five hundred and twenty stand of arms, and one thousand one hundred pieces of brass cannon, every month. The insurgent cities were ordered to transmit a certain portion of saltpetre by way of fine; the feudal castles of the nobility, still supposed to frown on the liberties of the republic, as well as the forests that sheltered the noble loyalists of La Vendée, also provided their quota of this ingredient. In addition to the fund arising from assignats, the estates of the clergy, and the precious metals in the cathedrals and churches, were sacrilegiously seized, while the bells furnished cannon for armies amounting to considerably more than half a million of fighting men. That nothing might be wanting to give efficacy to these immense preparations, the archives of the war department were searched for the schemes and memorials drawn up during the reign of Louis XIV.; and a chosen body, consisting of the ablest military men in France, formed plans for the campaign, and laid down instructions for the generals, under the inspection of Carnot, a member of the committee of public safety, and one of the best engineers and most cold-blooded ruffians of the age.

(To be continued.)

HISTORY OF THE WAR IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

(Translated from the French of General Sarrazin.)

(Continued from our last.)

THE importance of this affair was duly appreciated by Marshal Soult himself, who, little habituated to reverses, and especially to surprises, was terribly vexed at Girard's disaster. In his letter to Prince Berthier, dated Seville, the second of November, he observes:—"The event, of which I am informed by General Count Erlon, commander of the fifth corps, in his reports of the twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth, and thirtieth of October, is so disgraceful, that I know not how to qualify it. . . . On the twenty-eighth of October, the first brigade, commanded by General Remond, was already on its march, at the distance of more than a league from Arroyo-del-Molinos, when General Hill arrived with his troops at General Girard's quarters, without a single musket having been fired. . . . General Girard had choice troops with him; yet shamefully suffered himself to be surprised, from excessive presumption and confidence. Whilst he was in the town, not a sentinel had been stationed there. The officers and soldiers were in the houses, as in the midst of peace. I shall order an enquiry, and a severe example," &c.

It was a frequent observation of General Kleber, that "to be surprised was much more disgraceful than to be defeated;" and he constantly recommended vigilance to the officers under his command. He repeatedly told the army, in the daily orders, "that the bravest man may be beaten; but whoever suffers himself to be surprised, is unworthy of being an officer." Buonaparte also felt severely hurt at Girard's misfortune, not for the sake of the loss which his army experienced, but on account of the glory, which a manœuvre, as scientific as bold, shed upon the English army; and, above all, upon the general by whom it had been so seasonably performed. It likewise afforded a pledge of the important services, which may be expected from General Hill, when possessed of a supreme command. Nor ought a circumstance, highly glorious to the Spaniards, to be omitted, as it evinced their loyalty, and the sincerity of their zeal in the cause which they defended. For the whole six days that the allies were marching through the country in all directions, to take the French, as Buonaparte terms it, *en flagrant*, there was not one of the better class of inhabitants, who, either from the love of gain, or from a desire of pleasing the French, gave General Girard any information of the danger that threatened him. Can there be a stronger proof of their hatred to Joseph, their fidelity to their allies, and their attachment to Ferdinand VII?

The Spaniards of the army of Murcia were not so fortunate as those of Estremadura. A short time after their defeat at Baza, they attacked the post of Huescar, which covered the left of Soult's cantonments. The French, having timely information of their approach by patrols, forced the Spaniards to fall back on Lorca. The Spaniards had, how-

ever, accomplished their object, which was to make the French believe that the army of Murcia continued in the province, whilst the flower of its troops had been marched to the river Guadalaviar, for the purpose of reinforcing Blake's army, which defended the kingdom of Valentia.

Fort Oropesa, situated on the road from Tortosa to Valentia, surrendered to the French on the tenth of October. Its occupation was of essential importance to General Suchet, as it secured to him the undisturbed arrival of convoys from his magazines on the Ebro. The castle of Saguntum had repulsed several attacks; but its garrison was in a critical situation, the breach having been found practicable. General Blake, who communicated with the governor by signals agreed upon, wished to try the fate of a battle, in order to furnish the castle with fresh supplies. He had an army of twenty-five thousand men, to which Suchet could only oppose twenty thousand, on account of the troops necessary to face the garrison. On the twenty-fourth of October, Blake appeared on the height of Puche, with his right towards the sea, covered by the fire of the English vessels, and the left leaning on the village of Betera. On the twenty-fifth he attacked the French posts, and forced them to fall back. General Zayas, availing himself of this first advantage, occupied the village of Puzol, and, with the flower of his division, changing his front on the extremity of his left wing, marched his right forward to a height, which commanded the position of Suchet's left wing. This manœuvre was brilliant, but rather rash against experienced troops. Suchet's right was likewise turned by Blake's left. Thus the latter, who had a superiority of about five or six thousand men, found himself weaker than the French in his centre, from the too extended movements of his wings. Suchet hastened to avail himself of this fault, by an impetuous attack on the centre of the Spaniards, where prodigies of valour were performed. The Spaniards were at first overthrown; but afterwards the French were driven, at the point of the bayonet, from the intrenchments, of which they had possessed themselves. The Spanish cavalry was defeated; but only after the most obstinate resistance. Suchet's experience and good fortune proved triumphant. The defeat of the centre rendered the advantages, gained on the right by Zayas, of no avail. A strong detachment of Walloon guards was taken prisoners at Puzol. Blake's left having been repulsed, this general retreated in good order, and would not have suffered materially, had he not wished to meet the French again behind the rivulet of Betera. His loss, which amounted to about six thousand men *hors de combat*, would not have exceeded half the number, had he continued his retrograde movement towards Valentia. With the best intentions, and superior numbers, Blake lost the battle through arrangements, as little adapted to the nature of the ground, as highly favourable to the enterprising character of the general, by whom he was opposed. Had he refused his two wings, and ranged the flower of his troops in several lines on the centre, with orders that those, who might be overthrown, were to form again in the rear, Suchet would have been defeated; the castle of Saguntum, which was in the utmost

distress, would have received fresh supplies ; and the French army would probably have been forced to return to Arragon.

The garrison of Saguntum had witnessed the efforts and the reverses of the army, by which they were to be relieved. A longer resistance would have endangered the place, which would be attacked, and carried by storm. The breach having been judged perfectly practicable, the capitulation was signed on the twenty-sixth of October, 1811. Cendriani, the governor, has been blamed for having surrendered, when he might still have held out a long time. But the fact, that the troops marched out by the breach, completely refutes this calumny. How much are these fulminating denunciations to be distrusted, which are issued at random by numbers of writers ! These men establish themselves supreme judges of generals, because governments, anxious to guide public opinion, keep them in pay, and secure them against the punishment due to their impudent libels. But warriors are become philosophers : they treat the observations of ignorance with contempt, whilst they correct the faults pointed out by enlightened judges.

A good general ought to bear in his mind the fine answer of Marlborough to a French nobleman, who complimented him on his masterly manœuvres during the war in Flanders. "We committed a hundred blunders, and you a hundred and one," was the modest reply of the commander, who had made Louis XIV. tremble on his throne. The great Condé, seeing his courtiers astonished at his perusing with pleasure a book, in which he was severely condemned, said, "I am delighted with this work, because it points out the faults of which no one dares to tell me." Whoever is duly impressed with the deep sense of the answers made by these two great commanders, can form a tolerable idea of the extensive information which a good general ought to possess, and will not be surprised at the reflection in this analysis of the military operations of the peninsula. "A mule," said Marshal de Saxe, "that had made twenty campaigns under Cæsar, would still be but a mule." Experience alone does not make a general, if nature has not endowed him with a genius for war : but this genius, again, must have been improved by practice, and profound study. If it be said that the great Condé was born a general, the assertion may be contested. The prince, it is true, gained, at the age of twenty-two, a complete victory in the fields of Rocroy : but his father had been his instructor. He had besides served under Marshal de Chatillon, the best general of Louis XIII. and he had under his orders, at Rocroy, Marshal de l'Hopital and Gassion, the worthy pupil of the great Gustavus. Even he, who has been born with the most splendid talents, cannot become a good general, but by the practice of his profession, and by the study of military works. It was in the school of Turenne that Marlborough rapidly improved his rare talents for the higher tactics ; a science, in which, as in all others, an able master causes a rapid progress. This digression, it is hoped, will be forgiven for the sake of its object, which is to show the importance of the painful task imposed upon the historian, who is bold enough to speak the truth.

But to return to the Spanish war.—The partial successes, which the guerillas obtained in the month of October, may be considered as a kind of compensation for the progress of the French in the kingdom of Valentia. On the twelfth of October, Baron d'Ayroles took the castle of Bellpuig, an important post, to keep up the communications of Catalonia with Arragon. On the twenty-sixth, he defeated a French moveable column near Puycerda, and pursued them to the very territory of France, where he levied strong contributions, and afterwards returned to Catalonia, by the Val-de-Carol. On the fifteenth of the same month, Don Julian Sanches, who had waited the night before in ambush near Ciudad-Rodrigo, surprised General Raynaud, the governor of that place, when he was coming out for a ride, and took him prisoner. On the sixteenth, the cunning, brave, and enterprising Empecinado attacked the garrison of Calatayad, and took four hundred prisoners. On the seventeenth, Espozymina destroyed, in the neighbourhood of Ayorbe, a French detachment of eleven hundred men. The French troops, on their part, took Balaguer, and Mataro: but they completely failed in their attack on the small islands of Las-Medas, situated at the mouth of Ter. Their occupation by the allies prevented the transport of supplies to Barcelona by the coast; and facilitated the correspondence of the guerillas, in Catalonia, with the English vessels. General Dorsenne occupied the Asturias. He met with scarcely any resistance, though he had to encounter the Earquesito and Mendizabal, and had taken the precaution of not advancing without the whole of his army. In the south, Marshal Soult sent three columns against General Ballasteros, who, being obliged to give way to a force three times superior to his own, retreated once more under the cannon of Gibraltar. The French occupied the intrenched camp of Saint Roch. It was on his return from this expedition, that the French general, Godinot, blew his brains out. He was rather an active, than an excellent officer. This act of despair was attributed to his being apprehensive of the reproaches, with which Marshal Soult would assail him, for having suffered Ballasteros to escape. Marshal Soult undoubtedly is a very able general, but he is perhaps a little too severe, especially towards officers who mortify his vanity, by not succeeding in his plans.

Thus ended a campaign, which offered so many favourable chances to the allies, though they did not avail themselves of the advantages. Badajoz would have been preserved, if it had been succoured in time; and this might have been effected by La Romana's corps, supported by an English reserve. The siege of Cadiz would have been raised, in consequence of the victory of Barrosa, if Graham had been the commander-in-chief. A well combined attack might have destroyed Massena's rear guard, on the third of April, near Sabugal; and by observing the usual precautions, the garrison of Almeida might have been taken, and its stores preserved. Badajoz would have been retaken in the month of May, and Soult completely beaten, if the army had been stationed within lines of circumvallation and contravallation; and the town would

certainly have opened its gates to Lord Wellington in the month of June, if the engineers had executed the approaches to the body of the place according to the rules of fortification. A corps of troops might have been detached from Cadiz to reinforce Campoverde, and enable him to succour, first Tarragona, and afterwards Figueras. Finally, had Lord Wellington been less circumspect, and waited for the attack of the French in his intrenched camp, at Fonte-Guinaldo, his victory, which would have been complete, would have made amends for his previous errors, and decided the campaign in favour of the allies. The French took Tortosa, Tarragona, Badajoz, and Saguntum; they gained the battles of Gebora, Baza, and Mulviedro; and they twice caused the siege of Badajoz, and the blockade of Ciudad-Rodrigo, to be raised. The allies gained the battles of Barrosa, Albuera, and Fuentes-de-Onora; but the latter two were merely defensive. They took but one place, Olivenza, where the French had left only a weak garrison. Almeida cannot enter into the account, as Brennier had converted it into a heap of ruins. The combat of Arroyo-del-Molinos, though very brilliant, can only be considered as of secondary importance, on account of the small number of French troops engaged, a thousand of which, that is to say, one-third, succeeded in escaping with their eagles. Massena's expulsion from Portugal is unquestionably a considerable advantage; though it may be objected, that it was as much the consequence of famine, as of the attacks of the allies; since, during a retreat of one month, the French were never actually forced from any position, but at Sabugal. Had Lord Wellington, instead of marching to the Coa, manœuvred against Marmont, in the direction of Coria and Placentia, he would not have been long without finding a favourable opportunity to avail himself of the Marshal's presumption and inexperience. The distance of the army of the north would have prevented its co-operation with that of Portugal; whilst Lord Wellington might have collected the flower of the allied troops on one and the same central point, to make an end of Marmont. This army of Portugal being once destroyed, Marshal Soult could no longer have acted in Estremadura, and General Dorsenne dared not have advanced farther than Salamanca, or perhaps not beyond Valladolid. By continuing on the Tagus, Lord Wellington would have insured to himself, the great superiority derived from a single line of operations against an enemy, whose forces, when they are at a distance of several marches from each other, may be beaten successively by a concentrated army.

(To be continued).

Lives of the Great Captains of Modern History.

IT is our purpose under this head to execute a task very much wanted, that of giving a complete collection of THE LIVES OF THE GREAT CAPTAINS OF MODERN HISTORY. As far as respects France this has been already executed by Brantome, but we have no English Writer who has attempted it. The materials of these Lives will be as follows: 1. Where the subjects themselves have left their own Memoirs, they shall be given in full. 2. Where these Lives have been written by any author of authority, they will likewise be given in full,—such work being translated or reprinted. 3. In want of such materials, the best will be selected from the annals and memoirs of the age in which they lived.

THE LIFE OF JOHN DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,

(Continued from our last.)

BOOK V.

CONTAINING THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE YEAR 1708.

THE French were very busy during the winter, and made unusual motions, which nobody could at first penetrate the meaning of. But if the French made great preparations on their frontiers, those of the allies in the Netherlands were no less considerable, though they did not make so much noise. Their troops were recruiting with all imaginable speed, and the officers were ordered to exercise their new soldiers with great care. They provided large magazines, and gave room for certain prediction, that the Netherlands would be a scene of great action the next campaign.

At last, in the month of February, the great designs of the French court broke out, and it was every where known, that their preparations at Dunkirk were designed against Great Britain, in favour of the pretended prince of Wales. I must digress from the history of the grand war, to give some account of this expedition, which for a short time held all Europe in suspense.

The French king, not being able to digest the affair of Toulon, resolved to make an effort to carry the war into Great-Britain; and, believing that the Scots were dissatisfied upon account of the union, he flattered himself with the hopes, that they would declare for the pretender upon his arrival in Scotland. This being concluded upon, the necessary preparations for the expedition of that prince were carried on with all imaginable speed and secrecy; and the design thereof was rather guessed at than known, till the pretender set out from St. Germain's. This he did the 7th of that month, after having had several conferences with the most christian king, and taken his leave of him in form. He was accompanied by the earl of Middleton, and some other lords of his court.

About the same time the treasurer residing at Lisle received 54,000 Louis d'Or for the use of the fleet, and 200 Irish officers arrived at

Arras in their way to Dunkirk, where they were to go on board : while major-general Cadogan concerted with M. d'Anverquerque the march of a detachment of British forces out of Brabant, and how to supply their room in their several garrisons. General Lumley sent orders accordingly to ten battalions, to hold themselves in a readiness to march at an hour's warning, to be embarked at Ostend. There were already 3 Irish battalions, and 12 French, embarked or ready to embark, all commanded by the count de Gace, the marquis de Vibray, the marquis de Ruffé, the marquis de Levy, and M. Dillon, lieutenant generals.

The sieur de Monroy, colonel of the regiment of Luxemburg, and the marquis of Montandre, colonel of the regiment of Bearn, were made brigadiers ; and to encourage the other colonels, they were promised to be promoted to the like degree, and that all the subaltern officers should be likewise promoted. Each colonel received 1500 livres by way of gratuity, the lieutenant-colonels and majors 900, and the captains 600. M. Dandreselle was made superintendant of the troops designed for this expedition : the squadron which was to convoy them was entrusted to the count de Fobin ; but the number of ships was at first variously reported.

It was said that 700 officers, and a great many volunteers, accompanied the titular monarch in this expedition, for which they remitted eight millions of livres in specie to Dunkirk, besides a great sum of money which the late queen of England borrowed upon her jewels or otherwise. They made a great noise there of the strong party their prince had in Scotland, and caused a manifesto to be printed, in order to have it dispersed upon his landing, whereby he promised the Scots all the assurances they could desire for the security of their religion and liberties. The court of the elector of Bavaria expressed a great deal of joy upon this intended expedition ; and his electoral highness dispatched a gentleman to compliment the chevalier de St. George (for that was the name he was to go by till he ascended the throne of Scotland) upon his arrival at Dunkirk, and wish him good success in his enterprize. The titular monarch arrived at Dunkirk the 9th of February ; but there happened an accident in his way, which, though common enough to travellers, occasioned a great consternation amongst some of his superstitious followers, being looked upon as a bad omen. His chaise, or calash, broke within some leagues of Dunkirk, and he was obliged to take horse and ride post ; whereby he found himself much fatigued, and somewhat indisposed upon his arrival. His party gave out, that when the most christian king bid adieu to this pretended prince, he presented him with a sword enriched with diamonds, valued at 50,000 livres, and desired him always to remember that it was a French sword. To which the chevalier answered, " That if it was his good fortune to get possession of the throne of his ancestors, he would not content himself with returning thanks to his majesty by letters and ambassadors, but would shew his gratitude by effects."

After all this great bustle, on the 12th of March the king of France received advice, that they had been obliged to land the troops that were embarked, upon account of the indisposition of the chevalier. His physician, it seems, had declared, that he could not consent to his embarkation, looking upon it as very dangerous for his life, because he had the measles, attended with an ague. The 14th, the most christian king observing that the court appeared in a sort of consternation upon this accident, declared, that he had sent orders to count Forbin to put to sea without any further delay, upon any pretence whatsoever; and that he was very well informed, that the chevalier was not so ill as his physician represented. Soon after they continued their preparations, and the wind turning fair for them the 17th, they laid hold of that opportunity, and sailed from the road of Dunkirk: but the wind changing about midnight, they were obliged to come to an anchor in Newport-Pits. A vessel sailed from Ostend, with letters for sir George Bing, who then lay with a strong English fleet off Gravelines, to give him notice thereof, and, in the mean time, all things were preparing for the embarkation of the British forces. On the 20th of March the French fleet sailed from the pits of Newport, about two in the morning, with a fair gale, steering for Scotland. And now the French were so confident that their expedition could not miscarry, that they publicly boasted at court, "that God alone could disappoint their design." Some accounts added, that when the most christian king took his leave of the pretender at St. Germain, he said, "I wish you a good success, and hope I shall never see you again."

The preparations of the French at Dunkirk gave some uneasiness to the states, and especially to the province of Zealand, which seemed threatened with an invasion: but such precautions were timely taken for the security of those islands, that the French would have found it impossible to attack them with any success. Their territories being thus secured, their high mightinesses concerted with the British ministers the necessary measures for preventing the designs of the enemy against Great-Britain; and the zeal they expressed on this occasion was so very great, that they received thanks for it from her Britannic majesty.

We must now leave the two fleets a little to themselves, to take notice of what passed in the mean time at London, where Mr. Secretary Boyle acquainted the house of commons, on the 4th of March, that her majesty had commanded him to lay before that house several advices, received the last night and that morning, of great preparations at Dunkirk for an immediate invasion upon England by the French, and of the pretended prince of Wales being come to Dunkirk for that purpose. Upon which the lords and commons presented to her majesty an address, wherein they returned their most hearty thanks to her majesty, for being graciously pleased to communicate to them the intelligence she had received, of an intended invasion of this kingdom, by the pretended prince of Wales, supported by a French power.

"We are so sensible (say they) of the happiness we enjoy under your Majesty, and are so affected with the dangerous consequences of such an attempt, both to your person and government, that, with hearts full of concern for your majesty's safety, we beseech your majesty, that you will be pleased to take particular care of your royal person: and we, on our parts, are fully and unanimously resolved to stand by and assist your majesty with our lives and fortunes, in maintenance of your undoubted right and title to the crown of these realms, against the pretended prince of Wales, and all other your enemies, both at home and abroad.

"The care your majesty has taken for the defence of your dominions, and particularly in fitting out so great a fleet in so short a time, gives satisfaction and encouragement to all your good subjects, who are likewise very sensible of the zeal the states-general have shewn upon this occasion.

"As a farther instance of our duty, we humbly desire, that you would be pleased to order that the laws against papists and nonjurors be put in execution; and that directions be given to seize and secure such persons, with their horses and arms, as your majesty shall have cause to suspect are disaffected to your person or government.

"And as we doubt not but (by the blessing of God upon the continuance of your majesty's care) your enemies will be put to confusion; so we readily embrace this opportunity, to shew to your majesty and the whole world, that no attempts of this kind shall deter us from supporting your majesty in a vigorous prosecution of the present war against France, till the monarchy of Spain be restored to the house of Austria, and your majesty have the glory to compleat the recovery of the liberties of Europe."—To which address her majesty returned a suitable answer.

The 11th of March the queen went to the house of peers, and passed several acts; and afterwards made a speech to both houses, in which she acquainted them, "That she had received advices that morning from Ostend, that the French fleet sailed from Dunkirk on Tuesday, at three in the morning, northward, with the pretender on board; as also that Sir George Bing had notice of it the same day at ten: and he being very much superior to the enemy, both in number and strength, her majesty made no question but (by God's blessing) he would soon be able to give a good account of them." The queen added, "That she had also advice, that 10 battalions of her troops were embarked at Ostend, ready to sail with their convoy, as there should be occasion; and that she should continue to take all proper measures for disappointing the enemy's design."

The lords and commons, in return, presented to her majesty their several addresses; which I shall not here insert, nor any other pieces of that nature, the above being sufficient to shew the unanimity of queen and parliament at that time, and the folly of the French attempt against a British government thus happily cemented.

While this passed at London, some persons, appointed by the commission of the general assembly, appeared before the council, and presented the request of the commission, that there might be a day of general fast and humiliation to God, to implore his mercy, and avert or defeat the threatened invasion; together with an act they had formed thereupon, to which they craved civil sanction; and the lords and privy council agreed thereto.

On the 16th an express arrived at London from Sir George Bing, with letters dated the 13th, from on board the *Medway*, off the Frith of Edinburgh, importing, that the fleet under his command anchored the night before off that Frith, and saw, the 13th, in the morning, the French fleet in the mouth of the Frith, where they came likewise the 12th. They weighed the 13th in the morning, upon the appearance of the British fleet, and stood off from them, and Sir George made all the sail he could after them. The fleets were within two or three leagues of each other. Sir George sent a boat to the Isle of May, from whence he had an account, that the enemy sent a ship the 12th up into Leith road, with a blue flag at the main-top-mast-head, and that they heard several guns fire, in the manner of a salute, as they thought; and the ship came down again the next morning, and was seen within two leagues of the English fleet, but without a flag.

About the same time arrived letters from Dunbar, which imported, that the 12th, about noon, a frigate of twenty-six guns passed by that place, and stood into the Frith, to view the ships in Leith road. About four, another frigate of twenty-four guns appeared off Dunbar, and seemed to cruise about the road, as if she waited for some intelligence from the shore. About six in the evening, they saw a great many ships right off the place, one of which had a white flag on her top-mast-head: whereupon the militia stood to their arms on the shore, and the dragoons, who lay there, kept patrols all the night, to prevent any descent; but the enemy did not attempt it. They made several signals; and one Mr. Hepburn, formerly a servant to the late lord Dundee, being very solicitous to go on board that fleet, which he pretended was come from London, was seized prisoner, and carried away by the dragoons.

The 17th an express arrived from the earl of Leven, general of the forces in Scotland, and governor of the castle of Edinburgh, with letters dated the 13th, late at night, which confirmed that the British and French fleets were seen off the mouth of the Firth, and so near one another, that they appeared to be but the same fleet. The said lord Leven received that night a letter from a gentleman of note in Fife, importing, that that day, at four o'clock, they heard a cannonading at sea, which made them believe that the two fleets were engaged. The French, it seems, over-shot the place where they intended to go; for they were seen off Moutross, before they appeared in the Frith of Edinburgh.

The 15th a fleet appeared off the mouth of the Frith, standing in for the same: whereupon the earl of Leven drew up all the standing forces

in Edinburgh, and part of the militia, and marched to Leith, to oppose any descent, in case those ships proved to be the French fleet. His lordship being arrived there, there came on shore an officer from sir George Bing, by whom his lordship was informed, that the British fleet having chased the enemy from Saturday morning till the afternoon, some of the British ships came up with the French, and began an engagement; but the enemy being unwilling to run any hazard, made all the sail they could to get away, and so made their escape.

The Leopard, one of her majesty's ships, captain Gordon commander, came up with the Salisbury, a French ship of 52 guns, which struck to the Leopard, and surrendered. There were 700 soldiers on board, and a French lieutenant-general; besides several English, Scotch, and Irish gentlemen; and amongst others the lord Griffin, and two sons of the earl of Middleton.

The French pretended, that the count de Forbin had resolved to land his forces, seamen, artillery, and ammunition; to burn his ships, and fortify a post; but the council of the pretender did not think fit to expose his person; and seeing that the Scots did not answer the signals agreed upon, out of fear of the English fleet, or infidelity, as they called it, they resolved to return home. They gave out, that the chevalier was furnished with very fine tents, and a great deal of gold, silver-gilt, and silver plate, of an exquisite workmanship; with clothes for his life-guards, liveries for his household, and other necessities.

I shall here add to these pieces extracts of two letters more, one from on board the Medway, the other from an officer concerned in the expedition; leaving most of the reflections on it to be made at the end of the year, that I may not too long detain the reader from the immediate subject of this history, the achievements of the duke of Marlborough. The first letter is dated March the 15th. "We chased the enemy (says the writer) to the northward of Buccaness, sometimes with reasonable hopes of coming up with them. The Dover and Ludlow Castle being the only clean-sailing ships we had, they were the first which came up with the enemy's squadron, passing by some of the smaller to engage some of the larger ships, and stop them till they could be relieved. They attacked two or three of their ships, among which was the Salisbury: they did not part with them till more of our ships arrived, but worked their ships in a handsome manner, to cut them off from the rest of the fleet; but, in the darkness of the night, they all got out of sight, except the Salisbury, who falling in amongst our headmost ships, the Leopard entered men on board her. We were informed by the officers who were taken, that there were 12 battalions on board their squadron. The number and strength of their ships* are very near the account we lately received from Dunkirk, nor were they joined by the Brest men of war; and they further assure us, that the ships our out-scouts saw off Calais were privateers and their prizes going into Dunkirk.

* About 32 ships, most of them small. Sir George Bing's fleet, according to a list sent to general Cadogan, consisted of 40 ships of the line, and 116 frigates.

The admiral seeing no likelihood of coming up again with the enemy, took station in the Frith of Edinburgh, and continued there till he was informed of the return of the enemy to Dunkirk, wisely foreseeing, that notwithstanding the reports they had spread of their strong party in the north of Scotland, their true design was upon the capital city. This and some other curious particulars are confirmed in the other extract, from a letter written by an Irish or Scotch officer, who, being in the interest of the pretender, deserves the more to be credited in several particulars. It is dated at Dunkirk, April 12, N. S.

This gentleman informs his friend, "that on the 9th their prince arrived at Dunkirk again, and that they were all in so miserable a condition, that the soldiers, when they crept ashore, looked more like rats than men. The prince suffered much in his health, and, what with fatigue and chagrin, looked very thin; but, to put a good face on the matter, he dressed himself in a fine embroidered sute, and a blue feather in his hat, when he went ashore, where he was received by abundance of ladies in their coaches, with looks that very much resembled an English funeral. When he went off, the noise was all over, Long Live the King; but at his return, shrugging of shoulders and shaking of heads gave a dismal welcome.

"I need not tell you (he continues) that the foundation of our whole design was the castle of Edinburgh; which miscarrying, by the arrival of the English fleet, the prince's council did not think fit to land any where else. The plan of this castle was laid before a council of general officers at Versailles; and it was unanimously concluded, that, with the troops, mortars, and bombs, which we carried, it could not hold out above three days. We designed to have made a false attack at the Postern-Gate, while three battalions should enter the out-works that near the city, and lodge under their half-moon, which would oblige them the next day to surrender. By the taking of this castle, we should have had the regalia; and, I am told, two protestant archbishops would have crowned our prince in the high-church. The equivalent from England, being also in this castle, would have been a great supply to us for raising men; we having above 400 officers with us for that purpose, all pretty fellows; that have served in the wars of Italy and Spain; and above 100 chests of money."

Thus ended, to the disgrace of the French, an expedition which had alarmed the confederacy: for they could not fancy, that the French court would so far expose their reputation, as to notify an enterprise of this nature to foreign princes, as if it could not miscarry, unless they had certain assurances, that the whole kingdom of Scotland was for the pretender. This was doubtless their opinion; for otherwise they would never have credited the impertinent report of the chevalier de Rambure, who declared, in a letter published in the Paris Gazette, that there were not 1500 men in the whole kingdom of Scotland against the pretender.

Major-general Cadogan, having caused eleven British battalions to embark for Great-Britain, those troops arrived at Tinnmouth, under

convoy of rear-admiral Baker; but they were a few days after ordered back for Flanders, and some of the troops that were marching from England for Scotland were ordered to be shipped off for the same service.

This design of the enemy proved advantageous to the allies, quickened their resolutions, and convinced them more and more of the necessity of humbling the exorbitant power of France. On the other hand, it afforded an opportunity to the government to distinguish, through the various pretences of men, those who were truly loyal to her majesty, and faithful to the succession in the protestant line, from some others who talked as much of protestantism, and yet were for a popish pretender. The people of Great Britain appeared unanimous against the enemy, and there was no rising in Scotland, as had been expected. The government indeed took care to prevent it, and secured several persons, whose conduct had given room for suspicion. The pope, who was deeply concerned in this expedition, lost his money to no purpose; and the exposition of the sacrament for forty hours in the churches of the English, Scots, and Irish at Rome, for imploring God's assistance on the enterprise of the pretender, served only to shew the foppery of that idle superstition.

Prince Eugene, who was to serve this year in the Netherlands, having signified to the duke of Marlborough the time of his departure for the Hague, his grace embarked as soon as he had certain advice that the enemy was returned to Duunkirk, and arrived at the Hague three days after his serene highness. They continued every day in conference with the pensionary and the deputies of the states, to concert the operations of war, which were all kept with the utmost secrecy. These conferences made the French very uneasy, and the precautions they took to secure their frontiers on the side of the Moselle were a plain indication that they were afraid of being attacked that way.

The two confederate generals having finished their negotiations at the Hague, prince Eugene set out the 20th of April for Dasseldorp, where he arrived the 23d, and was received with the respect due to his birth and merit. He had immediately after his arrival a conference with the Elector Palatine, and finished his negotiations the next day; so that after having dispatched an express for Vienna, his highness set out the 24th for Hanover.

(To be continued).

ORIGINAL NARRATIVE OF MY SERVICES,
IN THE YEAR 1813.

(Translated from the French.)

(Concluded from our last.)

IT has been already related, that during the fire in Dantzic, the enemy had attacked the redoubts of that place, and that part of the garrison had made a sortie to protect them; here again the exploits of the Free Company claim our admiration. The hundred warriors who composed it, supported by one hundred more soldiers, wished to retake from the Russians the advanced post of the redoubt Frioul, of which they had gained possession; they silently marched to the foot of this post, climbed up the heights, and darting over the palisadoes, shewed themselves to the astonished enemy; one hundred and fifty men were put to the sword, the remainder were made prisoners. After this signal advantage, and the success obtained to the north of the city, where a murderous fire of musquetry swept off entire ranks of the enemy, Count Heudelet gave orders that these harassed troops should return into the city, when the sound of arms, shouting and cries, announced to him that the French were seriously engaged towards Schidlitz and Stoltzenburgh. It was one o'clock in the morning, and no objects could be distinguished but by the light of houses burning here and there over the country, or where a momentary gleam appeared from the streams of fire, which marked the course of the Congreve rockets through the air. Count Heudelet was informed, that the besieged were repulsed in these two suburbs, and that they had retreated under the protection of the neighbouring batteries. The General immediately sent to require from the city all the disposable troops, and at the same time ordered the first demi-brigade to march out of the fortress of Bischoff berg. These forces formed a junction, but the darkness of the night was so great, that Generals Heudelet and Grandjean, not being able to form an opinion of the number or position of the enemy, waited until the break of day, that they might act with more precision and effect. As soon as the dawn of morning had thrown a feeble light over the country, General De Villiers received orders to retake the post on the right of the Schidlitz, which the enemy had obtained; and General Breissand was directed to march into Schidlitz and Stoltzenburgh, and to draw up before the fort of Bischoff berg. General Breissand marched forward, and drove the enemy from the trenches he had made during the night, upon an extent of two hundred toises, on a parallel with the fort of Bischoffberg, and retook all the posts they had occupied: but the Russians, considerably reinforced, attacked General Breissand; that able officer was to have been supported by General De Villiers, but the length and difficulty of the roads retarded his progress, and exposed General Breissand's corps alone to the enemy's attack. His situation did not alarm him; he ordered a general charge, and the engagement began. In a moment after, General De Villiers attacked, and carried by main force the posts to the right; the Russians were repulsed from the plain of Stoltzenburgh; but, in the moment of his success, the brave General Breissand was mortally wounded; to replace him, General Heudelet sent the Chief of his Staff, Colonel Quesnel; that officer, full of enthusiasm, activity and honour, possessed, in an eminent degree, the power of exciting the ardour of his companions in arms, by the example of his valour and the eloquence of his language; although as yet young, he had seen fifteen years of active service, and, by his noble and daring conduct during the siege, added lustre to the military reputation he had before acquired, in the campaigns of Italy, Spain, and the North. The Russians abandoned the posts of Schidlitz and Stoltzenburgh, to the brilliant boldness of our troops, but on the following day they threw themselves on the latter suburb,

with eight hundred men ; seventy French troops, who defended it, retreated to the gates of Schidlitz. General Hussou, perceiving this retrograde movement, drew two hundred and eighty men from different positions, at whose head he rushed on Stoltzenbargh, but he was suddenly stopped by a long and deep trench, which the enemy had hastily dug up, and furnished with numerous troops, protected by artillery. Those obstacles were insurmountable, and the General was obliged to retire under the fort of Bischoffberg, towards which the Russians began immediately to carry on their trenches.

The Governor perceived that it would be useless to persist in retaking posts, which the enemy, six times more numerous, attacked without respite ; he therefore left only a cordon of troops round the city, to observe the manœuvres of the besiegers, and to disturb their advanced posts, by a continued fire of musketry, and perpetual skirmishing. Meantime, famine was wasting away the garrison and citizens of Dantzic. The most vile and disgusting food was bought at an enormous price, and devoured with avidity.

Every morning hand-barrows were employed to carry off these unfortunate people, who perished in the streets through absolute want ; but without detailing those dreadful scenes of horror and despair, the imagination may conceive what was the situation of Dantzic, when two women were taken up for selling human flesh, made up as sausages ! and it was deemed cruel in the Governor to put a stop to this infernal traffic. Nor can it hardly be supposed, that after an engagement it was found necessary to inter the dead, to save their bodies from the voracity of the besieged, who eagerly strove to seize on this execrable food ! It was in such a state of misery, when a single house did not remain in the city, which had not been ravaged by fire, or injured by bombs or balls, that the Senate of Dantzic, in the hope of saving the inhabitants from total destruction and despair, presented the following address to Count Rapp :—

“ Sir,

“ All Europe bears testimony to your exploits ; victory has called you from the frozen summit of the Alps to the burning sands of Egypt, from the borders of the Nile to the banks of the Danube and the Spree, and from the fields watered by the Tagus to the shores of the Baltic. Your name, Sir, is connected with all the successes, which, for twenty-five years, have attended the French arms ; and your eighteen wounds are witnesses that you have been ever ready to sacrifice your life to the duties of your noble profession. After having done so much for glory, will you not, Sir, deign to yield a little to the cause of humanity ? for surely you cannot gather more laurels amidst those walls, where only the cypress is seen steeped in our blood, and bedewed with our tears. The losses, the privations, the misfortunes of every kind, we have borne with patience and resignation for your cause, allow us, perhaps, the privilege of being favourably heard, at those critical moments, when our city is menaced with total destruction, should you longer determine to defend it. It is not from this siege we are to date our sufferings ; a former siege, Sir, sustained against yourself, had already annihilated the prosperity of these countries ; since that period, submissive to your government, we have repaid, by innumerable proofs of obedience, devotion, and fidelity, the solemn promise made to us, to protect our industry, our commerce, and the independence of our laws. Yet for these six years, our port, once so flourishing, which opened to us the riches of a successful commerce, has been, by order of your Sovereign, closed against those Powers with whom he was at war. Our vessels have perished in this fatal inaction, our magazines are now no more opened to the chances of a lucrative exportation, and every source of our prosperity has decayed away.

“ Dantzic, fallen from its commercial rank, and deprived of the honours of its flag, has not remained less attached to France ; although, instead of its counting-

houses, its ware-houses, and its pacific speculations, it only exhibits the appearance of a dépôt for arms, and immense preparations for war, to which we have contributed with all our means; and when, Sir, the elements conspired to destroy your grand army, dispersed its remains, and delivered them to an enemy emboldened by its disasters; when the people betrayed you in your passage, Dantzic remained faithful, and hastened, by an hospitable reception and disinterested cares, to soften the sufferings, and soothe the disasters of your sick soldiers. An epidemic disease met our generous efforts; and, without a murmur at the cause of our grief, we wept over twelve thousand of our fellow-citizens, who perished by contagion. This city was, in the mean time, besieged by the Russians, and your measures of defence called on our part for immense sacrifices; all private property was converted to public use; we possessed nothing we did not share, or rather exclusively deliver, to the urgent wants of your hospitals and your garrison; and yet, Sir, what complaints have we preferred, or what remonstrances have we made, during the long exercise of those destructive requisitions? But alas! Sir, these are but the smallest of our evils; for after having lost our fortunes, we still have banishment or death to dread. A part of the inhabitants of this mourning city were driven from their fire-sides, abandoned to the mercy of public pity; others, victims of the evils of a rigorous siege, regret that they were not included in that sad proscription. The Russians, after having burned down our suburbs, showered a destroying fire, and burning balls upon our city. The dykes which restrained the fury of the waves have been burst open; the river which bathes our ramparts has sapped their shattered foundations, and opened a passage for its waves through our ruined habitations. Even, Sir, at the moment we lay before you our miseries, forty batteries belonging to the enemy, directed day and night against the circle of our walls, vomit forth terror and death amongst us. The father is struck in the middle of his family, and often the entire family disappears amidst the crash of burning ruins, which engulf them in their fall. At every moment new fires excite new alarms, and, in this eventful state, the living cannot reckon on a single day of existence. Yet it is in vain that the remainder of our population hope to escape from the fatal explosion of the bomb, by flying for refuge to the subterraneous parts of our dwellings; another danger not less frightful pursues them. Famine, more horrible than any other evil, multiplies scenes of grief and rage, which the most inflexible conqueror must shudder to behold. But no, the groans, the piercing shrieks, the last sighs of so many wretched beings, a prey to all the tortures of despair, and to the convulsions of a violent death, will not be lost to our cause!—they will eloquently plead for a dying people; you, Sir, will hear them, and you will save those victims, who yet survive so many scourges. Do not fear, able and courageous General, that the surrender of these walls can betray irresolution; an heroic resistance for eleven months, perpetual combats, the fury of which every night itself had not the power to suspend; actions and deeds, emulative of fabulous times, would justify the necessity of the act, if it could require it.

“ Besides, Sir, it is not the power of the enemy that will reduce the city; it is not even to the force of disease, inundations, or famine, that you will have yielded our ramparts: no, Sir, our misfortunes, our tears, and our prayers alone, could have conquered you. Invincible to force, you will be subdued by pity; and this one act of a feeling heart will raise a more splendid trophy to your fame, than all the victories you have gained.”

Count Rapp heard this address, but he still persisted in the defence of the place.

The 11th of November, the Free Company issued from the city, at two hours after midnight, and precipitated themselves into the trench the enemy had dug before Wernberg; one hundred and forty Russians were put to the sword. Ten

desperate enterprises of this kind were attempted with success by those brave and determined warriors, many amongst whom lost their lives. Lieutenant Connard was wounded in it for the twentieth time. M. Rosey gave, in the foremost ranks, proofs of the most extraordinary courage. From the 11th to the 28th of November, there were every day continued skirmishes, and an incessant cannonade kept up. Twenty batteries, armed with a hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, played continually on the post of Bischoffberg; all the other redoubts of the enemy were equally formidable. The situation of the besieged now became such, that resistance became culpable, not only in the eyes of humanity, but according to the most rigorous principles of war; for the Governor could no longer plead, in justification of his inflexibility, any of those motives which had at first engaged him to sustain the siege of Dantzig. He had defended that city because immense magazines had been deposited there, but which the fire had totally consumed. It had been defended as a place of refuge for those soldiers who would have perished had they a longer march to sustain; but the greater part of those men had already lost their lives, and a capitulation was the only hope of safety left for the remainder. Its defence was undertaken in order to injure the enemy on his retreat, under the supposition that Napoleon would have been victorious; but, after the most serious conflicts, that Captain had repassed the Rhine with the scattered remains of the grand army.

In such a state, what advantage could be proposed in a longer resistance? To preserve a heap of ruins and tombs; to annihilate the wretched inhabitants of a city, which owed to the French the calamities which overwhelmed it, and even to complete the destruction of the French themselves, without serving the cause of their Emperor. Still less could it benefit their country, already too much afflicted by the loss of so many thousands of her children, fallen in the plains of Moscow, Poland, Prussia and Saxony. All those considerations, at length, prevailed in the mind of General Rapp, over a resolution which would have been fatal. The Governor and his garrison had done all that could be expected from the most intrepid soldiers, and all that remained was to procure honourable terms.

The Convention concluded between his Royal Highness the Prince of Wurtemberg and Count Rapp, was in substance, that the place should be surrendered on the first of January, if it was not relieved before that period.

The Garrison to march out with the honours of war.

That it should preserve six hundred pieces of artillery and all its baggage, and should return to France, under the condition of not serving against the Allies for a year and a day.

As soon as this Convention had been signed, the Prince of Wurtemberg demanded from the Governor those soldiers of the garrison who belonged to the different Coalesced Powers. Count Rapp not having any motive to refuse, agreed to this claim; and, in consequence, the Bavarians and other foreigners, whose sovereigns had declared war against the Emperor Napoleon, separated from the French.

Their parting was affecting; those brave men vowed eternal esteem and friendship, which, they declared, no political dissensions should interrupt; they all embraced their companions on taking leave, and many exchanged swords. At the head of the Bavarians was Colonel Butler, an officer whose heart was the seat of every virtue that could adorn a soldier. Thus parted those valiant men, worthy of appreciating each other's merit; and, endeared by mutual esteem, they separated; and, faithful to the commands of their sovereigns, went to fight those, whose fellow-soldiers they had been. Meantime, the French yielded to the hope of once more returning to their homes, and forgetting, in the bosom of their families, the misfortunes they had experienced. A few days only were to elapse, according to the regulations of the Convention, before they should pursue their route towards their beloved France: every one was with delight making preparations,

and only waited the expected signal ; when the General received a letter from the head quarters of the Russians, which announced, that the Emperor Alexander had refused to ratify that Article which allowed the French to return to France. That monarch demanded that they should be sent into Russia, as prisoners of war.

This intelligence shocked the French, who were at once, from the sweetest prospect hope could form, plunged into the most gloomy despair ; for what alternative could be more dreadful than a severe captivity, amidst the frozen climes of Moscow, and, after such indescribable fatigues, unexampled dangers and misfortunes, more almost than human strength was capable of supporting, to be obliged to march, during a rigorous season, and into these very countries where so many of their countrymen had perished, by the severity of a cold and inhospitable climate !

The idea of such a termination to their sufferings wounded the pride of the besieged ; they formed the resolution of issuing out with arms in their hands, and dying upon the bodies of their enemies, whose sovereign had violated the laws of nations, and broken a treaty, to which a Prince, his General, had subscribed his name. In the bitterness of adversity, and the anguish of despair, those severe complaints and insulting reproaches were not surprising. Yet the Russian Monarch alledged, in justification of his refusal to ratify the Convention, the conduct of Napoleon, who, in opposition to a similar treaty, signed with the garrison of Thorn, had compelled the soldiers who composed it to serve before the expiration of the time agreed on.

If such was the case, General Rapp and the garrison of Dantzic could only accuse their Emperor himself for the severe terms which formed the basis of a second capitulation ; which, however, it was necessary to agree to, in order to stop the fury and arrest the vengeance of those soldiers who remained in the garrison, and, prompted by despair, determined to seek a period to their woes, at the point of the sword. But they had sufficiently proved how little they feared the greatest dangers ; and, in their deplorable state, there was more bravery in supporting existence than in meeting death. They therefore marched out of the city, which had been almost beaten down around them, and, in quitting it, passed over an immense fosse, which had served as a cemetery during the siege, and where above forty thousand bodies had been interred.

There for ever their friends reposed, whilst they set out, doomed to submit to a melancholy exile on the borders of the Nieper and the Volga. Yet they received from the inhabitants of those countries the most soothing attentions, and the most affecting testimonies of their kindness and benevolence. Even in those distant climes, the bravery and misfortunes of the defenders of Dantzic were known, and their renown inspired every breast with a veneration for those heroes, which rendered their misfortunes sacred. The people every where contended for the pleasure of affording them all those sweet and soothing consolations, which could soften or alleviate the sorrows of suffering captivity. The return of the Bourbons, and of peace soon after, brought with them their freedom, and at last their expectations have not been deceived. Already they behold the rivers and hills of their beloved country ; they once more revisit those beautiful fields, which plenty and the blessings of Heaven have covered with abundance, and which the devastations of war seem not to have sullied.

Intrepid Sons of France, you, whose daring deeds and unshaken constancy have been admired during a siege, in which Fortune exhausted on you all her vengeance, at length forget all your reverses and your sorrows, in the calm leisure of an all-healing peace ; or rather preserve for ever the remembrance of the miseries and disasters which war had caused around you, in order to feel more impressively this maxim—THAT HOWEVER DAZZLING THE ILLUSIVE SPLENDOR MAY BE, WHICH SURROUNDS THE WEIGHTY TROPHIES OF THE CONQUEROR, A PEACEFUL AND PATERNAL SOVEREIGN CAN ALONE CONSTITUTE THE HAPPINESS OF HIS PEOPLE.

OFFICIAL NARRATIVES
OF THE
CAMPAIGNS OF BUONAPARTE,

BEING A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF THE WHOLE OF THE BULLETINS
PUBLISHED BY BUONAPARTE, FROM HIS FIRST CAMPAIGN AS GENERAL IN CHIEF IN ITALY 1796, TO HIS ABDICATION.

IT is the well known opinion of some of our ablest Generals, that the French Bulletins of Buonaparte contain the most complete practical lessons of modern warfare, and with a due allowance for some exaggeration, include the fullest narrative of the most memorable campaigns on record. A wish, therefore, has often been expressed that they were all published in one form, so as to form a portable manual as well for future reference as for present study. It is our present purpose to effect this. In this, and in the following numbers of the Chronicle, we shall accordingly give a complete collection of the whole of the Bulletins published by Buonaparte. This collection was commenced in the first Number of this Second Series of the Military Chronicle; and these Bulletins are no where to be found but in the Moniteur and in the Military Chronicle. We conceive it unnecessary to point out the utility of having them thus complete, and in a form always accessible for history and reference.

CAMPAIGN IN RUSSIA IN 1812.

FIRST BULLETIN.

GUMBINNEN, June 20, 1812*th*.—TOWARDS the end of 1810, Russia altered her political system—the English spirit regained its influence—the Ukase respecting commerce was its first act.

In February, 1811, five divisions of the Russian army quitted the Danube by forced marches, and proceeded to Poland. By this movement Russia sacrificed Wallachia and Moldavia.

When the Russian armies were united and formed, a Protest against France appeared, which was transmitted to every cabinet. Russia by that announced that she felt no wish to save appearances. All means of conciliation were employed on the part of France—all were ineffectual.

Towards the close of 1811, six months after it was manifest in France that all this could end only in war, preparations were made for it. The garrison of Dantzic was increased to 20,000 men. Stores of every description, cannons, muskets, powder, ammunition, pontoons, were conveyed to that place; considerable sums of money were placed at the disposal of the department of engineers for the augmentation of its fortifications.

The army was placed on the war establishment. The cavalry, the train of artillery, and the military baggage train, were completed.

In March, 1812, a treaty of alliance was concluded with Austria; the preceding month a treaty had been concluded with Prussia.

In April the first corps of the Grand Army marched for the Oder, the second corps to the Elbe, the third corps to the Lower Oder, the fourth corps set out from Verona, crossed the Tyrol, and proceeded to Silesia. The Guards left Paris,

On the 22d of April, the Emperor of Russia took the command of his army, quitted St. Petersburg, and moved his head quarters to Wilna.

In the commencement of May, the first corps arrived on the Vistula, at Elbing, and Marienburg; the second corps at Marienwerder, the third corps at Thorn, the fourth and sixth corps at Plock, the fifth corps assembled at Warsaw, the eighth corps on the right of Warsaw, and the seventh corps at Pulawy.

The Emperor set out from St. Cloud on the 9th of May; crossed the Rhine on the 13th, the Elbe on the 29th, and the Vistula on the 16th of June.

SECOND BULLETIN.

WILKOWISKI, June 22d, 1812.—ALL means of effecting an understanding between the two empires became impossible. The spirit which reigned in the Russian Cabinet hurried it on to war.

General Narbonne, aide-de-camp to the Emperor, was dispatched to Wilna, and could remain there only a few days. By that was gained the proof, that the demand,—equally arrogant and extraordinary, which had been made by Prince Kurakin, and in which he declared, that he would not enter into any explanation before France had evacuated the territory of her own allies in order to leave them at the mercy of Russia, was the *sine qua non* of that Cabinet, and it made that a matter of boast to foreign powers.

The first corps advanced to the Pregel. The Prince of Eckmühl had his head-quarters, on the 11th of June, at Königsberg.

The Marshal Duke of Reggio, commanding the second corps, had his head-quarters at Wehlau; the Marshal Duke of Elchingen, commanding the third corps, at Soldass; the Prince Viceroy, at Rastenburg; the King of Westphalia, at Warsaw; the Prince Poniatowski, at Pultusk. The Emperor moved his head-quarters, on the 12th, to Königsberg, on the Pregel: on the 17th to Insterburg; on the 19th to Gumbinnen.

A slight hope of accommodation still remained. The Emperor had given orders to Count Lauriston to wait on the Emperor Alexander, or on his Minister for Foreign Affairs, and to ascertain whether there might not yet be some means of obtaining a reconsideration of the demand of Prince Kurakin, and of reconciling the honour of France, and the interest of her allies, with the opening a negotiation.

The same spirit which had previously swayed the Russian Cabinet upon various pretexts, prevented Count Lauriston from accomplishing his mission; and it appeared, for the first time, that an Ambassador, under circumstances of so much importance, was unable to obtain an interview, either with the Sovereign or his Minister. The Secretary of Legation, Prevost, brought this intelligence to Gumbinnen; and the Emperor issued orders to march for the purpose of passing the Niemen. "The conquered," observed he, "assume the tone of conquerors: fate drags them on; let their destinies be fulfilled." His Majesty caused the following proclamation to be inserted in the Orders of the Army:

"SOLDIERS!—The second war of Poland has commenced. The first was brought to a close at Friedland and Tilsit. At Tilsit, Russia swore eternal alliance with France, and war with England. She now violates her oaths. She refuses to give any explanation of her strange conduct, until the Eagles of France shall have repassed the Rhine, leaving, by such a movement our allies at her mercy. Russia is dragged along by a fatality! Her destinies must

be accomplished. Should she, then, consider us degenerate? Are we no longer to be looked upon as the soldiers of Austerlitz? She offers us the alternative of dishonour or war. The choice cannot admit of hesitation. Let us, then, march forward. Let us pass the Niemen. Let us carry the war into her territory. The second war of Poland will be as glorious to the French arms as the first: but the peace which we shall conclude will be its own guarantee, and will put an end to that proud and haughty influence which Russia has for fifty years exercised in the affairs of Europe.

"At our head-quarters at Wilkowsiki, June 22, 1812."

THIRD BULLETIN.

Kowno, *June 26th, 1812.*—On the 23d of June, the King of Naples, who commands the cavalry, transferred his head-quarters to within two leagues of the Niemen, upon its left bank. This Prince has under his immediate orders the corps of cavalry, commanded by Generals Counts Nansouty and Montbrun; the one, composed of the divisions under the command of Generals Counts Bruyeres, St. Germain, and Valence; the other, consisting of the divisions under the orders of General Baron Wattier, and Generals Counts Sebastiani and DeFrance.

The Marshal Prince of Eckmuhl, commanding the first corps, moved his head-quarters to the skirts of the great forest of Pilwisky.

The second corps, and the Imperial Guards, followed the line of march of the first corps.

The third corps took the direction of Marienpol; the Viceroy, with the fourth and sixth corps, which remained in the rear, marched upon Kalwary.

The King of Westphalia proceeded to Novogorod, with the fifth, seventh, and eighth corps.

The first Austrian corps, commanded by the Prince of Schwartzberg, quitted Lemberg on the —, made a movement on its left, and drew near to Lublin.

The pontoon train, under the orders of General Elbe, arrived on the 23d, within two leagues of the Niemen.

On the 23d, at two in the morning, the Emperor arrived at the advanced posts near Kowno, took a Polish cloak and cap from one of the light cavalry, and inspected the banks of the Niemen, accompanied by General Haxo, of the engineers, alone.

At eight in the evening, the army was again in motion. At ten, Count Morand, General of Division, passed over three companies of voltigeurs, and at the same time three bridges were thrown across the Niemen. At eleven, three columns debouched over the three bridges. At a quarter past one, day began to appear. At noon, General Baron Pajol drove before him a cloud of Cossacks, and took possession of Kowno, with a single battalion.

(To be continued.)

THE
ROYAL
MILITARY CHRONICLE;

OR

BRITISH OFFICER'S

MONTHLY REGISTER, CHRONICLE, AND MILITARY
MENTOR.

FOR MARCH, 1816.

CONTENTS.

MILITARY CORRESPONDENCE.—
Descriptive account of Cromer, 317
Account of Kinsale continued, 320

MILITARY BIOGRAPHY.—Memoir
of the Duke of Wellington, 323
Marshal Ney, 339

ORIGINAL LETTERS written by Of-
ficers during the several Campaigns in
Portugal and Spain, arranged accord-
ing to the Campaigns.—Letters during
the Campaign in Spain in 1809, 347

ORIGINAL NARRATIVE of the Bat-
tle of Waterloo, from the French, con-
tinued, 347

ORIGINAL MEMORIALS of the Pub-
lic and Private Life of Frederic of
Prussia.—Frederic in his Private and
Domestic Life, continued, 355

TOPOGRAPHY of the Field of Wa-
terloo, concluded, 362

HISTORY of the WAR in SPAIN and
PORTUGAL. Translated from the
French of General Sarrazin, continued,
371

The HISTORY of the WAR from the
year 1792 to 1814—Campaign of 1793
continued, 379

The LIVES of the GREAT CAPTAINS
of MODERN HISTORY.—The Life
of John Duke of Marlborough con-
tinued, 385

OFFICIAL NARRATIVES of the Cam-
paigns of Buonaparte.—Campaign in
Russia in 1812—Third Bulletin con-
tinued, 391 ; 4th, 392 ; 5th, 394

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY favour of one of our earliest Correspondents, we are enabled to restore an original Title in our work,—that of “Original Military Correspondence,” which we had been compelled for a long time to omit; the greater part of our earlier Correspondents having fallen in the battles of their country, and others being removed to stations whence we can only hope to hear from them once or twice in the year. We have to request, therefore, the contributions of officers under this Title, and they will perhaps pardon us for mentioning (as what is usual in all periodical works), that they will have the goodness to post-pay their letters; but which expence, to all who desire it, we shall have pleasure in refunding at the office.

At the beginning of every volume, a Military Plate will be given, which we pledge ourselves shall be in the first style of engraving; and thereby a more sufficient ornament to the work than a greater number of ill-finished and ill-engraved Plates, which we should be compelled to give, if required monthly. It is incredible what perpetual anxiety, and what frequent injury, we were obliged to sustain when we were under the triple necessity of first finding Plates for the identical Biography which we had received,—secondly finding a correct Biography for such a Plate as we could procure,—or thirdly, procuring the Plates in time to be worked off.

The Works published this Day are,

1. A JOURNAL of the THREE DAYS of the BATTLE of WATERLOO, being My own Personal Journal of what I saw, and of the events in which I bore a part, in the battle of Waterloo and retreat to Paris. By an Eye-Witness. Translated from the French. Price 5s. 6d. *6ds.*
2. The Fifteenth Number of D'Anville's Atlas and Geography of the Antients (which concludes that valuable work), price 5s. 6d.
3. The Third Journal of the Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula, price 2s. 6d.

THE ROYAL MILITARY CHRONICLE.

No. 23.]

NEW SERIES, MARCH, 1816.

[VOL. IV.]

ORIGINAL MILITARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Descriptive Account of Cromer, PRESENT QUARTERS OF THE 5TH DRAGOONS.

THE town of Cromer is situated on the north-east part of the county of Norfolk, upon the edge of the British ocean, from which it is defended by cliffs of considerable height. It must formerly have been a place of much more consequence than it is at present, as what is now called Cromer was in the survey made by the Conqueror accounted for under the town and lordship of Shipdon, which has long given way to the encroachment of the sea, together with the parish church dedicated to St. Peter.

At low water there are many large masses of old wall to be seen, which appear evidently to have belonged to some of the buildings of the old town; and at very low tides a piece of building is discoverable, which the fishermen call the Church Rock, it being generally supposed to have been a part of the old church of Shipdon.

The present church, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, was probably erected in the time of Henry the fourth. It is a very handsome pile, built with flint and freestone, consisting of a body and two aisles, covered with slate; the tower, which is square, with an embattled top, is an hundred and fifty-nine feet in height. The entrance at the west end is a beautiful specimen of gothic architecture, now in ruins; as is the porch on the north side and the chancel. The flinting in many parts of the building, for the beauty of its execution, is, perhaps, scarcely any where to be excelled. The inside of the church, which is kept in good repair, is capable of containing a very great number of persons; but except the double row of arches which support the roof and divide the aisles, very little of what it has been remains; these, however, are of beautiful proportions, and the windows are of noble dimensions. There are not any monuments of consequence,—one or two of the Windham and Ditchell families are all the church contains; but a well-toned organ has been placed in the gallery within these few years. At about a third part of the height of the staircase, which leads up the steeple, is a door which opens upon the lead of a small turret, communicating with the stairs, from which, a few years since, a boy, named Yaxley, fell into the church yard, between some timbers which were laid there for the repairs of the church, without receiving any other hurt than a few slight bruises, and is now on board a ship in His Majesty's service.

Robert Bacon, a mariner, of Cromer (says the history of Norfolk) discovered Iceland, and is said to have taken the Prince of Scotland, James Stewart, sailing to France for education, in the time of Henry the fourth. By the will of Sir Bartholomew Rede, citizen and goldsmith, also an alderman of London, made in October, 1505, in the twenty-first of Henry the seventh, the annual sum of ten pounds was bequeathed for the foundation of a free grammar-school, which is paid to the master by the goldsmith's company.

The houses in general are indifferent and the rents very high; yet tolerable accommodation is to be found for strangers, from one to three guineas per week, some of which command a fine view of the sea, and are extremely desirable. The want of a large and well-conducted inn is amongst those few things which are chiefly to be regretted by those who pay a visit to Cromer. Lobsters, crabs, whittings, cod-fish, and herrings, are all caught here in the utmost perfection; the former are eagerly sought after by all who arrive; indeed, coming to Cromer and eating lobsters are things nearly synonymous. The lower class of people are chiefly supported by fishing; the herrings which are caught here are cured in the town, a house within three or four years having been erected for that purpose, which, I believe, answers well both to the proprietor and the fishermen, who now find an immediate market for any quantity they may bring in. This fishery is not without its effect in a picturesque point of view. The different preparations for a voyage; the groupes of figures employed different ways,—some carrying a boat down to the edge of the water,—some carrying nets, oars, masts and sails; while others, in a greater state of forwardness are actually pulling through the breakers, form a scene of the most busy, various, and pleasing kind. The return also of the fishermen from this little voyage frequently affords a scene truly interesting; particularly in the herring season, which being in the autumnal equinox, is liable to wind, which sometimes bringing a considerable swell upon the beach, renders the coming in of the boats both difficult and dangerous; a circumstance which although it cannot fail in a great measure to take from the pleasure we should experience in being witness to such a scene unconnected with danger, yet the different attitudes of the boat as it is impelled over the billows, the exertions of the crew, the agitation of the water, and the expression marked in the countenances of the surrounding spectators awaiting their arrival,—are all of them incidents so highly picturesque, that we cannot but behold them with admiration.

The mercantile trade here is small; the want of a convenient harbour where ships might ride in safety, will ever be an obstacle; there are, however, small exports of corn and imports of coal, tiles, oil cake, London porter, &c. Perhaps there are few places, even at the distance of twenty miles from the sea, where coals are dearer than they are here; one principal reason of which is, the expence and hazard attending the unloading; to effect which the vessel is laid upon the beach at high water (which can only be done in fine weather) and when the tide is suffi-

ciently ebbcd, the coals are taken from the vessel by carts, each carrying half a chaldron, which is as much as four horses can well get up the steep and sandy road cut through the cliff.

There are no places of public amusement, no rooms, balls, nor card assemblies. A small circulating library, consisting chiefly of a few novels, is all that can be obtained; but still for such as make retirement their aim, it is certainly an eligible situation. The bathing machines are very commodious, and the bather a careful, attentive man. The shore, also, which is a fine firm sand, not only renders the bathing agreeable, but when the tide retires, presents such a surface for many miles as cannot be exceeded. The sea too is one of those objects that appears to have the constant power of pleasing. Those who live constantly by the side of it, if their occupation lies within doors, seldom fail at the leisure hour of noon or eve, to pay their respects to it, even in the most stormy weather. This fondness can arise from no other source than the constant variety it produces. Its charms are various and incessant—whether its azure surface is dressed in smiles or irritated into frowns by the surly northern or eastern blast. It is very rare too, that there is a scarcity of shipping to adorn the scene; the trade from Newcastle, Sunderland and the Baltic, keeping up a constant succession. The different parties of pleasure, also, that assemble upon the beach in an evening, for walking, riding, or reading, constitute variety and make it a very pleasant resort. But towards the close of a fine summer's evening, when the sun declining in full splendour, tinting the whole scene with a golden glow, the sea shore becomes an object truly sublime. The noble expanse of blue water on the one hand, the distant sail catching the last rays of the setting sun, contrasted on the other by the rugged surfaces of the impending cliffs, the stillness of the scene, interrupted only by the gentle murmurs of the waves falling at your feet or perhaps by the solemn dashing of oars, or at intervals, by the hoarse bawling of the seamen;—"music in such full unison" with the surrounding objects, and altogether calculated to inspire a pleasing train of thoughts to the contemplative, solitary stroller.

Most strangers pay a visit to the light-house, which stands on an eminence about three quarters of a mile to the eastward of the town, and commands an extensive sea-view; the inland prospect is confined by a range of hills forming an amphitheatre around it. The tower built of brick is only three moderate stories high, crowned with a lantern lighted by fifteen patent lamps, each placed in a large copper reflector three feet in diameter and finely plated on the inside; these placed round an upright axis are kept in continual motion by jack-work, wound up every five hours and a half, by which means a set of five reflectors are presented to the eye in a full blaze of light every minute, the axis being three minutes in performing its rotation.

[To be continued].

QUARTERS OF THE 98TH REGIMENT.

Kinsale.*(Continued from our last.)*

OVER against Kinsale, about a hundred yards across, is the small village of Scilly, peculiar for the neatness of its cottages, gardens, and inhabitants. It forms a part of the harbour, and slopes down too along the water's edge. Strangers generally prefer lodging here to Kinsale, as it is more open and healthy, has a southern aspect, with excellent hot and cold baths, and is in the vicinity of a number of charming walks.

Lodgings may be had very reasonable. Fish, vegetables, and poultry somewhat cheaper than in the town, to which you can be ferried in a few minutes, or else proceed round by the quay, a walk of about a quarter of an hour. Almost all the inhabitants of Scilly live by fishing. It is very populous, and the inhabitants are remarkably above all other Irish for cleanliness, neatness, and majesty of stature. The women, as is generally the custom in Ireland, wrap themselves up in a blue cloak with a little hood, lined with coloured silk, falling gracefully back over the shoulders. The cap always clean, small, and neat, shading features which, for brilliancy of complexion, modest sweetness, candour, and simplicity, may be sometimes equalled but seldom surpassed.

Scilly was originally an English settlement; and certainly in many instances it has the character of an English village. It has too a delightful green, both above and on one side, where,

“In the sun his nets the fisher dries.”

These lawns, tradition says, were once covered with trees; and I was told by an old and respectable residenter, that many hundred years ago the oak that now forms the roof of Westminster Abbey was cut from Scilly green, being at that time esteemed the most durable in the world. It reminds me of a singular fact; a gentleman, about sixty years ago, whilst walking upon the roof of Westminster Abbey, in one of the channels where moss and dirt had collected, observed a small plant growing. Upon inspection, he found it to be a walnut: he had the curiosity carefully to transplant it, and it is now a fine full blown tree, growing in the garden belonging to the proprietor of this work. It is indeed lamentable to perceive the general dearth of all timber in Ireland; every one sees it but an Irishman, who generally will not allow it, or if he does, says.—“Why, if we plant, our tenants cut the young trees down before they can possibly come to a state of maturity; and we have all our pains, troubles and expence for nothing.”—Such is the state of the lower class in Ireland, they cannot be relied on, they have no public virtue, no public security or trust. An Irish boor is all meanness, servility, and hypocrisy; bloody and ferocious in his resentment, mad equally in his friendship as his anger; and never to be trusted where whisky is attainable: apparently every thing one would wish him—in reality nothing

but a syllabub frothed up by the passion of the moment. I have been in many countries, seen various men and manners, Jew, Pagan, Turk, and Heathen, and never met with so bad a class in any country as the lower Irish. There are exceptions, but very few; the male are confessedly the worst; the women, when young, are generally chaste; but this is their only virtue. An Irish woman, if she can clear herself in the eyes of the priest, and say I am no —, thinks she stands absolved and acquitted; but I must expressly be understood now to be speaking only of the lower class. It is common for them, and I have seen them, go down on their knees in the streets and curse any one that may have offended them, using such dreadful imprecations, that they alone (should they reach the throne of mercy) may account for the perpetual troubles that agitate this country. The priests have wonderful influence over them, and those of classical habits and liberal turn have opportunities enough, if they would but exercise them, of improving their habits and their manners. The character of a parish as naturally takes its shade from the priest, as the habits of a child from the tuition of its mother. It is but justice here to mention Dr. Hurley, of Kinsale, whose enlightened mind, active benevolence, and polished manners makes him equally beloved by his Catholic parishioners as venerated and esteemed by every one that has the pleasure of his acquaintance. Such men, acting with judicious discrimination, shake off the trammels of superstition without forfeiting the religion they have practised in meekness, general charity, and Christian-like urbanity. They stand as bulwarks not to be shaken by popular opinion, or terrified by the predominant doctrines of the day.

In no country are the poor in a more wretched condition than in Ireland; perhaps chiefly arising from the overstocked population, want of trade and manufactures, general oppression of the landlords, the ruinous practice of middle men, and letting out the farms to principals, who again let them to small farmers, who in their turn parcel them out to others at the highest possible rent. Thus the poor man exhausts his strength in cultivating two or three small fields; the sweat of his brow falls not to procure the comforts of life, but bare potatoes, and not always with salt, for his wife and children. There, in a wretched hovel built of mud, without shoes or stockings, congregated indiscriminately with their pigs, they grunt out the night with equal indifference and equal oblivion of care. Yet Paddy and Shelah have their hours of relaxation, and sometimes enjoy rural and pleasing scenes in their early days, the remembrance of which often illumines their rugged paths as they tread the downhill of life.

In the vicinity of most towns in Ireland are (according to the Catholic custom) licensed houses for dancing and innocent amusement; where, upon a Sunday after mass, the young villagers repair—

“To simply seek renown

“By holding out to tire each other down.”

Whilst the old people, on simple benches, sit refreshing themselves either with porter or whisky, making their remarks upon the youthful performers,

whose rustic graces and cheerful looks contribute to the general festivity. Could the Irish be merry and wise, like other nations, such scenes would indeed be pleasing to the speculative mind; but this harmony is too often interrupted by the intrusion of some savage, who seeks a quarrel upon the most trivial pretence, is joined by his fellow savages, when the clattering of the women's tongues, fermenting the fumes of love and whisky, both generally produce a fight, which seldom ends without the interference of the civil or military power, leaving sad remembrances of broken heads, unconquerable aversion, and lasting hate. Too often the seeds of those feuds are the troubles that so shamefully agitate this portion of Great Britain.

Miss Owenson, in her beautiful novel of *The Wild Irish Girl*, whilst she has so faithfully and charmingly depicted the real character of an Irish lady in *Gloriana*, the honour and character of the true Irish gentleman in *The Prince of Inismore*, and the enlightened priest in the character of the *Friar*, has entirely wandered into error, yielding to her national enthusiasm in the character of her peasantry. They are all good souls, happy Arcadians, nature's own children, as lavish of their milk and whisky as an Irish beggar is of "Long life to your honour—God spare your honour—what a handsome man your honour is," when, in fact, these miscreants the very next moment will curse you in their own language for a benefit conferred, provided they imagine you do not understand them. However, it is but justice to say of Miss Owenson, that next to *Self Control*, her *Wild Irish Girl* is unquestionably the best novel of the day. Her *Ida of Athens* only proves her ideas on that subject a little confused. The Irishman is so caricatured upon the English stage, that our fair countrywomen often say, "What is an Irishman like in his own country?" I should answer he is an animal, varying according to the different counties he partakes of. In Cork or Dublin, somewhat civilized; in the mountains of Wexford, having a rug round his middle, fastened with a skewer, and an upper garment of blanketting thrown over his shoulders, fastened with the same graceful ornament, a white eye, red face, large teeth, wide mouth, spreading ears, low forehead, with long black hair, scattered like bullrushes when agitated by a storm. In Kinsale the same as in England, only of better make, long blue coat, long corduroy waistcoat, with breeches of the same, seldom, however, buttoned at the knee, blue worsted stockings, an erect and not ungraceful demeanor, and a questionable temper.

(To be continued.)

MEMOIR OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Sir,—The following Memoir of the Duke of Wellington, reported to be by the pen of our Poet Laureat, Mr. Southey, has obtained a very just and general approbation, and assuredly deserves to be circulated through the army. Though it has already appeared in a most respectable work, it is in a form, and accompanied with other subjects, which render it unlikely that it should be known in the army. Permit me, therefore, to recommend that you insert it in your Military Chronicle.

X.

THE Cowley family, afterwards called Colley, migrated from Rutlandshire into Ireland in the reign of Henry VIII. A younger son of that family took the name and arms of Wesley or Wellesley, in the early part of the last century, pursuant to the will of a kinsman. Richard Colley Wellesley, who thus changed his name, was created Baron Mornington by George II. His son, Viscount Wellesley, Earl of Mornington, married, in 1759, Anne the eldest daughter of the Right Honourable Arthur Hill, Viscount Dungannon, and died in 1784, leaving a numerous family and an embarrassed estate: but he left also an admirable widow, to whose wise economy and personal instruction her children have been deeply indebted, and who yet lives to witness the extraordinary glory which attends them. Arthur, the fourth son, was born May 1st, 1760, at Dengau Castle, the seat of his ancestors; the castle has lately been destroyed by fire, the estate has been alienated, and is now occupied by Roger O'Connor. He was a little while at Eton, whence, while yet very young, he was removed to the military academy at Angers, there being, at that time, no such institution in England. He did not receive his first commission (in the 41st regiment) till he was in his eighteenth year. After a series of exchanges and promotions, his brother, the present Marquis Wellesley, purchased for him the Lieutenant Colonelcy of the 23d; September 30th, 1793. In the ensuing year, he accompanied Lord Moira to Ostend, and, in the subsequent disastrous retreat from Holland, conducted himself in a manner which obtained much praise from military men. In 1795, he embarked for the West Indies; but the fleet was repeatedly driven back by tempests: before it could proceed, the destination of his regiment was altered, and he was ordered to Ireland to recruit.

Lord Mornington being appointed governor-general of India in 1797, a fair field was opened for Colonel Wellesley in that country, whither his regiment was now ordered. When the new governor arrived to succeed Sir John Shore, he found Tippoo Sultan making at the same time the most solemn professions of friendship to the English and the most extensive preparations for a war of extermination against them. The English in India have never had a more formidable enemy than Hyder Ally, never so inveterate a one as his son. Both would, in any station, have been remarkable men: the father, though he committed no wholesale massacres, like Mahmoud or Nadir, was as inimitigable though not as indiscriminate in his cruelty, a greater statesman than either, and perhaps a greater general. The son was equally cruel, more ferocious, far inferior in ability, and his zeal for Islamism and hatred of the English amounted almost to madness. He imagined himself the chosen servant of the prophet destined to root out the Nazarenes, as he called them, from India, and, in his own language, send those accursed ones to hell. This was to be effected by

the aid of the French, whom he suffered to establish a Jacobin club in his capital, where eternal hatred was sworn to all kings, with the exception of Citizen Tippoo;—when they had done his work Citizen Tippoo proposed to send them to hell also for their reward. His dreams (for 'I My Majesty,' as he calls himself, kept an account of his dreams) represented to him the consummation of these hopes; and that he might see more vividly than in imagination his heart's desire upon his enemies, he had a piece of mechanism constructed, which represented a tiger in the act of destroying an European; the figures were as large as life, and when the works were set in motion, the human automaton raised its hands as if in supplication, and uttered dreadful screams! Tippoo had a turban for this holy war, which had been dipt in the well of Zenzem, thereby acquiring a sanctity which he hoped, and perhaps believed, would render it impenetrable; and when he sat upon his throne it was under the splendid form of the humma,—a fabulous bird, which is supposed to confer prosperity and empire upon him over whose head it casts the shadow of its wings.

While this strange tyrant was forming alliances with the Mahrattas, with the French in the Isle of France, with Zemaun Shah in Candahar, and with Ali Buonaparte in Egypt, Lord Mornington obtained full information of all his measures, and prevented their execution, with that vigour which characterized his administration in India. One battle only was fought before Tippoo retired within the walls of his capital. It was at the village of Mallavelly: Major-General Floyd commanded; Colonel Wellesley distinguished himself greatly, as also did Colonel Cotton, who was destined to be his companion in so many fields of glory. At the subsequent siege of Seringapatam, Colonel Wellesley had the difficult service of driving in the enemy from the strong ground which afforded cover for their rocket men; and upon its capture he was appointed governor, and named as one of the commissioners who were to dispose of the conquered territories. To him in particular the arrangements for removing the family of the fallen sultan were committed. "The details of this painful but indispensable measure," said Lord Mornington in his instructions, "cannot be entrusted to any person more likely to combine every office of humanity with the prudential precautions required by the occasion than Colonel Wellesley; and I therefore commit to his discretion, and humanity, the whole arrangement, subject always to such suggestions as may be offered by the other members of the commission." In this, and in all the arduous duties of his government, Colonel Wellesley so acted as to justify his brother's choice, and to deserve and obtain the gratitude of the conquered people. During his command at Seringapatam, one of those adventurers started up who have so often subverted empires and founded dynasties in the east. Dhoondiah Waugh was the name of this freebooter; he soon made himself formidable, and it was necessary to send a force against him under Colonel Wellesley. By a rapid movement he intercepted Dhoondiah on his march with about 5000 horse; Colonel Wellesley had four regiments with him whom he was obliged to form in one line, in order, as nearly as might be, to equal that of the enemy in length; they charged the enemy with complete success, routed them, dispersed them, and killed their leader, thus effectually completing the service upon which they had been sent.

Lord Mornington, upon the true policy of thinking nothing done while aught remained to be performed, now planned an expedition against Batavia, in which his brother was to have acted under General Baird. His object was to expel the French from the Indian seas, and for this purpose he meditated also

the conquest of the isles of France and Bourbon,—a conquest, the delay of which had occasioned so heavy a loss to the East India Company. These plans were frustrated, partly, it is said, because Admiral Rainier made some demur as to the extent of the Governor General's power,—as if such questions should have arisen when great objects of national policy were to be undertaken! General Baird was called off with his disposable force to Egypt; and Colonel Wellesley, who had so narrowly escaped exposure to the fatal climate of the west, was thus saved from the dangers of a region even more destructive in the east. It had been intended that he should accompany the troops to Egypt; but Lord Mornington perceived that a new scene of danger was opening in India, and therefore remanded him to his command at Seringapatam.

Notwithstanding the alliance between the Mahrattas and the British government, the former had carried on a secret correspondence with Tippoo, endeavoured to excite his family to oppose the settlement of Mysore after his death, and give unequivocal proof of their hostile purposes, by refusing that portion of his territories which was offered them. The Peishwah possessed at this time merely a nominal authority; his councils were entirely controlled by Dowlat Rao Scindiah, who, with inferior talents, and less discretion, had succeeded to the power of his uncle Madhagee Scindiah. This chieftain not only over-ruled his own sovereign, but was master also of the Mogul's person, holding thus in actual subjection the descendants and representatives of Seewagee and of Aurengzebe. Even oriental history presents few tragedies so frightful as that of Shah Aalum, the last of the Moguls! He had first protected, and then promoted Gulam Kaudir Khan, whom his own father had banished for his vices: the favoured servant of a weak prince easily becomes his master, and Shah Aalum soon found himself under a yoke which he could not shake off. Scindiah was marching against Delhi, and Gulam Kaudir offered to answer with his head for the result, if the Mogul would march out with his troops and give them a supply of money. Shah Aalum objected that he had no money; the Khan offered to advance a sufficient sum, saying all he had to do was to head the army, the presence of a monarch being above half the battle. The Mogul agreed; but the next day a letter from him, desiring Scindiah to make all possible haste and destroy Gulam Kaudir, was intercepted by Gulam himself. However insufferable his conduct might have been, he was now fairly justified in measures of self-defence, and had he contented himself with simply putting the Mogul to death, he would have been liable to little censure for such an action. But this man had all the cruelty of the oriental character. He stormed Delhi, and entering the Mogul's chamber, knocked him down, knelt on his breast, and with his own hand pulled out one of his eyes. One of the Mogul's servants was made to pull out the other; the palace was then given up to pillage, and this ruffian going into the zenana, tore the jewels from the noses and ears of the Mogul's women, and cut off their arms and legs. The most beautiful of the Mogul's daughters is said to have stabbed herself to escape the violence which he offered. There is some satisfaction in recording the merited punishment of a wretch like this: being unable to resist Scindiah, he stuffed his saddle with precious stones, and fled toward Persia; on the second night he fell from his horse, and was taken by his pursuers. Scindiah put him in irons and exposed him in a cage, then ordered his ears, nose, hands and feet to be cut off; and left him in that condition to expire!

Shah Aalum was thus revenged, but his condition was in no respect ameliorated. The Mahrattas held him in the most abject subjection; and when

Scindiah left Delhi and its surrounding territory in the possession of M. Perron, a French adventurer, who under his protection was forming an independent state, the French, while they still used the name of the aged and blind monarch, treated his person with the most barbarous indignity. Upon this Frenchman Scindiah placed great reliance, expecting by his means to oppose the British forces with equal arms. A M. de Boigné was the first person who formed a body of regular troops in Scindiah's service, and he admitted British as well as French officers indiscriminately; but M. Perron, when he succeeded to the command, carefully excluded the former, that he might establish a military power exclusively commanded by his own countrymen. His force at this time amounted to about 16 or 17,000 regular and disciplined infantry, a well appointed and numerous train of artillery, a body of irregular troops, and from 15 to 20,000 horse; beside which he looked for reinforcements of cavalry from the petty chiefs who were his tributaries or allies. His revenues were about 1,700,000*l*. A Frenchman never loses sight of the interests of France—it is the best part of their national character; as it is the worst part of ours, that the honour and welfare of our country are habitually sacrificed to the most despicable passions, and the vilest purposes of faction. The French had been told that England must receive her mortal wound in India, and M. Perron was in just such a situation as Buonaparte would have selected, for striking the blow. His head-quarters were established near Coel, in a commanding position on the frontier of the British possessions, and on the most vulnerable part of our extensive empire. Consistently with the safety of that empire, his power could not be suffered to exist; but before that question could be brought into discussion Scindiah provoked a war. A rival chief, by name Jeswunt Rao Holkar, disputed his authority over the Peishwah. The founder of Holkar's family was a man of low birth; and the orientalists, who embellish or disfigure every thing with fable, say, that in his boyhood when he was keeping sheep and had fallen asleep in the sun, the deadliest of the Indian serpents crept from its hole and extended its hood over his head to shield him from the heat. The fable is worth repeating, because a more appropriate tutelary genius for an eastern conqueror could not be imagined.

Holkar began his career with considerable success; the combined armies of the Peishwah and Scindiah marched against him; but the Peishwah now conceived a hope of emancipating himself from the subjection in which he was held; and when the approach of Holkar diminished his fear of Scindiah, he seized the opportunity of proposing an alliance to the British government. It was immediately ratified by the Governor General, and an agent was sent to Scindiah for the purpose of inviting him to accede to the alliance; for it was thought that all parties would now find it advantageous to come to an agreement under the mediation of the British. The Peishwah, in whom the proposal originated, would regain his authority by this means, Scindiah would be secured against a rival whom he was little able to withstand, and Holkar, who was at present a mere adventurer depending upon rapine, might acquire a permanent establishment. But while the agent was on his way, the armies engaged in battle, Holkar was victorious, and the Peishwah, escaping to the Cokan, signified to the government at Bombay that it was his intention to take refuge in that presidency. Holkar, meanwhile took possession of his capital, and placing another puppet on the throne, reigned there in his name. In this state of things both the governors of Madras and Bombay thought it necessary, without waiting for instructions from Bengal, to prepare their disposable force for immediate service. On the

one hand, Holkar earnestly applied to the resident at Poonah to effect an accommodation with the Peishwah; Scindiah, on the other, requested a continuance of the British friendship towards him and his dependent sovereign: and the Peishwah, being now at liberty to act for himself without controul for either, signed a treaty at Bassein, in consequence of which the British forces prepared to restore him to his capital. The nearest troops were those of the Madras presidency, assembled at Harryhur, on the north-west frontier of Mysore, under Lieutenant-General Stuart; a detachment from this force was ordered to advance into the Mahratta territory: the command of this detachment required political judgment, not lest than military skill; Lord Clive therefore thought it could not be confided with so much likelihood of advantage to any person as to Major General Wellesley, because of his local knowledge, and his personal influence among the Mahrattas—an influence acquired during his command at Mysore, and his military operations against Dhoondiah and other refractory chiefs. The detachment consisted of 9700 men, including one regiment of European horse and two of foot; and to these were added 2500 Mysore cavalry, the resources of Mysore being now brought in aid of the British government, which, before Marquis Wellesley's administration, had been so often endangered by the restless hostility of that formidable power.

General Wellesley performed a long march through the Mahratta territory, at a most unfavourable season, without loss or distress, so well had he concerted the supply and movement of his troops: here also he manifested that talent which was afterwards so signally displayed in France; in the midst of an enemy's country he maintained such perfect discipline, and succeeded so entirely in preventing all plunder and excess, that the inhabitants, wherever he came, regarded him as their protector and preserver. At Akloos, he formed a junction with the Nizam's subsidiary force under Colonel Stevenson; but learning that Holkar had left Poonah, where Amrut Rao (father of the puppet whom the usurper had placed upon the throne) remained with about 1,500 men, he thought it unnecessary to advance with the whole of his force through an exhausted country; especially as it was now, more than ever, needful that he should accelerate his march: for he was repeatedly apprized that Amrut Rao had resolved to plunder and set fire to the city, on the approach of the British troops; and the Peishwah, who had still part of his family there, sent an urgent request that he would detach some of his Mahratta troops to provide for their safety. Leaving, therefore, Colonel Stevenson's force so distributed as that the whole might easily procure subsistence and speedily form a junction whenever it was advisable, as soon as his own detachment was within sixty miles of Poonah, he made a forced march with the British and Mahratta cavalry, and performed the whole distance in thirty-two hours, the last forty miles by night, over a most rugged country, and through the difficult pass of the little Bhoorghaut. He reached the city so unexpectedly, that Amrut Rao had only time for flight. Well has it been said in those official notes wherein these transactions are so perspicuously related, and their policy so triumphantly justified, that the first effects of the British influence in the Mahratta dominions were thus displayed in rescuing the capital of the empire from impending ruin, and its inhabitants from violence and rapine—a circumstance equally honourable to the British character and propitious to the British interests in that part of India. The inhabitants, who had remained in the city, welcomed the British troops as their deliverers, and they who had fled to the adjoining hills during Holkar's usurpation, immediately returned to their houses and resumed

their occupations. The Peishwah returned to his palace, where, for the first time, he felt himself a sovereign in reality as well as in name.

Scindiah, meantime, had collected a large force, avowedly for the purpose of opposing Holkar. But no sooner had the interference of the British power delivered him from all danger in that quarter, than he began to negotiate with his old rival and with the Rajah of Berar, for the purpose of subverting the treaty of Bassein. After a long series of professions, prevarications and falsehoods, in the true style of Asiatic policy, he at length declared, that when he and the Rajah of Berar had met, the British resident should be informed whether it would be peace or war. There remained only this alternative: to submit to the insults of a rapacious and faithless adventurer, suffer the Mahrattas to dictate to the British government, and thus sacrifice its dignity, its honour, and its interests, or, by an effort equal to the occasion, crush the audacious enemy, and cut up danger by the roots; for it was well known that Scindiah relied upon the skill and discipline of M. Perron's army, and that his triumph would be the triumph of French policy, and would more than any other event prepare the way for French ascendancy in the East. Happily for the British empire there was a strong hand at the helm. A campaign was planned upon a wider scale than any European had ever before ventured to contemplate in India. It comprehended almost the whole of Hindostan, from Calcutta and Madras on the eastern, to Bombay on the western side, and from Delhi in the farthest north to Poonah, Hyderabad, Guzerat and Orissa. The latter country was to be attacked from Gangam and from Calcutta, thereby striking an effectual blow against the Rajah of Berar; the government of Bombay would seize the sea ports and territory belonging to Scindiah in Guzerat; on the Oude frontier General Lake had to destroy the influence of the French, and rescue the blind Mogul from the barbarous indignity with which he was treated by these adventurers, thus at once extending the power and exalting the character of the British: in the Dekan, General Wellesley had to oppose the confederated force under Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar; to protect the Nizam, the Peishwah, and deliver the Company's possessions from danger. His position was so important, so great his influence among the Mahratta chiefs, and so great the confidence reposed in him, that he was invested with a distinct local authority, subject only to the Governor General in council, but possessing full power to conclude upon the spot whatever arrangements might become necessary either for the final settlement of peace or for the active prosecution of war.

The history of this memorable campaign, which, in all its parts, was as ably executed as it was wisely planned, belongs to the life of Marquis Wellesley rather than to his brother; but the Duke of Wellington may look back with pride upon the part he performed in it. The great danger in Indian warfare is that of not being able to bring the enemy to action. Hyder Ally well knew the advantages of this Parthian mode. An English commander, weary of pursuing him, once wrote a letter to that able general, saying how disgraceful it was for a prince like him, at the head of a large army, to fly before so small a force. Hyder replied, "Give me the same sort of troops that you command, and your wish for battle shall be gratified. You will understand my mode of war in time. Shall I risk my cavalry, which cost 1,000 rupees each horse, against your cannon-balls that cost two pice? No; I will march your troops till their legs shall be the size of their bodies. You shall not have a blade of grass nor a drop of water. I shall hear of you every time your drum beats, but you shall not hear of me once a month. I will give your army battle, but it must

be when I please, and not when you desire it." Hyder kept his word. Scindiah's army seemed disposed to act upon this policy when General Wellesley and Colonel Stevenson marched against him; the former had about 9,000 men in his division, the latter about 8,000. The combined force of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar consisted of 10,500 regular infantry, commanded by French officers (besides irregular foot), a well equipped train of artillery, exceeding 100 guns, and between 30 and 40,000 horse. It was of the utmost importance to bring their main force to action. When, therefore, the two British corps met on the 21st of September, at Badnapoor, General Wellesley determined that they should move separately towards the enemy, and attack them on the morning of the 24th. He took the eastern route, beginning his march on the 22d. On the 23d, when he reached Naulnair, he found that the enemy were about six miles off, upon the very ground on which he himself had intended to encamp. He determined to attack them, without waiting for Col. Stevenson; deeming it better to bring them to action with half the army, than let them avoid an attack—which they would probably do if he delayed. Moreover, he could not wait for the junction, without being himself exposed to that mode of harassing war which barbarous troops are best employed in waging, and which European soldiers can least endure—a warfare which, affording to the defensive party little other stimulus than that of perpetual alarm, wears down the spirits as well as the body. In these circumstances the boldest counsel was the best; and Charles XII. did not act more boldly at Narva, nor with more signal success.

The troops had already marched fourteen miles; a sufficient body was left for the protection of the baggage and stores, the rest hastened on, and came in sight of the enemy at one in the afternoon. The confederate army was encamped between the Kaitna and the Juah, two rivers which run nearly parallel to the point of their junction. Their line extended east and west along the left bank of the Kaitna; the banks of which being high and rocky are not passable for guns, except at places close to the villages. Their right consisted wholly of cavalry and extended to the infantry, which were encamped near Assye, a fortified village that has given name to the battle. General Wellesley determined to attack the left, where the guns and infantry were posted, though he had arrived in front of their right; an attack upon the vital part of their force he rightly thought would be decisive. He passed the Kaitna at a ford beyond their left flank, and formed his infantry in two lines, leaving the cavalry as a reserve in a third, and keeping in check a large body of the enemy's cavalry by the Peishwah's and Mysore horse. The enemy, perceiving his intention, changed the position of their infantry and guns, and brought them to bear upon the assailants with consummate skill and terrible effect. Officers who had made several campaigns on the continent declared that they had never seen cannon better served than at Assye that day. The British artillery had opened at a distance of four hundred yards; General Wellesley saw that it could produce but little effect against the formidable line opposed to it, and that it could not advance because so many men and bullocks were disabled. Never was promptitude more required and never was it more strikingly displayed than throughout the whole of this day's work. He gave orders to leave the guns, and for the whole line to move; Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, with the British horse, being instructed to protect the right:—the 74th regiment in this wing had suffered so much from the enemy's cannon, that a body of Mahratta cavalry ventured to charge it; Colonel Maxwell charged them

in return and drove them into the Juah. The enemy, dismayed at the advance of the British troops, now gave way on all sides; they were driven from their guns; and the British army, pressing on in the pursuit, left the artillery which they had thus bravely taken behind them. They were not enough in number to secure advantages as they won them; and perhaps in the heat and exultation of victory, they did not recollect that it is a common practice among Indian troops to feign death in the hope of escaping it; with this hope many of the Mahrattas threw themselves down among the guns, the conquerors passed by them, and they seeing that another hope flashed upon them, rose and turned the guns upon the victorious army. The fugitives, perceiving how marvellous a change was thus effected in their favour, rallied, and the battle was to be fought again. Colonel Maxwell charged their infantry, broke them again, but fell. General Wellesly with the 78th, and a regiment of native cavalry, once more attacked the formidable artillery, which had already made such frightful havoc among his men; his horse was shot under him, but the second attack proved as irresistible as the first, and the field with all the spoil again was his own—no more to be contested.

The loss of the conquerors was severe beyond all former example in India, a full third of the victorious army being killed or wounded. Never was any victory gained against so many disadvantages. Superior arms and discipline have often prevailed against as great a numerical difference; but it would be describing the least part of this day's glory to say that the number of the enemy were as ten to one: they had disciplined troops in the field under European officers, who more than doubled the British force; they had an hundred pieces of cannon which were served with perfect skill, and which the British, without the aid of artillery, twice won with the bayonet. Never was victory more bravely achieved, or more complete; stores, ammunition, camp equipage, bullocks and camels, standards and cannon, were left upon the field; 1200 dead were counted there, and the country round was strewn with the wounded. It produced proposals from the enemy; one of Scindiah's ministers wrote to request that General Wellesley would send a British officer to his master's camp for the purpose of negotiating a peace. England has never in her Indian wars been fooled by treaties out of what she has gained by the sword. The General, having none to controul him, was left to pursue the straight forward policy of an active spirit and a commanding mind. He refused to treat upon these propositions, because, as the request was not made directly on the authority of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, they might afterwards have disavowed the act of their minister; and because it would appear, if a British officer were sent to the enemy's camp, that the British were soliciting peace, instead of granting it to a beaten enemy. He declared himself, however, ready to receive with all respect, in the British camp, any person duly authorised to propose terms. It soon became obvious that the Mahrattas were temporizing, and he lost no time in prosecuting his success. After totally destroying Scindiah's Persian cavalry, and defeating the greater part of the Berar infantry on the plains of Argaum, he stormed the hill fort of Gawalgur, and compelled the Rajah to purchase a separate peace by ceding the provinces of Auttack and Balesore; and a fortnight afterwards Scindiah, in like manner, submitted to such terms as the British general thought proper to dictate. The other parts of this marvellous campaign belong not to our subject. Suffice it to say, that M. Perron retired before General Lake without venturing to give him battle; and his reputation received a shock from which he was unable to recover; the

fort of Ally Ghur, which was his usual residence and grand depôt, and which, to any native power, was impregnable, was taken by storm. The victorious English entered the city of Shah Jehan and of Aurengzebe, to deliver their blind and oppressed descendant from degradation and bondage. The capture of Agra put them in possession of the city of the Great Akbar, and the fort which has emphatically been called the key of Hindostan; and the battle of Leswarce completed the defeat of the enemy, and the destruction of the French force, M. Perron and his officers soliciting the British protection, because, when their power was overthrown, "they found themselves just objects of indignation in the country which they had governed." General Wellesley, for his part in this memorable campaign, received the first fruits of those honours of which he was one day to reap so abundant a harvest. A monument in memory of the battle of Assye was erected at Calcutta: the inhabitants of that city presented him with a sword; his own officers with a golden vase; in England the thanks of Parliament were voted him, and he was made a Knight Companion of the Bath. The people of Seringapatam presented to him an address on his return, which, to one who felt himself deserving of the feelings which it expressed, must be as gratifying as the proudest distinctions. They had reposed for five years, they said, under the shadow of his protection: they had felt, during his absence in the midst of battles and victory, that his care for their welfare had been extended to them as amply as if no other object had occupied his mind: they were preparing in their several casts the duties of thanksgiving and of sacrifices to the preserving God who had brought him back in safety, and they implored the God of all casts and of all nations, to hear their constant prayer, whenever greater affairs should call him from them, for his health, his glory, and his happiness.

Sir Arthur Wellesley (as he must now be called) returned to England in 1805, and commanded a brigade in the army under Lord Cathcart, which, having landed on the continent, speedily re-embarked in consequence of the battle of Austerlitz. He was now, upon the death of Marquis Cornwallis, made colonel of the 38th regiment, in which he had served as lieutenant-colonel thirteen years. In 1806 he took his seat in the House of Commons, as Member for Newport, in the Isle of Wight. In the same year he married the Honourable Catherine Pakenham, sister to the Earl of Longford. In 1807 he was appointed chief secretary in Ireland under the Duke of Richmond. And Dublin is indebted to him for a police. In the summer of this year the expedition sailed against Copenhagen, and Sir Arthur again accompanied Lord Cathcart. The justice or injustice of that measure was then vehemently debated: men fall into the violence of party-questions as they do into the absurdities of fashion, and, in like manner, wonder at them when their season is gone by. Time, which buries so many things in darkness, brings others to light; the disposition of the Danish government has since been so completely tried and proved, as effectually to justify the preventive policy of Great Britain, and the English ministers will be censured hereafter, not for having done so much, but for not having done more—for their forbearance, not for their vigour. Only one action of any importance took place, and in that Sir Arthur commanded. Four battalions of the Danes were strongly posted on the banks of a stream, with cavalry on both flanks, and apparently a large body in reserve at some distance from Kioge, the little town in front of which the rivulet runs. It was agreed that the Swedish General Linsingen should ascend the bank higher up and turn the flank of the Danes, while Sir Arthur attacked

them in the front. The two corps lost all communication with each other on the march; and Sir Arthur, when he came in sight of the enemy, without waiting for the junction, attacked them, drove them from a position into a strong intrenchment, from that intrenchment into the town, pursued them into the town, routed and dispersed them. This action deprived the governor of Copenhagen of all hope of relief from the army, and accelerated the capitulation. Sir Arthur Wellesley was appointed to treat: in diplomacy and in war he pursued the same prompt system, and the terms were discussed, settled, and signed the same night.

He was soon to be tried in more arduous undertakings. By the peace of Tilsit, Buonaparte was left master of the continent of Europe, the greatest part being actually in his possession, and the rest under his controul. He possessed a more real and absolute authority over Germany than the most powerful of her emperors had ever been able to obtain. Switzerland, which had in former times so gloriously asserted her independence, submitted to call him her Protector, received with obedience his oppressive and barbarizing edicts, and supplied men to fill up the enormous consumption of his wars. Holding France, Flanders, and Italy himself, he had established one brother upon the throne of Naples, made a second King of Holland, and erected a kingdom in Germany for a third, with territories taken indiscriminately from his foes and his friends. His sister's husband, Murat, possessed a principality, with the title of Grand Duke of Berg; Eugene Beauharnois, his wife's son, was married into the house of Bavaria, and ruled Italy as his Viceroy; his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, would, upon the next vacancy, be appointed at the head of the Roman Catholic Church. Never had any adventurer, in an enlightened age and civilized world, built up such a fortune for himself and his family, and his followers. Like the hero of a Spanish Romance of chivalry, he portioned out kingdoms, and principalities, and dukedoms, from his conquests, among his companions in arms, and we read of Dukes of Istria, and Dalmatia, and Ragusa, and Dantzic, among the new nobility of France. His reputation, political as well as military, was at the highest pitch; he had achieved more than Louis XIV. had attempted, and exercised a wider authority than Charlemagne had claimed; while the world, dazzled by the splendour of his successes, was but too ready to forget or forgive his crimes. If ever man might have been satisfied with dominion and with renown it was Napoleon Buonaparte; but it is with ambition of this kind as it is with avarice, "increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on."

He began his machinations by calling upon Spain to supply him with troops, in virtue of that offensive and defensive alliance which Godoy had concluded with the Directory: by these means he withdrew from the country the flower of her armies under the Marquis de Romana, and to make sure of them he sent the greater part into Denmark. The political drama of which the destruction of the Spanish Bourbons and of the house of Braganza was to form the catastrophe, was crowded with intrigues. A secret treaty was made with Charles IV. for partitioning Portugal, which, small as it is, was to be divided into three kingdoms, one for the Prince of the Peace, one for the Queen of Etruria in exchange for an ephemeral kingdom which Buonaparte had created, and now took to himself; the third was to remain in his hands to be disposed of as might hereafter seem good, or be exchanged with Spain for her Pyrenean provinces. While the treaty for despoiling the Prince of Brazil was negotiating, Buonaparte negotiated with him also, and required him to renounce his old

alliance with Great Britain, seize all the British subjects, and confiscate the British property in Portugal. The prince, knowing the helpless state of his country, consented to every sacrifice except that of his honour and conscience: he gave the English notice to depart and withdraw their property, and then submitted to obey the orders, and be included in the continental system of the universal tyrant. Regardless of this, a French army advanced by forced marches to seize him in his capital; being apprised in time of the secret treaty of Fontainebleau, he made his determination known to the British squadron, embarked with all his family from Belem, and departing from the very spot whence Gama had embarked for the discovery of India, and Cabral for that voyage in which Brazil was discovered, he removed the seat of the Portuguese government to its rising empire in South America. The French, commanded by Junot, entered Portugal without declaration, cause, pretext, or pretence of war; it was proclaimed that they came as friends and allies, and the last orders of the prince were that they should be received as such: this he thought the only means of preventing them from treating his kingdom as a conquered country. As such, however, it was treated, and a contribution was imposed equivalent to a poll-tax of a guinea and a half upon the whole population! The treaties of Fontainebleau were now laid aside,—their use was over, except as documents for history and proofs of the folly of the Spanish court and the duplicity of Buonaparte. The kingdoms of Algarve and of Northern Lusitania obtained neither name nor existence beyond the delusive acts by which they were created, and the Prince of the Peace soon found himself in a situation which gave him more reason to dream of a scaffold than of a throne.

The Prince of Asturias hated his father's favourite: a party had collected round him, consisting of men who, during Godoy's ascendancy, were excluded from power, and for that reason discontented with the government. Their hatred of Godoy was a bond of union. Under the influence of these counsellors, Ferdinand wrote to Buonaparte to solicit a princess of his family in marriage. The affair of the Escorial followed, with all those scandalous proceedings which reflect equal disgrace upon all who were concerned in them. The father and the son, alike imbecile, but not culpable alike, both appealed to Buonaparte, and he enjoyed the pleasure of seeing these Dottterels flutter with fear before they ran into the net. Already under various pretexts he had filled the Peninsula with his troops,—it was to take possession of Portugal, to defend the southern coast against the English, to besiege Gibraltar, and to invade Morocco; for even this project was talked of, and perhaps intended as the next step after the conquest of Spain. It would be out of place here to pursue the detail of events so recent and so notorious as the treacherous seizure of St. Sebastian, Pampluna, Figueras, and Barcelona, the insurrection at Aranjuez, the occupation of Madrid by Murat, and the betrayal of the whole royal family.

Thus did the Spanish Bourbons pay the price of their alliance with a faithless nation, and a perfidious tyrant. The resources of Spain had long been so entirely at Buonaparte's disposal, that if the country had acquiesced in this usurpation, it would have produced only a nominal difference as far as other powers were concerned. In this light England might have regarded it; it mattered not to her whether Charles or Joseph acted as Buonaparte's deputy in Madrid; but upon the Spanish colonies the effect might be most important, and as Great Britain had obtained (at a dear price!) some knowledge of the state and disposition of those colonies, an expedition was prepared against a part of Spanish America, and Sir Arthur Wellesley appointed to the command.

The troops were collected at Cork ; but before they could set sail, the events of the 2d of May (1808) altered their destination, and changed the fate of Europe. On that day the people of Madrid, exasperated alike at the treachery by which their prince had been kidnapped and the insolence with which a foreign tyrant pretended to set a foreigner and an upstart over them, rose against Murat's army. The immediate result was what drivellers and cowards would have predicted,—the defeat and massacre of the insurgents ; but the effects were fully answerable to the hopes of the most heroic spirits that were stirring in that day's work. Never had the blood of martyrdom been more profusely shed, never did that holy seed produce a more abundant harvest. The people were mown down by grape-shot in the streets ; they were bayonetted in their houses, and when the slaughter of the contest and of the pursuit had ceased, a military tribune was erected to continue the butchery with the forms of insulted justice. During many succeeding days groups of thirty and forty at a time were led to the Prado, the Puerta del Sol, the Puerta de S. Vincente, the Church of N. Senora de la Soledad,—all the most public places of Madrid,—and there shot in the presence of their townsmen, their friends, their wives, and their children !

The impulse of this moment at Madrid was felt like an electric shock throughout the whole Peninsula. The Spaniards and Portuguese rose simultaneously against their oppressors. Without a government, without a leader, without armies, without concert, they rose against the most formidable military power that ever yet existed, a power perfectly organized, with all its means in readiness, which held the government and the capital of both kingdoms in its hand, occupied their fortresses, and was in actual possession of both countries. There existed but one nation to which they could look for help. Portugal was bound to England by ties of intimate and most friendly intercourse almost coeval with her existence as a kingdom. The Spaniards were at war with us ; but they also knew the English character, and called upon England as the natural and sure ally of men engaging in so just and sacred a cause.

The expedition at Cork being ready, Sir Arthur Wellesley was ordered to sail for Corunna, to communicate there with the Junta of Galicia, and act as circumstances might direct him. General Spencer, from Gibraltar, would be instructed to join him, further reinforcements sent after him, as fast as they could be fitted out. Accordingly Sir Arthur set sail, and on the 20th July arrived at Corunna, where he found tidings of the recent defeat which Cuesta and Blake had sustained at Medina del Rio Seco. It was such a reverse as was to be expected in the outset of such a war. The men, without orders, had marched against the enemy as soon as they heard of their approach, the officers followed the impulse of the men, and the General endeavoured to direct the rash impatience, which he did not attempt to restrain, being in reality neither able to controul, nor competent to guide it. The Spaniards were necessarily defeated by an enemy little if at all inferior in number, strong in cavalry, and acting in a flat country ; but they displayed great courage, as well as ardour ; and Blake, in covering their retreat, gave a promise of military talent from which much was expected. The French used their victory cruelly, and committed the most atrocious excesses afterwards. They were commanded by Lasalle, an officer who had been trained to atrocious deeds in the Egyptian school. It was this man whose division fell in with sixteen stragglers of Sir John Hope's army, and deliberately cut them down, an exploit of which Buonaparte boasted in his bulletins. This disaster had not in the slightest de-

gree dispirited the Galicians: when the English offered their assistance, they assured Sir Arthur that they were in no need of men, and that his army could no where be so usefully employed as in acting against Junot and clearing Portugal of the enemy. They represented the enemy's force as not exceeding 15,000 men, and said that the Portuguese had already assembled an army of 10,000 at Porto.

To Porto the expedition proceeded; and Sir Arthur, after a conference with the bishop, leaving the transports, went on to confer with Admiral Cotton off the Tagus. It was impossible to effect a landing there: the bar, the fortresses, and the Russian squadron in the river would have rendered the attempt too dangerous, even if it had not been to be made, in the face of a superior foe. Peniche was occupied by the enemy, and there was no nearer point at which a disembarkation could be effected than the Mondego; that point therefore was chosen, and Sir Arthur, having sent instructions to General Spencer to join him there, met his transports there on the 30th. There he received dispatches from home, informing him that reinforcements of 5000 men under General Ludlow were on their way, and that 10,000 more would speedily be sent under Sir John Moore. This general was his superior officer: but the command in chief would be vested in Sir Hew Dalrymple, who was to come from Gibraltar, and Sir Harry Burrard was to be second in command. There was however yet time for him to strike the blow before they should arrive to supersede him, and nothing could be more prosperous than the news from Spain: the French squadron at Cadiz had been taken possession of by the Spaniards, and Dupont, with his whole army, made prisoners in Andalusia. Buonaparte had never before received such a blow; the loss of men indeed was easily reparable, but the reputation of his armies was wounded, the invincibles had been put to shame, the spell which palsied the nations was broken; another such catastrophe might stir up the north of Europe to imitate the glorious example of the Peninsula, and what was to preserve Junot from the fate of Dupont? With this prospect, Sir Arthur Wellesley, having been joined by General Spencer, began his march from Coimbra toward Lisbon.

The disposition of the Portuguese was excellent. The events of their insurrection against the French were little known at the time, and have not yet been detailed in any language except their own. It was a general and simultaneous movement of the people, which under all circumstances, Sir Arthur Wellesley thought even more extraordinary than that for which the Spaniards deserved and obtained universal sympathy and admiration; it was made against disadvantages; and while the British were on the coast, an enemy's detachment was ravaging Alemtejo under General Loison, a man who, in an army infamous for its excesses, was distinguished for his love of plunder and of blood. On the 29th July he sacked the city of Evora, and, in the carnage which ensued, the clergy were marked out as especial objects of vengeance, and hunted like wild beasts. Where he went, his soldiers were let loose to burn, to pillage, and to destroy; but these cruelties served to repress the people only while he was present, and left them more eager and more insatiate for vengeance. This spirit was so general, and such precautions were taken by the governors of Coimbra and Pombal, that the French for a long time obtained little information concerning the British troops. At the first rumour, however, Loison hastened from Alemtejo, and crossing the river, took a position between Thomar and Santarem; and Laborde, who had the reputation of being the best general in that army, with Generals Thomieres and Brennier un-

der him, entered Alcobaça with a strong detachment, and pushed his advanced posts as far as Aljubarrota. The enemy were perfectly well acquainted with the country; in these points they were always as well informed, as we, till of late, were ignorant. They fell back as the English advanced, and took post upon the heights of Rolissa, a village about two leagues south of Obidos, remarkable as the first ground whereon the British and French were opposed to each other in the Peninsular war. Laborde had about 5000 men; Loison, with an equal force, was expected to join him on the evening of the 17th. Sir Arthur Wellesley was informed of this, and made his attack in the morning. The enemy had chosen his ground well; it consisted of narrow passes and strong heights. Dispositions were made for turning his left by a column of 1200 Portuguese, and his right by Major-General Ferguson, who had also to watch the motions of Loison; but the main attack was made boldly upon the front and strength of the position, where the principal column, under cover of some olive and cork trees, was enabled to approach and *deploy* without much loss. The way was up ravines, made by the rains, in some places overgrown with shrubs, in others impeded with crags, and hitherto only thought practicable for goats. The middle pass appeared the least difficult, and here the assailants suffered their severest loss: for near the top of this pass there was a small opening in the form of a wedge, which, at the point nearest the English, was overgrown with myrtle, arbutus, and those other shrubs which render the wildernesses of this part of Portugal so beautiful. Here the French posted an ambush of riflemen, and here Colonel Lake led his regiment instead of sending forward to explore the ground as the pass opened: the French let half the regiment enter, and then fired upon them when they were in close column. Colonel Lake fell; a severe loss was sustained, but the men pushed forward and won the pass. Here the 29th and 9th regiments found themselves for a considerable time unsupported, and the enemy charged them thrice with great resolution, but were as often repulsed. The skill of the French was indeed as clearly proved that day as their inferiority to the British soldiers in those moments when every thing depends upon native courage. During a contest which began at nine in the morning and was not concluded before five in the afternoon, they retreated with admirable order from one difficult position to another, losing none of the advantages which the ground offered, of which it was not least that the English were never able to avail themselves of their numerical superiority, the number actually engaged being far less than that of the enemies whom they defeated. They repeatedly attempted to recover what they had lost, and when this hope was abandoned, they effected their retreat in good order; for as Sir Arthur Wellesley wanted cavalry, and troops and cannon could not be brought up the passes with the requisite speed, there was no pursuit. Our loss was less than 500 men killed, wounded, and missing; that of the French was supposed to have trebled it, and of their five pieces of cannon three were taken. The battle, though neither in its scale nor its consequences of much importance, becomes interesting, as the first in this long struggle, and because in this trial the British evinced that superiority in what may be termed national courage, which they maintained in every engagement from that day till they closed their triumphant career before the walls of Thoulouse.

On the same day that the battle of Rolissa was fought, the Portuguese by an enterprize, conducted with equal bravery and good fortune, recovered the important city of Abrantes, where Loison had left a garrison of 200 men. That general, as well as Laborde, now fell back to join the main force of the French,

which Junot was collecting about Torres Vedras. Junot had left between 3 and 4000 men in Lisbon under General Travot: there were three officers of rank in this French army who distinguished themselves by *not* insulting, *not* injuring, and *not* robbing the inhabitants; Travot, Charlot, and Brennier. The French now began to feel that character was worth something, and Junot, in the proclamations that he issued upon leaving Lisbon, spoke of the virtues by which General Travot had obtained the friendship of the inhabitants of Cascaes and Oeyras.

Sir Arthur Wellesley meantime was informed that Generals Ackland and Anstruther with their brigades were off the coast; and he moved to Vimiero to protect their landing. The larger reinforcements under Sir Harry Burrard and Sir John Moore, having been delayed by contrary winds, were sixteen days from Portsmouth before they made Cape Finisterre: their instructions were, not to go to the south of Porto without obtaining information. Sir Harry therefore removed to the Brazen sloop with some of his staff, and, leaving the convoy, proceeded first to the Douro, then to the Mondego. Here he found letters from Sir Arthur, recommending that the troops should land here, and march upon Santarem in order to cut off the retreat of the enemy in that direction; but the letter added that they must carry their own bread, for the resources of the country were not to be relied on. Upon weighing this difficulty, and the possible danger of not being in sufficient strength to resist the enemy if they should retire with their force upon that point, Sir Harry Burrard determined not to follow this advice, and continued his course southward. This was on the 18th; the next day he obtained intelligence of the battle of Rolissa, and then dispatched an officer to Sir John Moore, directing him to land in the Mondego, and proceed according to circumstances and his own judgment. Moore accordingly reached the Mondego on the 20th, began to disembark, but presently he received counter-orders to follow Sir Harry, who had changed his mind, and was proceeding to the mouth of the Maceira, where he arrived on the evening of the 20th. While the English troops were thus divided, Junot had collected his forces; he himself, with the advanced guard, took post in front of Torres Vedras, and the main body, under Laborde and Loison, were strongly posted beyond the town. They covered the country with their cavalry, of which they had about 1300, and Sir Arthur could only learn that their position was very strong, and their whole strength assembled there. His own plans were speedily formed; Sir Charles Stuart (a man whose eminent military talents were never allowed an adequate field wherein to display them) had carefully surveyed this part of the country when he commanded the British troops in Portugal, for it had not escaped him, that upon this ground, in case of serious invasion, the kingdom must be won or lost. His maps and topographical accounts were in Sir Arthur Wellesley's possession. The French either did not understand the advantages which the ground offered them, or they believed that a defensive system was not practicable on their part, because of the disposition of the people. Sir Arthur determined to push his advanced guard to Mafra on the following morning, turn the enemy's position by this movement, and he then hoped to enter Lisbon in pursuit of the retreating enemy. Having laid down this plan, and issued orders for putting it in execution on the morrow, he heard of Sir Harry's arrival, and going immediately on board to communicate with him, he explained his intended measures.

But the new commander was more impressed with the difficulties to be encountered, than encouraged by the success which had hitherto attended the

movements of the army. The strength of the enemy's cavalry, and their own want of that important arm of war, kept the British troops at present close to their encampment; and the farther they might advance from the ships, (upon which they depended for bread,) the more severely would this inferiority be felt. The artillery horses were inefficient; they were cast-off cavalry, purchased in Ireland, the old, and the blind, and the lame; some of them had already died of age, and others, though carefully fed, had sunk under what would have been easy work for horses in good condition; nearly a sixth part had thus perished upon the way, and of those which were left many were not worth the forage which they consumed. Under these circumstances, the decision, which he was now called upon to make, appeared to Sir Harry Burrard most serious in its consequences; and should the army be checked in advancing, he thought it impossible to calculate the disasters to which it might be exposed. He was of opinion, therefore, that they ought to wait for Sir John Moore's division. Sir Arthur represented that at least ten days must elapse before these troops could land and become serviceable at Vimiero: the two armies were so situated that one of them must attack; if the British advanced, they would have the advantage of acting on the offensive; in his opinion they could reach Mafra before they could be brought to a general engagement; reaching that point, he should turn the French position, and come more immediately in front of Lisbon, upon ground which he knew so well, that he was desirous of making it the scene of action. These representations were unavailing; the Adjutant General B. General Clinton, and Colonel Murray the Quarter Master General coincided in opinion with Sir Harry Burrard; and the orders which Sir Arthur Wellesley had given for advancing on the morrow were consequently countermanded. But a part of that general's opinion was verified; he had asserted that a battle could not be delayed, and, as he expected, Junot on the following morning brought his whole force to attack the British army before they should receive further reinforcements.

Thus was the enemy allowed to chuse the place, the time, and the manner of attack; and they made full use of the advantage, for they brought the whole of their force to bear upon half of the British army. There were in the field about 14,000 French, and 16,000 English; yet they engaged them with a superiority of nearly two to one. To a general of less promptitude, or to troops of less determined courage, this would have been fatal; but on this occasion the skill of the general was admirably seconded by the gallantry of officers and men. The intentions of the enemy were divined at every movement, troops were moved with the utmost celerity just when and where they were needed, and the heart, and the arm, and the bayonet, did the rest. Wherever the French made the attack, they were repelled; wherever they were attacked, they gave way. Yet they were brave enemies; and had they not been sullied by such crimes, they might deserve for their bravery to be mentioned with admiration. One charge which they made upon Major-General Ferguson's brigade will long be remembered by those who witnessed it: it was made by the flower of the enemy's army with the bayonet; they came resolutely to the point of trial, and in one instant their whole line was cut down, so decisive was the superiority of British courage when brought to this last test. Above three hundred of their grenadiers were found dead in the line where they had been drawn up.

(To be continued.)

MILITARY BIOGRAPHY.

Marshal Ney.*(Translated from the French.)*

FRANCE has just beheld an example which our annals will preserve to the end of time. Alas, that the most gallant of her warriors was not likewise the most faithful! It might be pardoned to this Marshal, the bravest among the brave, that he should prefer, if in equal circumstances, Napoleon to Louis; but when he had taken the oaths to Louis,—when he had accepted the command of an army from Louis, he had contracted new engagements; he had implicitly given his faith and honour that he would be faithful to the king; and therefore his honour, his faith, and his loyalty, had a new object. He further strengthened these obligations by a voluntary promise to the king that he would bring Napoleon to Paris alive or dead.—Did he intend to fulfil this promise at the time; or had he then resolved to embrace the cause of Napoleon. His guilt is nearly equal in either of the conditions of this dilemma. In the one case, he added the most culpable imbecillity to his treason; in the other the most horrible hypocrisy. In both he was equally guilty of the most shameless treason.

But his actions have given an interest to the events of his life. It may be of use, therefore, to the future historian to collect what is authentic in a brief memoir. May it please the Divine Mercy to pardon those sins, of which he at least appeared to repent. And may future soldiers of better times, and of a better cause, emulate the example of his courage, whilst they indignantly avert from that of his treasons.

Marshal Ney, Prince of Moskwa, was of very humble birth, his parents were small farmers, or rather labourers, in the vicinity of Sarrelouis. He entered very early in one of the royal regiments of Hussars, and in the beginning of the revolution was already remarked as an excellent cavalry soldier. His activity, zeal, and great intelligence, were not long in distinguishing themselves, and after having passed successively through all inferior ranks, he was made captain in 1794; it was then that he became acquainted with General Kleber. The frankness of his manners, and his military air, pleased this General, who soon appointed Ney to the command of a squadron, and employed him near his person. He entrusted him with several secret and delicate missions, in which he acquitted himself with the greatest success.

He particularly signalized himself at the passage of the Lahn in 1794.

Being placed two years after in the division of General Collard, with the army of the Sambre-and-Meuse, his valour and boldness were remarked in the battles of Altenkirchen, Dierdoff, Montabor, and Berndorf. He assisted in the affair of Obermel, which was taken and retaken four times in two days. On the 24th of July, with 100 men, he took prisoners, near Wurtzburg, 2000 of the enemy's soldiers, and got possession of a considerable quantity of stores. At Zell, at the head of

400 horse, he sabred 800 of the enemy. The 8th of August, he forced the passage of the Rednitz, defended by 14 pieces of artillery, and got possession of Pfortzein, where he took 70 pieces of cannon : soon after this brilliant action he was appointed General of Brigade.

In the following campaign Ney repulsed the enemy at Giessen, and pursued it to Steinburg, but repulsed by superior force, and constrained to yield to numbers, he retreated ; his horse was killed under him ; he was made prisoner. The army of Sambre-and-Meuse was then commanded by General Hoche, who had a great esteem for General Ney, and who soon obtained him by exchange ; on his return to the army he obtained the rank of General of Division.

The command of the cavalry of the French in Switzerland was confided to him, and he powerfully contributed to the victory gained by the French armies on the Thur, May 26, 1799.

Shortly after, General Ney was opposed to Prince Charles ; he fought against him, and took Mannheim. In the action, the vanguard of the army had been surrounded near Lauffen : Ney came to its assistance, put the enemy to flight, and made 1500 prisoners.

In 1800, General Ney was employed in the army of the Rhine, as commander of the 4th division, which occupied Worms and Frankendal. The 5th of June he gained the battle of the Iller, and took all the enemy's artillery.

Soon after General Ney was charged with the command of the bodies of troops dispersed between Huninguen and Dusseldorf ; in less than eight days he made thirteen false attacks, which all succeeded, and gave him the facility of causing all the regiments under his orders to cross the Rhine at the same moment. While this passage was effected, the General, at the head of 9000 men, marched to the walls of Frankfort, where he routed 20,000 Mayençais in English pay, who had been joined by 2000 Austrians. He then returned to pass the Maine near Mentz. He passed as a conqueror, overthrowing all that opposed him, the country of Hesse-Darmstadt, again took possession of Mannheim, Heidelberg, Bruchsal, Heilbron, and reached the walls of Stutgard without experiencing the least check. These bold moves obliged Austria to evacuate a part of Switzerland, and thus contributed to the famous victory of Zurich.

Employed successively under the orders of General Massena in Switzerland, under General Moreau in Germany, General Ney after the peace of Luneville, was charged with the general inspection of the cavalry. He soon left this office for a mission to Switzerland, as Minister Plenipotentiary. At the epoch of the projected expedition against England, he was appointed commander of the camp of Montreuil.

General Ney received the reward of so much glorious service : he was included in the first promotion of Marshals by the Imperial Government.

The war between Austria and France having broken out in 1805, furnished Marshal Ney an occasion to signalise himself by new exploits. He left the camp of Montreuil for Germany, with his corps d'armée.

On his arrival there he gave battle at Elchingen (which afterwards gave him the title of Duke)—in this action he displayed all the resources of skill, and all the intrepidity of valour. He remained master of the field of battle, and gained a complete victory.

After the capitulation of Ulm, Marshal Ney conquered the Tyrol, and made his victorious entrance into Inspruck on the 7th November, 1805. He then marched into Carinthia, where he remained till the peace of Presburg.

At the famous battle of Jena Marshal Ney commanded the 6th corps of the grand army, his skilful dispositions, and his heroic courage contributed to the gaining this memorable battle, where the French armies covered themselves with an immortal glory.

Marshal Ney was then charged with the blockade of Magdeburg; this important fortress capitulated on the 9th November, 1806. This garrison were made prisoners, and there were found in the fortress 800 pieces of cannon, and immense magazines.

It was Marshal Ney, who after many bloody and glorious combats, took, in 1807, the town of Friedland, which has given a name to one of the thousand victories which have rendered illustrious for ever the French arms.

After the peace of Tilsit Marshal Ney conducted his army into Spain. It was in that fatal war that the Marshal, having to combat innumerable obstacles, which the natural difficulties of the country and exalted patriotism of its inhabitants opposed to him, constantly displayed the military skill, the prudence, and the valour, of the greatest captains. History has already written in eternal characters, that at the retreat of Ciudad Rodrigo, Marshal Ney, at the head of three French regiments, stopped an enemy's army of more than 27,000 men.

During the retreat of the army in Spain, Marshal Ney constantly commanded the rear-guard, and on this occasion, as well as on so many others, France owed to his valour the preservation of many thousands of her bravest defenders.

After this retreat the Marshal was called to the command of a corps d'armée, in the disastrous and too memorable campaign in Russia. Without entering into a detail of the many bloody actions which happened in this campaign, and in which Marshal Ney took so glorious a part: without speaking of that victory at Moskwa, which gave the Duke of Elchingen the title of Prince, which the conquerors and the conquered alike conferred on him, we shall merely call to mind that this illustrious and generous warrior, at the head of some heroes who devoted themselves with him, saved the wrecks of an army, pursued at once by fire, hunger, and all the horrors of a climate where a speedy death was the last wish, and seemed to be the only hope of the soldier.

It was at this epoch of mourning and consternation, that Marshal Ney crowned in some sort his military career, and deserved to be placed at the head of the battalion of heroes whom he alone knew how to preserve for France. We shall pass rapidly over the campaign of 1813, where

Marshal Ney, in the midst of innumerable reverses, always shewed himself superior to events, and worthy of his great reputation.—We shall not even stop at the battle of Lutzen, where he fought like a hero; we shall only name the desperate day of Leipsic, and we shall leave to history the care of relating the high deeds of the Prince of the Moskwa, at the different battles of Troyes, of Champ-Aubert, of Soissons, of Monttereau, of Craon, of Laon, of Arcis-sur-Aube, and of La Fere Champenoise.

Marshal Ney has been present in more than five hundred actions or pitched battles, and in this long career of glory and of danger he has never disgraced the noble title of the *bravest of the brave*, which had been conferred on him.

When in the month of March, 1814, Buonaparte, who had retired to Fontainebleau, wished to carry on negociations with the Allied Monarchs, Marshal Ney was charged to signify to the Ex-Emperor that he had ceased to reign in France; soon after he made his submission to the Provisional Government.

When the King entered France the Prince of the Moskwa was made a Member of the Chamber of Peers.

His Majesty then entrusted him with the government of the 6th Military Division, he exercised those functions in the name of the King till March 14, 1815, the period at which he joined the standard of Buonaparte, who on the 1st of March had landed at Cannes.

In the last short campaign of the month of June, Marshal Ney had again an unfortunate occasion to show his valour. The battle was lost, and the Allied Troops, in virtue of the Convention signed the 3d, occupied Paris in the first days of July.

The King returned to the capital the 8th of the same month.

Marshal Ney thought fit to remove himself; it appears that he had at first the intention of taking refuge in a foreign country; but having experienced difficulties as to passing the frontier, he returned to Auvergne, in the environs of Aurillac, to a relation's of his wife; it was there that he was comprised in the Ordinance of the 14th of July; he was arrested on the 5th of August.

An Officer of Gendarmerie (M. Jaumard), in whose hands he was placed, was ordered to conduct him to Paris.

Before the journey the Marshal gave his word of honour to the Officer not to make any attempt to escape. This Officer had formerly served under the orders of the Marshal, and he thought fit to rely on the word of his former General. He had no reason repent his confidence.

Between Moulier and Aurillac, Marshal Ney and his conductors stopped in a village to take some instants of repose. After the repast a public functionary of the neighbourhood came to inform the Officer of Gendarmerie, that at some distance thence he would find on the road persons posted who had formed a plan to carry off the Marshal. The latter was in the same room where this communication took place; some words that he heard gave him an easy insight into the subject of the con-

versation ; he advanced and said to the officer, " Captain, I shall merely remind you, that I have given you my word of honour to go with you to Paris ; if, contrary to my expectation and to probability, an attempt is made to carry me off, I shall demand arms of you to oppose the tentatives that may be made on my person, and to fulfil to the end the sacred promise which I have made you."

The travellers continued their journey, and no attempt was made to carry off the Marshal.

Arrived within four leagues of Paris, Marshal Ney found in an inn his Lady, who had come to meet him in an hired chaise. They had together a conversation of two hours, at the end of this time the Marshal told the Captain that he was ready to go on—some tears flowed from his eyes. " Do not be surprised," said he to the Officer, " if I have not been able to restrain my tears. It is not for myself I weep, but for the fate of my children ; when my children are concerned I am no longer master of my sorrow."

The Marshal and his wife mounted the fiacre, the Officer of the Gendarmerie placed himself in it, a servant of his Lady mounted behind the coach.

They arrived at Paris August 19. After having passed the streets of the capital the coach arrived at the end of the street de Sevres ; the Officer of Gendarmerie alighted to seek another vehicle at sixty or eighty paces distant.

The Marshal bade adieu to his wife, ascended the second fiacre, and alighted in the military prison of the Abbaye.

Some days after he was transferred to the Conciergerie ; he remained there till the moment when being brought before the Council of Peers his fate was decided by the Decree of December 6, 1815.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

WRITTEN BY OFFICERS DURING THE SEVERAL CAMPAIGNS
IN PORTUGAL AND SPAIN,

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE CAMPAIGNS.

The following Collection of Letters will be duly valued by our Readers, as being so many original cotemporaneous documents, written at the time, and on the spot, of the several Campaigns. They are arranged in distinct packets according as they belong to different Campaigns. Thus the first Packet is entitled,—LETTERS DURING THE CAMPAIGN OF 1808 ; and as the value of this kind of document depends upon its authenticity, at the end of every Packet is added the name of the officer by whom the Letters were written. And where the whole of the Letters are not by one Writer, but are intermixed, the intermixed letters are signed with the name of the Writer.

LETTERS DURING THE CAMPAIGN IN SPAIN IN 1809.

LETTER I. (continued.)

IT must ever be regretted, that the British were not enabled to advance immediately after the action on the 12th at Oporto ; when the enemy, dispirited

by his defeat, and astonished at the boldness of Sir Arthur Wellesley's measures, might have been alarmed into an unconditional surrender. But it was found impossible to move the army forward without supplies of every description; the rapidity of the advance from Coimbra having outstripped the most active exertions of the Commissariat, and the country through which the troops were destined to pursue the French, not affording the means of subsistence. Owing to these circumstances, and the want of precision in the execution of some important orders issued by the commander of the forces, Marshal Soult, although surrounded with difficulties of no ordinary nature, had the good fortune to accomplish his escape; but his division may be considered as completely *hors de combat* for the present, and he has lost the whole of his artillery and baggage.

In reviewing the events of this short, but most active campaign, it is impossible not to feel considerable mortification, that the vigorous and well concerted measures, which were adopted for the total annihilation of the enemy, did not experience a more prosperous result.

The behaviour of the Portuguese, who accompanied the British in the pursuit of the enemy, was the natural consequence of the vengeance and deadly hatred excited in their bosoms by the barbarous excesses which the French had committed; armed with any sort of weapons they could pick up, the peasantry hung upon the rear and flanks of the retreating enemy, and put to death every straggler from the main body, who was not so fortunate as to be saved by the advanced guard. The French have eventually suffered for the cruelty of their conduct; every information respecting the movements of the British troops having been carefully withheld from their knowledge, by the exasperated Portuguese.

LETTER II.

Return to Oporto.—City of Braga.—Cruelty of the French on their entrance into Oporto.—Traits of national character.

Oporto, 27th May, 1809.

THE British commenced their descent from the mountains on the 20th of May, and in the afternoon of the 24th re-entered Oporto. The weather as they returned to the south became daily more mild and favorable; and in the prospect of getting into comfortable quarters, the troops seemed to forget their recent hardships and privations.

The Alpine scenery of the inhospitable region bordering upon Galicia and the Tralos Montes bore a strong resemblance, in many places, to the Highlands of Scotland, but on approaching the environs of Braga the face of the country assumed a very different appearance. At the distance of eight or nine miles from the city, on the high isolated rock of Falperra, is seated a small tower, and chapel, dedicated to our Lady of the Pillar. This was the position of the French on the night of the 15th instant, and the Marshal Duke of Dalmatia, was glad to accept the shelter of a miserable hovel, which stood by the road side. The towers of a convent rising out of the wood on the brow of a fine commanding eminence, claimed attention from its beautiful situation. Braga is watered by two small streams, the Cavedo and the Deste.

The country in the vicinity is richly wooded, and the well cultivated fields already give promise of an abundant harvest. This city is the see of an archbishop, who disputes the primacy with Toledo. The cathedral is a handsome

structure of the Corinthian, having been rebuilt in that order of architecture about a century before. The original was gothic, of which only one chancel remains. On the first entrance of the French into the north of Portugal, the archbishop directed the sacred symbols of their religion to be buried under ground.

The expulsion of the French, from the handsome city of Oporto, was the signal for the revival of commerce, and the lively bustle of the now thronged streets, formed an agreeable contrast with its appearance about a fortnight ago. The cruelty of the French is spoken of with the utmost detestation. On their first arrival, the unarmed inhabitants who happened to be in the streets, were bayoneted without distinction of age or sex. Loison is universally execrated by the Portuguese, as the author of this inhuman massacre.

The foreign merchants residing in this city are particularly hospitable and attentive to strangers, who would otherwise be much at a loss; as the higher ranks in Portugal are little inclined to associate even with each other. This may, in some degree, be accounted for by the extreme indolence which forms a prominent feature in the character of this nation, and is repugnant to the laws of polished society.

The Portuguese are more superstitious than the inhabitants of any other Catholic country, and are remarkably fond of all religious processions and ceremonies. Few houses are without a private chapel, in which mass is celebrated at least once a day; hence the incredible number of the clergy. Every family has a confessor, who not only takes care of their spiritual concerns, but the domestic arrangements also are often under his controul.

No people in the world are more docile and submissive to the order of their magistrates and superiors; and this ready obedience was found of the greatest consequence, as facilitating in many instances the operations of the campaign.

They are remarkably sober, and seldom indulge in any excess. The men, wrapped up in long cloaks at all seasons, amuse themselves for hours in looking out of the windows, while the women are actively employed in attending to their household concerns.

In their demeanour towards strangers and each other they are extremely courteous, and it is no uncommon thing to see peasants conversing with their heads uncovered, in token of natural respect.

The Portuguese have always been considered the most jealous nation in the world, and not without reason; for they keep their wives in the greatest restraint, which treatment is sure to produce aversion and disgust. In general, the women of this country have a decent, and most respectable carriage, and there is nothing in their exterior appearance to proclaim in the least impropriety of conduct; yet it is well known, they make amends for the tyranny of their husbands, by occasionally listening without scruple, to the vows of a lover.

LETTER III.

March of the British to the South of Portugal.—Monastery of Grijon, Pinkieros, Albergaria Velha, and Adega.—Halt of Coimbra.

Coimbra, 4th June, 1809.

On the 28th of May, soon after day-break, the guards marched from Oporto, and before noon, the 3d regiment halted at the monastery of Grijon, in a beautiful and finely wooded situation, about four miles from the sea, to which there is a gentle descent. The monks were regular canons of the rich order of

St. Augustine. At their desire, the provisions were given to the cooks of the convent, and about four o'clock, the officers sat down to dinner in the Refectory. The repast was but indifferent, nothing being added by the good fathers, who, in excuse, pleaded poverty, and alledged that the French had stript them of every thing.—Next day, the brigade halted at Pinhicos, 4 leagues—30th, at Albegaria Velha, 3 leagues—31st, reached Adega, a small town on the banks of a beautiful stream. The Coldstream was quartered in the adjacent village of Sardao.—On the following day, halted. June the 2d, the guards marched to Malhada, 2 leagues and a half distant from Coimbra, where they arrived about ten o'clock yesterday. The men occupy convents, the officers are quartered upon the inhabitants, who received them with kindness and hospitality.

The amiable sisterhood of St. Clare partook in the general satisfaction, at the intelligence of Sir Arthur Wellesley's successful operations against the enemy in the north of Portugal, as they had felt considerable alarm on the first arrival of the French, for the safety of their peaceful and splendid establishment,

In a day or two, the British continue their march to the South, Abrantes having been fixed upon as the head quarters of the army.

LETTER IV.

Through Condiexa and Pombal to Leyria, Ourem.—City of Thomar.—Reflections on the Campaign.

Punhete on the Tagus, 18th June, 1809.

On the morning of the 6th instant, the guards and General Cameron's brigade marched from Coimbra, and passing through Condiexa and Pombal as on the former route, the guards reached Leyria on the 3d day. Brigadier-General Cameron marched by a road to the left of these towns.

On the 9th to Ourem, 4 leagues of a very indifferent cross road. The column was detained considerably by the brigade of artillery: ten horses with difficulty dragged each of the guns up the steep bank of the Leyes. The little town of Ourem is beautifully situated on the side of a hill, whose summit was crowned by the ruins of an ancient Moorish castle.

June the 10th, to Thomar, 3 leagues; the road as yesterday. This city was for some time the head quarters of the Portuguese army, under Marshal Beresford. The brigade was quartered in a fine old convent, which is supplied with water by a superb aqueduct, constructed for the purpose by Philip the 3d. The church, which is approached by a noble flight of steps, is a pure and costly remain of the Arabesque. It contains some beautiful paintings; particularly a Magdalen in one of the pannels: the wood work of the choir is carved in a rich and inimitable style.

On the 11th, the guards arrived in the small town of Punhete, beautifully situated at the confluence of the Zezere with the Tagus.—A bridge of boats lay across the former river.

The whole of the army has been assembled in this neighbourhood; Major-General Mackenzie's division forms the advance, and Colonel Donkin's brigade has proceeded to Castel-Branco. Reinforcements are daily expected from England, and it is the general opinion, that the commander of the forces intends to advance into Spain; Victor having retired from the frontier towards Madrid. Meantime, the most active preparations are making to re-equip the army for the field.

A few reflections naturally occur on the present situation of affairs. Six weeks have scarcely elapsed since Sir Arthur Wellesley assumed the command of the army. At this period, Marshal Soult, with a force of 24,000 men, was in possession of Oporto and the whole of the north of Portugal; while Victor, with a superior army, hung upon the eastern frontier, and might be expected to interpose betwixt the rear of the British and Lisbon, the moment of their advance beyond the Mondego. Notwithstanding this imposing attitude of Victor's army, the commander of the forces promptly decided on attacking the force under Marshal Soult. Leaving a corps of observation to watch the motions of the former, he directed his principal attention to the north; which, in the course of a few days, was completely freed from the presence and dominion of the enemy. After allowing his troops a short repose, Sir Arthur Wellesley hastened to place his army on the line of the Tagus; and this operation was effected with a rapidity which has seldom been equalled, even in the annals of modern warfare. Marshal Victor, on receiving intelligence of Soult's discomfiture and subsequent retreat into Galicia, commenced his march for the neighbourhood of Madrid, so that, out of the 50,000 French who lately threatened and infested Portugal, not a man is left. It is but too much the fashion, to estimate the importance of any enterprise by the loss which is incurred in achieving it; but this is frequently an unjust criterion, certainly not a fair one, in regard to the services of this army, which have been of the most useful and brilliant description, as the result has indubitably proved.

The several brigades of infantry are now formed into 4 divisions, under the command of the senior general officers with each.

1st division, Lieutenant-General Sherbrooke, is composed of—The brigade of guards,—Brigadier-General Cameron's brigade,—King's German Legion.

2d division—Major-General Hill,—Brigadier-General R. Stewart.

3d division—Major-General Mackenzie,—Colonel Donkin.

4th division—Brigadier-General A. Campbell,—Colonel Peacoché.

Colonel Peacoché being appointed commander of Lisbon, was succeeded in the command of his brigade by Colonel Kemmis.

(To be continued.)

Original Narrative OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

(Continued from our last.)

OUR soldiers and officers now recounted in triumph the acts and successes of the day, and as usual we rather exaggerated in our relations to each other. According to some of my comrades, the whole Prussian army was destroyed, and more than 25,000 killed and wounded of them were left on the field of battle. Others reported, that Marshal Blücher had been killed in the field, and that Marshal Grouchy had just transmitted a dispatch that he had made more prisoners than he knew how to dispose of.

The truth is, that the result of the day was greatly glorious to the courage of the French. Marshal Blücher, having his horse killed whilst in the act of galloping to a charge, fell to the earth, when his horse

rolled over him and happily concealed him. In this state, and the night being dark, he was passed by the French cuirassiers, and owed his life only to these circumstances. Upon the part of the French, no one, I presume, will deny that we completely defeated the Prussians, drove them out of the field, and took possession of their positions. As to the rest, the field of battle was covered with Prussian carcasses, and the number of their killed was evidently enormous. But with the exception of the wounded, there were but few prisoners.

Upon the left, where the combat was less ferocious (*acharné*) though still active and incessant, the battle was equal; the English appear to have suffered a very heavy loss, and the two parties remained upon the positions which they occupied in the commencement of the action. I was told of the death of the Duke of Brunswick, and the report of my comrade added, that of General Lord Hill. The Duke of Brunswick was killed by the fire of the division commanded by Jerome Buonaparte; he died bravely at the head of his men, another victim, from this illustrious family, to the wars of Europe. Some of our officers had the littleness of mind to indulge in pleasantries on this incident, but the feelings of every military man will devote them to just contempt.

In a word, the battles of Ligny and Quatre Bras were honourable to the French soldiers and generals, and paved the way to that greater battle which was at hand: a battle in which we ought to have conquered, and should have conquered, had not the hand of providence been against us; that will, which enervates the hand of the mighty, and confounds the counsel of the wise. Hitherto every thing was in our favour; the Prussians were beaten, and in another engagement would have been ruined. And the English had only escaped by an error of the Emperor, and the consequent enfeeblement of Marshal Ney in the moment of victory.

One result of this battle was to separate the Prussian and English army entirely from each other, and in a great degree to intercept the communication between them. This advantage was the more valuable and important to us, as it now required only a small and weak corps to observe and pursue the Prussians; and thus enabled the Emperor to direct his entire strength against the English.

It was with the intention of realizing this project, that on the 17th, as soon as the day broke, Buonaparte, leaving the third and fourth corps, and the cavalry of General Pajol, under Marshal Grouchy, to observe and pursue the Prussians, directed his own march towards Quatre Bras, taking with him the reserve and the 6th corps.

The English appeared to occupy the same position as the preceding evening. Buonaparte, upon reaching them, employed himself in reconnoitring; and the French army remained in observation and in collecting itself till about eleven in the forenoon,—waiting the arrival of the troops of the right, who were placed in position as fast as they came up. It rained incessantly; and the roads, which the preceding rains had already injured, were now still more impracticable for the artillery.

All the dispositions were now ready for attack ; and the French masses, having now assembled and united, were in march in line upon the heights of Frasnes, when the Emperor perceived that the Duke of Wellington, by a set of masterly manœuvres, had succeeded in masking a retreat, in which he had already made a great progress. The Duke had been compelled to this movement by the unexpected result of the battle of Ligny, and having determined upon it, he executed it with that exactness, that compact and well-connected set of movements, which is characteristic of this celebrated English General ; and in which he is excelled by no general living, though he may be equalled by that Marshal, and by that Marshal alone, whom Europe as well as France proclaims the * bravest amongst the brave ; that Marshal, whose errors are the subject of regret to all honourable and feeling Frenchmen. The Duke had employed not only a part of the night in effecting this retreat, but even that part of the morning during which we were collecting in front of him. We now beheld his troops upon the hills, upon the entrance of the wood, and as if in position upon the roads ; but these troops were nothing but a strong rear-guard, destined to support and cover the movements of the main body in front, and which movement the rear followed as soon as it was completely effected. Buonaparte, perceiving this play, as it may be truly called, now applied himself with much alacrity to the pursuit ; he put himself at the head of his cavalry, and ordered the army to follow him in quick march towards Brussels.

During this rapid march, the ardour of the troops was incredible ; and the soldiers, not understanding the movement of the English so well as the Emperor, saw nothing in it but a precipitate retreat. We now promised ourselves that the labour of the war was over ; that the English, the main and best hope of the Allies, were on flight to their ships, and that we were in triumphal march upon Brussels. With respect to the Prussians, we never had but one feeling, that of angry contempt ; and truly indeed, if the English had been disposed of, we should certainly have whipped these bearded boys, and their savage pedagogue, to Berlin.

In these gallant spirits, and high coloured expectations, we marched with vigour and alacrity towards Brussels ; each jesting with each other, and anticipating the amusements of Brussels. The artillery, the equipages, and the infantry of the army, filed along the road, with a degree of precipitancy and encumbrance ; whilst the cavalry proceeded along the flanks through meadows and cornfields, which, trampling under their feet, they reduced to dung. The horses sunk to their bellies in the black and soft soil of the fields through which they passed, a circumstance which delayed our progress, and but for the high state of our spirits would have rendered our march painful. But Hope herself preceded us with her most promising flag ; we marched under her purple

* Marshal Ney.

banner, and promised ourselves only certain victory, and a lasting glory. The Emperor Napoleon, as if summoned onwards by the bright star of his destiny, was at our head; his very horse seemed sensible of his rider; and the army, having so often known his undoubted talents, and still more frequently his most extraordinary fortunes, saw nothing in him but the conqueror of Europe, and the restorer of the French name.

These feelings were redoubled as we perceived the retreat of the enemy from the hills; and in a still more lively and animated manner, when we happened to fall in with some caissons, voitures, &c. which the enemy had abandoned on his retreat.

We now passed over the field of battle of Quatre Bras, and my feelings were much excited by the number of dead and wounded, French and English, whom there had been no time to remove. It was impossible not to recognise how murderous the conflict had been, but there were manifest proofs that the English had suffered more than the French. The ground in front of the wood where they were in position,—the *plateaux* which separated the wood from the road to Brussels, and particularly the hollow way, were actually heaped with carcases, the greater part of which were Scotch, a nation whose gallantry every one must acknowledge, whilst at the same time they must lament their known cruelty. Their singular costume, a striped plaid, and leggins instead of stockings, arrested our attention; our soldiers seeing that they had no breeches, gave them the ludicrous appellation,—the British *sans culottes*. It is the character of this people (the Scotch) to be the best soldiers and servants in the world; for having no feelings which interfere with obedience to discipline or command, they go strait forwards according to the will of their commander.

The Emperor, with his *avant garde*, continued the pursuit of the English till night, and did not stop his progress till he reached the entrance of the forest of Soignes, where the enemy began to assume a posture, and to make a stand, which required a more regular attack than there was now day-light to execute. After having cannonaded them as long as the light permitted, the Emperor put his troops in position, and established his head-quarters at the farm of Caillou, near Planchenois. The principal masses of the army encamped at Genappe, and in the environs of that small town.

The night was truly horrible. A continued rain, which fell in torrents, caused the troops to suffer most cruelly. Being bivouacked in the midst of meadows and cornfields, which they had trampled under their feet so as to render the soil the consistence of a deep and black mud, our sufferings may be imagined,—no shelter; no dry ground to repose upon, and a sky opening itself to deluge us in torrents. I never remember a night of more cruel suffering, and which indeed well prepared the way for a bloody to-morrow.

We had all only one opinion with respect to the purposes of the English. We persuaded ourselves, that they would employ the night (the night of the 17th) in continuing their retreat. None of us doubted but

that we should be at Brussels on the next day. In a word, we considered the campaign as already concluded, and that we were now only in chace of a fugitive enemy. Marshal Grouchy, as we believed, was at Namur, and would arrive at Liege on the next day, and about the same time in which Buonaparte would enter Brussels.

These hopes were confirmed by some deserters who were brought in by the sentinels. They reported to us (being in fact nothing but spies for the enemy), that the Belgians were all about to declare for us, and that they waited only for the confusion of battle to pass over to us in mass. The Duke of Wellington truly was acquainted with their purpose, and with the view of preventing it, had disposed of them in the rear. But that nothing could eventually restrain them from the declaration of their feelings, and from acting in conformity with them, and that the Duke had the greatest difficulty to prevent them from falling upon the Prussians.

Third Day, June 18th.—This day,—so fatal for France, if we must consider our happiness to be in our military success,—this day, fraught with so many vicissitudes, and in which no one would have promised victory to the side to which it was finally given, at length dawned, and the army was at the same time put in battle array, the Emperor in person commanding all the dispositions. Never did he appear a greater Commander. Let justice be done to him even by those who promise themselves happier days under another dynasty. It does not become a soldier to speak the language of a courtier.

Our first surprise, as the day broke, was to see that the English had not only not fled,—had not only resumed their position, but seemed moreover resolved to defend it. Buonaparte, who had no apprehension during the night, but that they would escape the punishment which he designed for them, was animated with a most sensible joy, at seeing them at their posts; he was too fond of the game of war, and thought that he played it too well to have any pleasure in a game only abandoned to him. He could not retain the expression of his feeling to those who were around him.—“Bravo!” said he, “the English!”—*Ah! Je les tiens donc,—ces Anglois . . .* I have them then,—these English.

Without further circumstance, he now hastened up, with all that imprudent impatience which characterises him, the march of all the columns in the rear; and without any other information than what his eye afforded him, without knowing either the position or the forces of his enemy, without ascertaining that the Prussian army was held in check by Marshal Grouchy, he resolved to attack them on the spot.

The French army, which consisted of four corps of infantry (including the guard,) and of three corps of cavalry, formed an effective force (I do not think I underrate it) of 120,000. About ten in the morning of this day (the 18th of June) the whole of this force was assembled in advance of Planchenois. The position was upon two eminences, or short ranges of heights, parallel to two opposite ranges occupied by the English army, the English having taken their position upon some *plateaux*

situated in advance of the forest of Soignes, to which forest it was appuyed.

Towards the centre of the line, which was upon Mont St. Jean, in the rear of the mount, and around the farm of the same name we perceived some strong and deep masses of infantry; they crowned a vast *plateau* or platform of ground, in the front of which we saw a line of redoubts, the earth of which having been recently dug and heaped, seemed of a different colour from the soil. This *plateau* extended itself on both sides along the edge of the forest, but the line, to appearance at least, diminished in depth as it extended, and was covered with batteries. The right of the English army was appuyed upon the village of Merke Brain, having in front of it the farm of Hougemont, surrounded with intersected ravines or deep descents; their left was extended towards Wavre, and was likewise covered in front by a ravine and the farm of La Haye Sainte. We could not follow this line with our eyes through its whole extension; but it appeared to us to terminate behind the village of Smonhen, where was the position of the Brunswick troops. Generally speaking, with the exception of the great *plateaux* in and about Mont St. Jean, which formed the centre of the English line, we saw but a few troops; but naturally supposed what the event afterwards justified, that they were stationed, and thereby hidden, in the gorges which separated the plats from the forest, and in the forest itself.

The head-quarters of the Duke of Wellington were at Waterloo in the rear of all his lines; and the lines were so established as to cross and to cover the roads of Brussels and Nivelles.

Scarcely were the French troops assembled and drawn up in battle array, when the Emperor took his stand upon an elevated scaffolding situated a short distance from where he had slept, upon the right of the road, and near the farm of *La Belle Alliance*. From this station he had the command of the field; and after a momentary reconnoissance, seeing his own troops in due order, he sent the command to begin the fire. He occasionally descending from his scaffold, walked backwards and forwards, his arms crossed upon his breast, at a short distance from his staff, who stood in a groupe behind him. The weather was stormy; and some showers fell at intervals. This weather continued the whole day.

Our corps was placed on the left, and marched against the farm of Hougemont. The first corps appuyed its left on the high road, and marched against the English centre. The 6th corps formed our right. The cavalry was distributed throughout our line, but the strongest columns of it were in our wings, and particularly in the right wing with the 6th corps. The Imperial guard was in reserve upon the heights in the rear.

The battle began a short time before mid-day. The French cannon now opened in tremendous roar: and several bodies of tirailleurs advanced to take suitable positions.

The operations of the day were now commenced by our left making an attack upon the farm of Hougemont. The enemy had strengthened their position with great art; they had made loop-holes in the walls of the buildings, and thence fired upon us with great advantage. The battle upon this point became gradually most desperate, each side reinforcing its party. Some of our battalions and squadrons, making a detour round the angles of the position, lanced themselves upon the masses in its rear. The enemy, seeing this attack, reinforced their columns, whilst our generals did the same. The conflict was accordingly bloody, desperate, and unyielding.

In a short time afterwards, whilst the conflict on our left and the English right was thus proceeding, our right likewise marched upon their left; they were received by the English with the same steadiness, and a combat of similar desperation accordingly ensued.

The two wings being thus engaged upon both sides, our centre, advancing gradually to correspond with this movement of our wings, marched towards the English centre, so that the whole line on both sides was now engaged.

It was now nearly two o'clock in the afternoon, and we had been engaged about an hour, when the English army, evidently yielding before the impetuous gallantry of the French, was sensibly retreating. The combat had indeed been murderous, and the cannonade and musquetry were but too well served on both sides. Our front lines advanced as the enemy retreated, and our rear closed up towards it. The artillery was brought in advance along the whole line.

Our troops were thus gradually all engaged, and were fighting in the midst of the greatest obstacles and difficulties; the soil under our feet having no tenacity, and the surface of it being hilly, abrupt, and intersected with dikes, ravines, and hollows, in the gorges and channels of which we were momentarily opposed by troops whose existence we did not suspect, and who were hidden in them till the moment in which they rose up to meet us. We had to make our way inch by inch. The enemy never yielded a spot till they had exhausted every means of defence. The most inconsiderable hillock, or hollow, was taken and retaken repeatedly. The fire, instead of relaxing, only increased to universality; both sides fought with the most inconceivable gallantry, and the defence was as obstinate as the attack was impetuous.

It was now reported amongst us, that some strong columns were about to make a charge of bayonets upon the position of Mont St. Jean, whilst the cavalry was to make a charge upon some detached points which seemed to be little supported. We expected the result of this great movement, but it was foiled by the obstinate gallantry with which the English defended the farms of Hougemont and La Haye upon their wings. They every moment reinforced their battalions which were posted in these positions; our cavalry, increasing in the same proportion, made successive charges, but the English, like a flux and reflux wave, though one time receding, yet advanced again, and maintained their ground.

Never did I behold a finer spirit of gallantry,—a more resolute and soldier-like steadiness. If for a moment these brave troops (for let them have what is due to them) were pushed from this position, it seemed only by the effect of our superior weight from our superior numbers brought against them ; and the moment which restored the equality by the coming up of a reinforcement, restored at the same time the ground they had lost.

The English artillery now made the most frightful havoc in our ranks ; we stood in fact point-blank aim for them, and the balls perforated from front to rear through our columns and ranks. Our own artillery answered with the same vivacity, but the enemy were better covered from our fire by means of some eminences which sheltered them. The unbroken thunder of 600 pieces of cannon, all roaring at the same moment, the fire along both lines of at least one hundred thousand musquets, discharged twice or thrice in a minute ; the bursting of shells, the blowing up of ammunition waggons,—the hissing of balls, and the groans of the dying, added to the heaps of wounded and killed (the mud being absolutely coagulated with blood), altogether composed a most horrible spectacle ; and the more so as the stage upon which so many horrors were acted, was so narrow as to be wholly beneath the eye.

Meantime the French army, in spite of every obstacle, and braving every danger with unshaken coolness and intrepidity, advanced with rapidity. Having carried the points of support of the two wings of the English, it passed the ravine, and reapproaching positions that vomited forth a deluge of balls and of grape shot, the charges which had been commanded were executed without delay. A most formidable first column of attack advanced upon Mont St. Jean ; where the most dreadful firing began. The French cavalry at the same time threw itself on the eminence to seize on the guns, but was in its turn assailed by the enemy's cavalry, which sprung out in a mass from the windings by which it was concealed. Successive charges were performed, the result of which was nothing but a frightful carnage. The affair was equally sustained, neither side falling back ; new columns advanced, the charges were renewed ; thrice was the position on the point of being forced, and thrice were the French repulsed, after performing prodigies of valour.

These three assaults, performed without interruption, and with all the distinguishing impetuosity of the French, occasioned the enemy immense loss, and rendered it necessary for him to use the utmost efforts of resistance. Lord Wellington very much exposed his person ; and in order to have all his means under his own direction, entered at different times into the hottest of the combat, to shew himself to his soldiers, and to inspire them with confidence by his presence.

ORIGINAL MEMORIALS
OF THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE OF FREDERIC OF PRUSSIA.

FREDERIC IN HIS DOMESTIC AND PRIVATE LIFE.

(Continued from our last.)

IN another place I had occasion to mention Frederic's little greyhound bitches, which he called his Marchionesses de Pompadour; at the same time observing that they cost less money. I shall add in this place but two circumstances to what I have already said: the first is, that it was affirmed of him that he was disposed to conceive a dislike to such persons as excited in those dogs a loud and continued barking. In what the weakness originated I cannot tell; but it seems he imagined the scent and instinct of the animals enabled them to discover if the persons who approached had any sort of sympathy with his character. I myself observed the pain it occasioned him if any one happened to tread on their feet, for the moment a stranger entered they all ran to the door and surrounded him; a circumstance that was particularly embarrassing in the evening on account of the darkness. The misfortune of treading on these dogs never happened to me; but I have been present when it has happened to other persons, when the king never failed to cry out morosely, *Ah! why do you not take more care?* In another respect also I was remarkably fortunate, which was, that the dogs never barked at my approach; their habit was to come up to me, and withdraw in silence to their places.

My second anecdote is, that when he travelled, and even when he was engaged in war, he generally took with him one of the greyhounds, which he carried either in his arms or inside his waistcoat. It has been affirmed that in one of his wars, having set out for the purpose of reconnoitring the enemy's army, and being so closely pursued by the Austrians as to risk being taken, he hid himself under one of the arches of a bridge which suddenly presented itself to his view as he was descending a hill, which the enemy passed and repassed over his head without once suspecting his stratagem: all this time the little greyhound, who was commonly churlish, had scarcely breathed any more than his horse; and what rendered the circumstances particularly interesting to the king was, that his principal fear had been that his greyhound would discover him by her barking. This, it is said, is the reason of the great affection Frederic ever after bore her; and of his erecting a tomb, with an epitaph in praise of her qualities, to her memory in the gardens of Sans-Souci.

He one day requested M. Gothenius, his physician, to prescribe for one of his dogs which was sick. The king's servants, who disliked the physician, delivered him an order to come and see one of his Majesty's dogs that was sick; Gothenius, considering this an insult, did not go. The servants carried back for answer that he had appeared much out of humour, and observed he was not a dog doctor; this calumny caused the dismissal of Gothenius.

The furniture of the castle was old-fashioned, and rather simple than otherwise; it was, however, plain to be seen that in his more youthful season he had given the preference to the most delicate colours, especially pink. As to his wardrobe, it contained only a few suits of uniforms, a coat or two of velvet, six shirts that were every year renewed, and the rest in proportion. It was a rule with all the princes of this house, to have but six shirts, at least when they were making a campaign. I have been witness to Prince Henry's setting out for the command of an army of a hundred thousand men, provided with no more baggage than was carried by twelve mules, inclusive of his tent, &c. &c.

Ought I to mention in this place his patronage of the arts, and the taste he had acquired in them? He had had different French sculptors in his capital; among others, Adam, who executed the statue of Field Marshal Schwerin, and afterward left Prussia to return to France. I avoid saying any thing in this part of my book of Tassaert, with whom d'Alembert made conditions for his journey to Prussia. Between the times of Adam and Tassaert there was no other sculptor procured; but he, like the first, abandoned his post, and after his return to France, receiving no answer to the different claims he made on the King of Prussia, wrote him a letter conceived in the rudest terms: I saw the copy of this performance in the possession of the French ambassador at Berlin, to whom it was addressed. The letter, written *ab irato*, was in a style of some merit: the language was firm and resolute, and was by no means deficient in loftiness and philosophical reasoning: all that was the least affronting rose naturally out of his subject; and, to say the truth, he stated the injustice he had sustained with perfect plainness. He represented, that to have had to do with pickpockets and highwaymen, would, in the comparison, have been advantageous to him, for against them there were means of reparation and of vengeance. Frederic treated this letter with contempt, and it was never a subject of conversation; but had such a letter been addressed to any other sovereign, it would infallibly have occasioned the ruin of its author. The painter next employed by Frederic was Amadeus Vanloo, who painted the ceilings of the new Sans-Souci; after which he returned, principally on account of his children, to France.

He had as a varnisher a nephew of the celebrated Martin, who left Prussia to perish on the Place of Louis the Fifteenth, at the marriage of Louis the Sixteenth. He was succeeded by a M. Chevalier, who I left with the king.

He had a French architect of the name of Leger, with whom he had a falling out respecting the plans of the new Sans-Souci, and who afterward returned to vegetate at Paris. Leger had drawn out some excellent plans for the new castle. The king adopted those among them that related to the *Grand Commun*; and this edifice is, in fact, regular and extremely beautiful: but they differed in opinion concerning those intended for the castle. His majesty would have no other entrance than the middle window of the principal front, which opened quite down to

the ground; Leger proposd a grand door that was to open into a spacious vestibule, ending in a noble staircase, which should lead to the principal suit of rooms. The king would have an ordinary staircase in a small room to the left, and an antique grotto in the place of the vestibule: Leger declared he would draw out no such plans. The dispute became warm; each was equally tenacious and positive.—“I am the master,” said the king; “I command that these plans shall be altered agreeably to my directions.”—“My honour is concerned,” replied Leger, “and to no consideration shall it be a sacrifice: Leger will never himself proclaim to his successors that he had a barbarous and vulgar taste; that he was wholly ignorant of his art; or that he was base enough to violate all its rules in compliance with an ill-timed respect.” It is pretended, that in the extreme heat of the argument the architect put his hand to the hilt of his sword; but certainly, if this is really true, it could be nothing more than a mere involuntary and mechanical motion. However this may be, he had no further interview with the king: Leger left the place, and the new Sans-Souci was built conformably to the king’s commands. In the above-mentioned grotto Frederic gave an annual supper to the officers of the regiments employed in the manœuvres which took place every year at Potsdam in the month of September.

In a grove, situated at the back of the castle, there is a small building in the form of a rotunda, which is called the *Temple of Apollo*. Frederic placed in it all the utensils of antiquity he could collect, particularly such as are used in the interior of houses, by day or by night, for the kitchen or other apartments; also utensils for the cultivation of the ground, and of mechanical arts. It was the task of M. Stoss, my colleague, to place these articles in their proper order, and to make a catalogue of them; a business that detained him nearly three weeks at Potsdam. Frederic at first passed some hours every day in this temple when he inhabited the castle.

This monarch had procured a large collection of plans for buildings: he had models of such as were celebrated among the ancients, and those of the same description among the modern Italians, French, &c.; and by these he governed his choice. Upon these models it was that he erected all the buildings that decorate Potsdam and Berlin; for it may be said these two cities were newly built by Frederic. There is however, something singular in all the buildings he erected of the last note. I do not assert this of the arsenal, which is a beautiful edifice, but was not built by Frederic; nor of the opera-house, which is generally approved and admired by architects; nor even of the hospital for invalids, which is at once a vast, solid, and well-distributed pile of building, and celebrated for its inscription by Maupertuis, *Lasus sed invictus militi*, an inscription admirably appropriate: but this I assert of the palace of Prince Henry, which, though well distributed within, presents on the outside nothing but a heavy, low, and confined piece of architecture; at the same time, it cannot be denied that it exhibits proofs of having been constructed on the Italian model. Secondly, of the public library, which in its ex-

terior form resembles a large chest of drawers; and the interior distribution of which is absolutely subverted by the disposition of the principal walls, with the inscription *Nutrimendum Spiritus*, composed by Frederic, contrary to the advice of Quintus Icilius, who was a better Latinist than the king; the said inscription being of the most barbarous and Gothic sort of Latin. But, notwithstanding such defects as these, it cannot be denied that Frederic has made of Potzdam and Berlin two of the finest cities in Europe, if we consider nothing but the first view they present to the spectator. It is impossible to imagine how many houses he built in the course of a year, especially in the principal streets, and that entirely at his own expence; and these houses were executed with an expedition so surprising that it was usual to call them *Frederic's Mushroom-rooms*. It is true that for this purpose he razed without mercy the wretched habitations of the citizens; but he soon furnished them with handsome substantial houses in their places. I may with truth affirm, that in this manner he finished whole streets in the course of a year.

Nor did Frederic fail to encourage other arts as much as he was able; but in these he had favourite artists. In jewellery, for example, he never passed a year without giving orders to the amount of thirty or forty thousand livres to Boston the jeweller, and also to Messrs. Jordan. He never abandoned his tradesmen unless for some important offence.

We perceive, then, that he sought to make even his private predilections subservient to the advantage of his subjects and his states; for he invariably bestowed that predilection on persons of acknowledged probity and talents.

Frederic kept for his own particular service no more than five footmen and two pages; he had neither valets-de-chambre nor heiducs. It is true he had other pages trained at his expence; but he seldom made use of them, except for parade on extraordinary occasions: he had also half a dozen running-footmen, whose only office was to walk before him in the streets of Berlin, when he went to the opera, when he returned from a review on the plain of Temploff, or had some expedition to make in the city. In general, nothing could be more simple or more moderate than his interior accommodations. He required, it is true, the most exact regularity, and never forgave those who neglected that exactness; but those who faithfully fulfilled the duties of their station were sure to find in him the mildest, best, and most affectionate of masters: he never spoke to his domestics in their ordinary business, without calling them in the kindest tone *Mein kind*, that is, *My child*.

Every one is acquainted with the well-known history of Frederic's behaviour to one of his pages. I will relate an anecdote of a similar kind which happened some time afterward. In a regiment of hussars, in garrison in Silesia, there was a brave soldier who was extremely exact in all the duties of his station, but being turned of seventy years of age, he, on account of his grey hairs and wrinkles, had become in his general's eyes a blemish to the company in which he served. The general had long endeavoured to persuade him to put himself upon the invalid esta-

blishment. It must be observed, that to be dismissed as an invalid in Prussia is nearly the same thing as to be condemned to starve, since its pensioners are allowed only three half-pence per diem for their support; it should also be remembered, that in that country soldiers are enlisted for their whole lives; consequently none are dismissed the service but such as labour under incurable disorders, or are extremely old. This is sufficient of itself to justify the extreme horror felt by the Prussian soldiery at the idea of being dismissed, however wretched their situation. The old hussar constantly refused to leave the company, and the more strenuously as he was a married man, and his wife was but little younger than himself, and by that means they would have lost the advantage of receiving toward their support a portion of the pay of their son, an honest stripling who, according to the regulations of the army, served in the same corps and messed with his parents. The general, unable to impute the smallest fault to the father, and not daring to dismiss him on his own authority, determined to deprive him of his son, hoping by this means, either through his grief or poverty, to get rid of him. To this effect he wrote to the king that he had in his regiment an excellent young soldier who was too tall for a hussar, and offered him to his majesty for his regiment of guards, which he said would be a more proper situation for him. The king accepted the offer, and the young man set out for Potsdam, leaving his parents in an affliction that was the more poignant, as they knew that though the regiments of guards was one of the finest in the kingdom, yet it was that of which every soldier had the greatest dread, since, being always under the eye of the king, it is subject to a stricter discipline and greater exertions than any other regiment. When the soldier arrived, the king wished to see him. Whether Frederic was informed of the inhuman conduct of the general, or that the soldier's lucky star prevailed, I do not know, but the king did not go to the parade to see see him, but sent for him to his apartment, when, after having slightly examined him, he ordered him to put on a suit of the uniform of the guards. When the hussar re-entered in a dress so new, and so much handsomer than that he had before been used to, the king asked him how he liked it? The young man replied, that he should always be pleased with any sort of uniform if he had but the happiness to please his sovereign by doing his duty well.—“Very well,” said Frederic, “keep those clothes, remain here, do your duty, and I will take care of the rest. Your comrades will tell you what you have to do; but, my good fellow, you must be exact to a minute in your department: to this effect, you must be furnished with a good watch. Go therefore to such a watch-maker, tell him you are in my service, and he will give you a good silver watch, for which he will ask you forty crowns. You will want besides half a dozen of shirts, some stockings, cravats, and pocket handkerchiefs, which will come to about *so much*. I will give you money enough for the whole. Go and purchase the articles, and be always exact, faithful, and discreet in my service. As to means for

your subsistence and sundry expences, I will allow you ten crowns per month, which will be sufficient to procure all you will want."

The first thought of the young soldier in the midst of his joy was directed to his parents.—"I have such abundance of money," said he, "and my father and mother are in the greatest necessity! Is there no means of sending them the forty crowns given me for the watch, and of borrowing that sum of some of my fellow soldiers on condition of repaying them at the rate of five crowns per month? What remains will be quite enough for necessaries." He could not resist this idea, and accordingly he borrowed the forty crowns among several of his fellow soldiers: he procured the watch, and relieved his parents; but he was yet ignorant that kings know every thing, and that the first law imposed by Frederic on those who served him was to disclose to him whatever facts they became acquainted with. The next day, he sent for his new dependant, and said to him: "I gave you money to buy a watch, and you sent it to your parents. You supposed you were doing a noble action without being conscious that it was a breach of your fidelity to me. It is right and meritorious to assist ones relations when they are indigent, and particularly when they are infirm or old; to do so is a most sacred duty. But at the same time we should appropriate to such a purpose only what is our own. In sending them the money I gave you, you disposed of what did not belong to you. This money was not yours, since I gave it you only on condition that you should use it as I directed. It was no more than a deposit in your hands, and you have violated the law imposed on persons who receive a trust. For this time, however, I pardon you, because your fault has risen out of a sentiment both respectable and pure; out of a kind feeling, and without once reflecting on the nature of the case, as I have now explained it to you. The borrowing the forty crowns was an aggravation of your first fault; for we should never borrow, but under circumstances of great necessity, what we are not sure we shall be able to repay. For example, how would this debt be paid to your comrades if you were to die, or if I were to dismiss you? On this occasion I will enable you to discharge your debt, but recollect I absolutely forbid your contracting any other."

When the general of hussars heard of the young man's good fortune, he had the meanuess, the baseness, to go and congratulate his parents—"It was I," said he, "who procured him this situation by speaking in his favour to the king, and I am truly happy at his success. I was quite sure he would do well at Potzdam." The general was under apprehensions that the young soldier might do him some injury by informing the king of the persecutions his father had undergone. This is a true picture of men of a haughty and despotic character! Base and groveling, disdainful and capricious, as circumstances render necessary.

It was not long before Frederic felt the most beneficial consequences of the kindness he had bestowed on this man. He was attacked by a violent fit of the gout, his physician was sent for, who found him in a raging fever, with his skin extremely dry. The physician's first object was to

bring on a perspiration, and accordingly he ordered him a potion for that purpose; but Frederic was possessed of, shall I say, the weakness or the mania of so many great commanders, who, like Mithridates, imagine themselves excellent physicians; he insisted on knowing the ingredients of the potion, and immediately after declared he would not take it; he next dismissed the physician, telling him he was an ass. The physician informed the attendants in the anti-chamber, that the king's malady was of the most serious nature, that it was of the highest importance to bring on a perspiration, but that he would take no medicine that would be likely to produce that effect; that he had even said the most affronting things to him; that as a physician, anxious to do his duty, and preserve if possible, the life of so great a king, he would leave the necessary prescription, and it would afterward be their part to prevail on the king to take it. He assured them that this was of the last importance, as nothing less than the life of the sovereign was at stake. He added, that should he swallow the potion, the greatest care should be taken to keep every part of his body well covered, and that some addition should be made to his bed-clothes till he should have perspired plentifully. The attendants, after much deliberation, decided that the young hussar was the fittest person to be employed on this occasion, and he was accordingly appointed to watch by the king the same night; a charge he accepted not without apprehension, but without repugnance and even with considerable zeal. The potion was brought about ten o'clock: the hussar entered the king's apartment with it in his hand. "What have you there?" said the king. "I have a potion, Sire, which the physician declares to be absolutely necessary for your recovery."—"I will not take it: throw it into the fire."—"But, Sire, it is so necessary."—"I will not take it."—"Sire, the physician ordered us to present it to you."—"The physician is an ass: I tell you I will not take it."—"Alas! Sire, he assured us that the necessary perspiration could not be produced without it."—"He knows not what he says: throw it into the fire, and let me be quiet."—"It is our duty, Sire, to conjure your majesty to take it."—"My good fellow, your importunity is useless; withdraw and let me be quiet."—"Ah! Sire, what shall we do? It is of the greatest importance that you should take this potion; was it not ordered by a physician who feels a personal attachment toward your majesty?"—"You tire my patience; pray leave me."—"Sire, he assured us your preservation depended on your compliance."—"He is an ass: I command you to withdraw and let me be tranquil."—"Is it not our duty to supplicate your majesty to take a potion which can effect your recovery?" The king was at length quite angry; he swore, threatened, commanded, and sent every one to the devil. The young man, still with the potion in his hand, begged, conjured, entreated, threw himself on his knees, wept; in short he was not to be prevailed upon to desist.—The contest lasted till midnight; when the king, absolutely exhausted, determined to take the potion that he might get rid of his importunities and obtain some sleep. A short time after, a new struggle arose; the medicine, as it began

to operate, threw the king into so violent a heat as to render him absolutely restless and refractory. The king wanted to uncover himself; the hussar would not allow of it: the king threw off a counterpane; the hussar put it on again; if the king put but an arm outside the bed-clothes, the hussar instantly covered it as well as he could; constantly entreating, soliciting pardon, and bending over the patient, who threatened, swore, and disputed in vain. This new struggle lasted till near three in the morning, when the perspiration made its appearance. Feeling his uneasiness diminish, the king by degrees became calmer, and no less sensible that both the physician and the hussar were in the right. He said to the latter, "My good fellow, I do not want you any longer; the perspiration is come, and I am no longer oppressed by the violent burning I complained of: I promise you not to uncover myself any more; you may take my word; go therefore and take some repose, which you must stand much in need of." The hussar made as if he obeyed, but retired to a corner of the room, where, without being perceived, he continued to watch the king till he fell fast asleep. By daylight his majesty found himself much better; when he dressed himself, and sending for the hussar, he said to him: "You are an excellent lad; you do your duty faithfully; you have served me on this occasion with the greatest zeal, and I am much satisfied with you. Here are fifty ducats; you may send them to your parents, if you like it."

TOPOGRAPHY OF THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

(Continued from our last.)

A VERY gay regiment of gentlemen light horse volunteers were in the battle of Waterloo; all inhabitants of a continental city, which I shall not name. An opportunity occurred for them to charge the French cavalry, and an aid-du-camp came to them with an order or request to that effect, from Lord Wellington. Their colonel, in great surprise, objected the enemy's strength,—their cuirasses,—and the consideration, which had unaccountably, he said, escaped the commander in Chief, that his regiment were all *gentlemen*. This diverting response was carried back to Lord Wellington; who dispatched the messenger again to say, that if the *gentlemen* would take post upon an eminence, which he pointed to in the rear, they would have an *excellent view* of the battle; and he would leave the choice of a proper time to charge entirely to their own sagacity and discretion, in which he had the fullest confidence! The colonel actually thanked the aid-du-camp, for this distinguished post of honour, and followed by his gallant train with their very high plumes (the present great point of continental military foppery), was out of danger in a moment.

A regiment of light dragoons of a very different stamp, the 12th, was posted near the Prince of Orange. Their charges were of the most spirited kind; and nothing but the cuirasses enabled the French dragoons to resist them. In the account of so much pure valour without trick or

cover, against so much iron, it is not difficult where to award the balance. Many brave men were sacrificed to the iron casts, and taffeta flags which frightened their horses. A gallant young friend of my own lay near the spot we had now reached. He had just joined the 12th dragoons; and in the first charge of his regiment, in which he bore a very distinguished part, received a wound which was instantly fatal. There was melancholy satisfaction in beholding the spot of his honourable grave:—a prouder sepulchre the turf on which the soldier falls than the proudest mausoleum in consecrated ground.

No part of the field was more fertile in impressive associations, than the ground of the 30th, and, I believe, the 73d regiments, brigaded under our gallant countryman, severely wounded in the battle, Sir Colin Halket. I had already heard much of the firmness of these brave troops: and was to hear still more. To no square did the artillery, and particularly the cuirassiers, pay more frequent and tremendous visits; and never was it shaken for a moment. The almost intimacy of the soldiers with these death-bringing visitants increased so much as the day advanced, that they began to recognise their faces. Their boldness much provoked our men. They galloped up to the bayonet points, where of course their horses made a full stop, to the great danger of pitching the riders into the square. They then rode round and round the fearless bulwark of bayonets; and in all the confidence of panoply, often coolly *walked* their horses, to have more time to search for some chasm in the ranks, where they might ride in. The balls absolutely rang upon the mail; and nothing incommoded the rider except bringing down his horse, which at last became the general order. In that event he surrendered himself, and was received into the square, till he could be sent prisoner to the rear;—a generosity ill-merited, when it is considered that the French spared but very few lives, which it was in their power to take. Many officers were murdered, *after* giving up their swords; and when prisoners were collected, cavalry were sent to cut them down, when circumstances at the moment prevented their removal.

In the revolutionary demoralization, produced by an education of violence and selfishness, nothing is more frightful than the want of feeling which characterises the French soldiery. Their prisoners could hardly expect to be spared by the men, who lying wounded themselves in the hospitals at Antwerp, were often seen mimicking the contortions of countenance which were produced by the agonies of death, in one of their own comrades in the next bed. There is no curse to be compared to the *power* of fiends like these. Europe entire was roused to put them down; and they made a gigantic effort at Waterloo to rise again. It makes one shudder to think that they were within a hair's breadth of succeeding; and often I experienced a movement, in which it was hard to say, whether there was most of indignation or ridicule, when I heard Frenchmen and French-women lamenting in pathetic and *sentimental* terms, their failure; with scraps about "*Vertu malheureuse, mais toujours respectable.*"

The cuirassiers were repeatedly driven off by the 30th, and their comrade regiment; reduced themselves by painful degrees, more and more every attack. Line was always again formed with unwearied alacrity; no complaint escaped the patient soldier's lips, if we except an occasional cry to be led on. The storm was seen again gathering and rolling on. The serious command, "*re-form square, prepare to receive cavalry,*" was promptly and accurately obeyed. The whole were prostrate on their breasts, to let the iron shower of the artillery fly over, and erect in an instant, when the cannon ceased and the cavalry charged.—The country do not know one-tenth of the merit of "*the men of Waterloo.*"

Unable to break in upon the square by open force, a commanding officer of cuirassiers tried a *ruse de guerre*; he lowered his sword to General Halket. Several of the officers called out "Sir, they surrender."—"Be firm and fire," was the promptly obeyed answer. The General justly suspected an offer of surrender to a body of infantry fixed to the spot in a defensive position, by a body of cavalry, who had the option of galloping off, with all the plain open behind them. The volley sent the colonel and his cuirassiers, as usual, about, with a laugh of derision from the men he had meant to cut to pieces; and many a ring from their balls, upon the back pieces of the mails.

This gallant brigade was honoured with several visits from the illustrious chief. In one he enquired "how they were?" The answer was, that two thirds of their number were down, and that the rest were so exhausted, that leave to retire, even for a short time, was most desirable; some of the foreign corps, who had not suffered, to take their place. General H. was told that the issue depended on the unflinching front of the British troops; and that even a change of place was hazardous in the extreme. He impressively said, "Enough, my lord, we stand here till the last man falls."

There were not wanting some striking instances of individual heroism at Waterloo.

General Halket had a brother in the field, who was colonel of a Hanoverian corps, or a regiment of the German legion. A trait of spirit is related of him which has few examples in modern warfare; and is not exceeded by the far-famed achievement of Robert Bruce in his short combat with Sir Henry Bohun, in that memorable battle, which stood foremost on history's brightest page, till Waterloo was fought. A French general was giving his orders with great confidence to a large body of troops; and had come to their front unattended. Colonel Halket made a dash at him at full gallop; and, putting a pistol to his breast, seized his horse's reins, and brought him off from the very beards of his wonder-struck soldiers! I had the good fortune to spend an evening at the Hague with the mother and sister of these gallant men; from whom, it is needless to observe, I heard not one word of their deeds; which were quite new to me when I arrived at Brussels.

I had seen, as formerly mentioned, a young officer at Antwerp, who had received twenty-four sabre wounds. The 69th, his regiment, with

another, was the square next on the right of general Hacket's. In one of their formations the French cavalry was unfortunately too soon up for them, penetrated into the midst of them and almost cut them to pieces.

We saw the point where a Belgic corps was stationed on the right, where the French called out, "Brave Belgians, come over and join your old comrades." It is well known they did not comply with the invitation.

We next in our interesting round, arrived at the memorable post of Hougomont, for ever associated with the name of the British foot guards and the warriors of Brunswick. To them exclusively belongs the glory of having foiled the persevering and desperate attacks of at least 30,000 of the enemy; and they were just the *first*, *second*, and *third* regiment of guards, with a detachment of Brunswickers. Here again national feelings were not to be resisted, Lord Saltoun, Colonels Home and M'Donnell being of the "North Countrie," a nation (says the sweetest of their bards,)

"Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;

"Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms."

We were surprised to find Hougomont a country seat with gardens neatly laid out in the Dutch taste, and extensive offices. A small wood was on the outside, a short distance from the high garden wall, which is of brick, perforated in two tiers for musketry, and shattered with the enemy's cannon-balls. The light companies of the three regiments of guards were stationed in this wood, and were of course driven into the house.

The "Journal of Three Days" admits that the place was not taken; that his countrymen suffered dreadfully in their unavailing attempts upon it, and at last endeavoured to shell it on fire. This they only partially effected; but they did leave the place a scorched and shattered inheritance, first to its brave defenders, and ultimately to its proprietor.

We could not resist picking up some small fragments even of the bricks and slates of this sacred spot; and we found some pieces of the bombs by which the chief havoc was occasioned. For some time after the battle, the accumulation of dead in and around this post presented perhaps the most shocking spectacle in the whole field. When in the garden, where the fruit-trees and shrubberies seemed as if they were blighted, and the neat alleys of holly and yew were much torn and deranged, we saw the poor gardener, who had remained in his garden all the time of the furious storm; because, as he candidly owned, after the battle was begun, he could not venture out of it. He confirmed the fact that the enemy never were within the *premises*; if we except occasional irruptions into the garden, out of which they were as often driven.

It is said that two ladies, deeply interested for some relative, sat in a carriage during the greatest part of the action, on the great road; certainly repeatedly under fire. And an old woman remained in her cottage almost in the midst of the fight; as she said, to *save* her cows and pigs! We did not see this heroine.

The wood on the outside had been choked up with the French dead; and more wreck lay here than on any other part of the plain,

We crossed diagonally to the hovel of *Belle Alliance*, a name of superstitious coincidence; on which it is the French custom more than ours to lay much stress. Certainly they never had three such names as *Fuentes d'Honoro*, *Vittoria*, and *Belle Alliance* to boast of! The house is of the poorest description; consisting of two rooms, with two smaller back rooms; a passage, and some miserable holes up stairs. There are also some ruinous out-houses, and a well into which several dead bodies were thrown. On the gable of the house, the owner has painted in very large and rude letters in black on a white-wash ground, "*Hotel de la Belle Alliance!*"

Our officer assured us, that Wellington and Blucher did *not* meet in this house, as generally believed; but some hundred yards further on in the pursuit. He had himself seen the meeting and the parting of these two great men, on that never to be forgotten occasion. It is possible the Duke may have entered the house; and the people shew a straw bottomed chair on which they say he sat down,—but at any rate it was the head quarters of Buonaparte during the battle. The latter had supped in one house, and slept in another, not far from *Belle Alliance*. The first of these houses had been unroofed and nearly destroyed, for no assignable reason.

We entered the house, hovel as it was, with great respect; got some refreshment, and drank a bumper on the spot to the *alliance*. A party of Brussels inhabitants, whom we had often met on the field, were sharing the same bread and cheese, and *vin du pays*. There was no resisting a toast for them, "*Vive le brave Prince d'Orange, et les Belges qui se battirent à ses côtés sur ce champ même.*"

Their return was, "*Vive le puissant Wellington et ses braves Anglais, nos meilleurs amis.*"

As we were so far advanced, we wished, before visiting Buonaparte's station and returning to the position of the left wing, to have one glance of the country over which the panic-struck enemy had fled. Nothing meets the eye but extensive unclosed corn fields, with very little wood; as if Soigné had rendered all further plantation in its region unnecessary. There could not have been a clearer field for flight; and well the advantage was appreciated by every *individual* French soldier. It was in this quarter the Prussian stragglers were most dangerous for several days after the battle.

The officer who was with us belonged to the 23d. His regiment passed close to *Belle Alliance* on the opposite side of the road; by which means he was witness to what Lord Wellington even *said* to Blucher. He saw them meet on the road, and walk their horses for some hundred yards, in earnest conversation; when Lord Wellington wished the veteran good night and success in the pursuit; and turned his horse back again to Waterloo to write his important dispatches.

For a great breadth along the road, our officer pointed out to us the station of the reserve of the cavalry of the old guard; with which a desperate final effort was made to retrieve the battle. The marks of the horses' feet in the deep ground, hardened again when we saw it, gave us

an idea of the imminency of the force which had stood there. The reserve of the young guard was posted in a hollow between *Belle Alliance* and *Mon Plaisir*. To the right of the 23d, advanced in the pursuit the 52d and 71st regiments. It fell to them to meet the young guard. Numbers were more than ever out of the question—panic had spread through the vast host of the enemy. The two regiments, weakened as they had been, rushed upon the guard, and routed it in an instant; the same guard with whose spirit and equipment Buonaparte had so lately before made all Europe to resound. A most admirable manœuvre was here performed by the two victorious regiments. They separated, and running on two sides of an oval for a considerable way, met again; and thus cut off several thousand prisoners.

Returning by *Belle Alliance*, we advanced about 150 yards to the rising ground, on the left hand side of the road looking to the British army, from which Napoleon viewed the field; and a very complete view he had of it. He had no scaffold erected where he stood, and certainly never went, after the battle had commenced, to the telegraph in the rear, which was at the distance of at least a mile. The Journal of Three Days says, that he was generally dismounted, walked backwards and forwards in his usual attitude, with his hands behind his back, and looking steadfastly at the conflict. Lacoste the farmer, or rather proprietor of *La Belle Alliance*, it is well known, was pinioned, set on horseback, and placed beside the Emperor; very often exposed to fire, and laughed at for manifesting very natural alarm; carried off for some miles in the flight, when the Emperor used the freedom to forget him; and ultimately dismissed with the high reward for all he had undergone, of one *Napoleon d'Or*, about 20s. sterling. We had the good fortune to see this man. He described the anxiety of the emperor as extreme when the three mighty armies which he had rolled on to Hougoumont, La Haye Sainte, and the British left, failed to produce the result of French onset to which he had been accustomed.—Two were defied and visited with frightful carnage; and one was already recoiling in confusion; and they comprised more than half his vast army. He now became furious in his commands. He had however no want of troops. For six hours more, with his usual profligate expence of human life, he varied not the mode of attack, but poured his devoted enthusiasts on, though again and again driven back with immense slaughter. La Haye Sainte was taken, half a mile in his front along the road. It was of no use but to inclose the captors for the well directed range of the British howitzers. A message came from the general, for orders about that useless post which could not be kept because of a *battery* which commanded it; what would it please his Majesty to order him to do? "*Seize it*," was the laconic answer, and the Emperor turned his back on the aide-du-camp.

He could not restrain occasional compliments to the British troops.—"How they form,—how they move,—how they do their work,—what beautiful troops."

About this time, nearly four o'clock in the afternoon, a British officer was brought into his presence a prisoner. He was severely wounded, but

as it is an important rule in battle to transmit prisoners of rank to headquarters, he was detained till several questions were put to him by the Emperor, and, I was informed, with great politeness.

1st. "Is Lord Wellington himself in the field?"—*Ans.* "He is."

2d. "What is the state of the spirits of the English troops?"—*Ans.* "As determined as ever."

3d. "Where are the Prussians?"—*Ans.* "It is believed they are at hand."

Bonaparte was observed to look thoughtful. He however politely dismissed the officer, to have his wounds taken care of.

The British keeping their defensive position, the entire French army, as the assailants, naturally found themselves very considerably advanced on the plain; an advance which Buonaparte falsely called occupying the British line. This very advance was their ruin. The artillery now played from their higher ground upon the whole French army with the exception of the reserve of the guard, old and young; and every opportunity of attack was seized by the British, both infantry and cavalry. "The combat deepened," and fresh spirits rushed "to glory or the grave." It was the tug of battle: The impetuosity, the high spirit, the "stern joy," of first onset was gone by; now was come the murderous strain of the mighty armies, the poise and balance of the day.

"The affair is kept up," (*se soutient*) says the 'Journal of Three Days;'—"not a foot on either side is yielded; new columns advance; charges are renewed; three times the position is on the point of being forced; and three times, after prodigies of valour, the French are stopped short."

Nothing can be more descriptive than what follows of the re-action, the languor, which succeed over-excitement; the depression of baulked enthusiasm.

"Hesitation appeared in the French army, and marked uneasiness (*de vives inquietudes*). Some dismounted batteries retire, multitudes of wounded separate from the columns, and spread alarm for the issue of battle. Profound silence had succeeded to the acclamations and cries of joy of the soldiers, sure of being led to victory. At the moment all the troops, with the exception of the infantry of the guard, were engaged and exposed to a fire the most murderous. The action continued with the same violence, but led to no result.

"It was near seven o'clock. Buonaparte, who till that moment had remained on the ridge which he had chosen, and from which he saw well all that passed, contemplated with a look of ferocity, the hideous prospect of so frightful a butchery. The more the obstacles multiplied, the more he became obstinate. He was indignant at the unforeseen difficulties; and, far from having fears to devote an army, whose confidence in him had no bounds, he persevered in sending on fresh troops, with orders to march forward, to charge with the bayonet, to sweep away. Several times he was told from different points, that the affair was against him, that the troops appeared to be shaken; '*en avant*,' *repondit-il*, '*en avant*.'"

Another British officer was brought prisoner at this rare juncture; and witnessed the unexpected demeanour of this hitherto idolized man, in the presence of an enemy so new to him. He raved, and stormed, and

regardless of witnesses, threw away in a moment the character founded on fifteen years of miracles. How proud must have been the feelings of a British officer, to hear the answer given to the general wholesale commands, to *destroy* and *break* and *sweep away* the English, "*Sire, il est impossible.*" Yet at that very moment Buonaparte was sending off *estafettes* with dispatches, proclaiming success; and, true to the last gasp of his political existence, to that lying policy which has itself roused the vengeance of united Europe, he repeated several times, "*avec distraction,*" when one courier was just departing, "*Qu'il n'oublie pas de dire par-tout que la victoire est à moi.*" Several officers near him expressed their wonder, by saying, "*Il a perdu la tête.*"

The Prussians appeared.—From the ground on which we stood, the wood seemed about three miles off, from which they began to debouche about seven o'clock in the evening. Lacoste witnessed the information repeatedly brought to Buonaparte, and heard his persevering assertion, that it was the corps of Marshal Grouchy. This, however, was not his real belief; for, instead of waiting for it, he immediately resolved to throw his last stake, before the *possible* Prussians might arrive. The old and middle guard were ordered forward, as the last column of attack. It was led by Ney, as he himself narrates, in mournful silence, to make a *last* desperate effort on the British centre and left: he well knowing all the time that the battle was already lost and could not be retrieved by a mere reserve, if the whole army had failed to make any impression on the British position.

The Picton warriors, with the gallant Kempt at their head,—for Picton was no more,—were to meet and confound this last effort of rage and despair.

We left the station of Buonaparte, and in imagination, as we proceeded, attended the sullen march of this column to the point of its destined defeat. The whole French army had been premonished of the movement, and new and desperate efforts were called for. All eyes were fixed on the old guard, which had never before failed. New efforts *were* made, in a surprising degree, by this inflammable volatile soldiery. The flame of honour burned, however, much more steadily in the British army. Great efforts in their enemies, as usual, produced still greater in them; and not an inch of ground was gained by the assailants. The track over which the guard moved, and over which they fled, was still, when we passed it, covered by their spoil, and marked by horses' feet, cannon wheels, and the deeper furrows of balls and bombs. Ponsoby fell here.

As usual, the artillery of the guard poured its iron shower, and the cavalry followed with its desperate charge. It is in vain for Buonaparte to say, that his old guard was not beaten, or that the cry to which he attributes his defeat, "the old guard is driven back," was not true. The bold movement of Picton, with his favourite Highlanders, was tried by his successor; and the boasted cavalry of the old imperial guard was charged and routed by the Scottish bayonet! We stood with exquisite national feelings here. From this point, commenced that final

and fatal rebound of the enemy, which determined Lord Wellington to give the order for a general attack by the whole British army. The infantry of Kempt's division rushed down the slope, in pursuit of their advantage. An immense mass of the grenadiers of the guard stood yet unbroken in their front. The Greys once more appeared; and, impatient to support their countrymen, leaped their horses through the hedge, and hardly waiting to form, galloped down into the middle of the Highlanders, cheering, "*Scotland for ever!*" The watch-word excited a phrenzy of ardour, and the old guard were scattered before them. Ney, by his own account, dismounted, fled on foot, from what *he* calls "that terrible battle," and, unfortunately for himself, escaped; while, in glorious contrast, Picton was borne lifeless from the field. Like Ponsouby, he fell *in advance* of the position, and

"With his back to the ground, and his feet to the foe,

"Leaving in battle no blot on his name,

"Look'd proudly to heav'n, from the death-bed of fame."

A thousand French *dead*, alone, lay on this spot; even yet it exhibited holsters (one we observed which had been filled with blood,) standard holders, pieces of bridles, straps, girths, &c. all denoting a tremendous conflict of cavalry; and the ground seemed quite cut to pieces with marks of the *struggling* exertions of horses' feet. The well-known caps of the grenadiers of the French guard, lay yet in considerable numbers; with rags of their uniforms. Some more affecting remains were also there, pieces of tartan and of ostrich feathers, the plaids and plumes of Scotland.

A loud cheer, we were informed by our officer, now ran along the whole British line. He was much struck by observing the sun shine out at that moment, after having been some hours under cloud? In an instant, the whole was on the forward move. The British foot guards had destroyed a column of the old guard, in their own front, near Hougoumont. The enemy were already in irretrievable rout. The feeble attempt, made in despair, by Buonaparte with the young guard, is not worth mentioning: the "*Journal, &c.*" says, they turned with the torrent.

The anxieties of the British chief were now over. They had been almost too much to be borne. Often, it is said, he had prayed in agony, for the Prussians or the night! When their guns commenced, it is described by officers who heard it, as something like a *yell* of rapture, with which he exclaimed, "There goes old Blucher at last," and burst into tears. Fifteen thousand of his friends lay on the field around him; and before him was the spectacle of his powerful enemy, who had been within a hair's breadth of destroying him, in full rout and ruin,—and the world delivered!—The moment was too overpowering; the feeling too big for any heart to contain. In an instant Napoleon and France were levelled in the dust. Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Wagram, "fell like stars from the firmament cast."—"The star of Peace" arose—Its enemies were a mass of panic and impotency—"The meteor flag of England" burned terrific, and consigned to insulted injured Prussia, a ripened harvest of revenge.

HISTORY OF THE WAR IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

(Translated from the French of General Sarrazin.)

(Continued from our last.)

EVERY thing induces the belief that, by manœuvring on this principle Marmont would have fallen into the snare, and would, of course, have been punished for his temerity. His defeat would have alarmed King Joseph; who, instead of sending Suchet with an army into the kingdom of Valentia, would have stationed the flower of it in the vicinity of Talavera, to cover Madrid, and collect the remains of the army of Portugal. The contrary, however, of all this took place, and the winter campaign of 1811 to 1812, opened on the second of November, 1811, with the capture of a Valentian suburb, called *Serrano*. Marshal Suchet caused it to be carried by one division. This general, who is as dexterous a courtier as he is an intrepid soldier, proceeded very slowly in his operations to subdue Valentia. He wanted a dukedom from Buonaparte, in addition to the marshal's staff, which the conquest of Tarragona had obtained for him. He employed more than fifty days in his preparations for the passage of the Guadalaviar. General Blake had strongly intrenched himself on the right banks of that river. He had stationed all his infantry from the sea to Manisses, and his cavalry below that village, in the direction of Ribaroja; so that it covered the left of the whole line. In the night of the twenty-fifth to the twenty-sixth of December, three French divisions crossed the Guadalaviar in face of this cavalry, which opposed scarcely any resistance, and even fell back in confusion to Torrente. The infantry at Manisses, seeing the French columns marching on their left, became apprehensive of being surrounded, and, instead of joining the main body of the army, took the road of Murcia, by Cataroja. The Guadalaviar had been crossed in two places, one between the village of Quarte and Mislata, and the other at the mouth of the river. The French suffered much in these two attacks: but the complete success, obtained by their right, decided the battle in their favour. The Spaniards shut themselves up in Valentia. This town is surrounded by a strong wall, to which some works had been added, requiring a regular attack. There was, moreover, an intrenched camp, which covered the town, and the three suburbs, on the right of the river. Instead of carrying it by storm, which the great extent of the works, and their feebleness towards the sea, rendered very practicable, the engineers were ordered to open the trenches on that point, and at San-Vincente near the road to Murcia. Colonel Henry, an engineer of great merit, and the principal author of Marshal Suchet's triumphs, was killed on the spot, at the moment he was beginning to draw the first parallel. The trenches had been opened in the night of the first to the second of January, 1812, and on the eighth the French miners were preparing to blow up the wall that encloses the town. But General

Blake, *wishing to spare Valentia the horrors of a storm*, consented to capitulate. The loss of the allies amounted to about eighteen thousand good troops, three hundred and seventy-four pieces of ordnance, and stores of all kinds. The capitulation was signed on the ninth, and the garrison declared prisoners of war.

The Spanish general committed three faults; the first, in not having a choice corps of infantry on his left, to support his cavalry between Manises and Ribaroja, and defend the passage of the Guadalaviar; the second, by shutting himself up in Valentia, instead of opening himself a passage, sword in hand, by the road to Murcia; and the third, in not surrendering before the place was bombarded. The population of Valentia, which had been considerably increased by refugees from the country, afforded no prospect for a protracted defence. The town might have raised a national guard of twenty thousand men. By adding to them five thousand troops of the line, the number of the defenders of Valentia would have been equal to that of Blake's army. The general would have had a corps of twenty-five thousand men left, which he might have stationed on the heights, near Ribaroja. This arrangement gave him the double advantage of covering Valentia by threatening Suchet's right, if he marched against that place; and of having a safe retreat, in case of a reverse. The patriotism of General Blake, attested by more than a hundred honourable, though principally unsuccessful, combats, will not allow the supposition that he wished to betray his country. His enemies pretend that he had deprived himself of all means of retreating, merely to obtain terms, which the tumult of a field of battle does not admit, and a rout does not authorise. But General Blake is a very loyal Spaniard. He is, however, justly blamed, for having, from silly vanity, exposed to a bombardment of four days, a population of about two hundred thousand persons, whom he could no longer guard against the yoke of the French. His cruel procrastination might deceive the multitude, always flattered with having sharers in their hopes: but the impartial historian sees nothing in it, but a proof of the Spanish general's weakness. The assertion of several journalists, that he had shamefully betrayed the sacred cause, which he had defended with so much zeal since the beginning of the war, can scarcely be credited. Yet his conduct, after the surrender of Saguntum, appears to confirm the severe opinion of his enemies. What a lustre he would have shed on his career, if, after having made the utmost efforts to relieve Valentia, he had moved towards Catalonia by forced marches! At all events, he is inexcusable for not having made such arrangements, that, in case of need, he might have marched with the flower of his troops to Alicant and Carthage, for the purpose of rejoining Lord Wellington's grand army by sea.

Whilst the events of Valentia covered with shame a commander, who, till then, had deserved general esteem, Fortune, always fickle, afforded Colonel Skerret a favourable opportunity of repairing, in the most brilliant manner, the fault of not having landed at Tarragona the day before that town was stormed by the French, under Suchet. Sensible of

the advantages, which he should derive from the occupation of Tariffa, by obtaining a free communication with Africa, Marshal Soult had ordered Marshal Victor, in the middle of December, to detach a corps of ten thousand men to take possession of that town. On the twentieth of December, General Leval, who was entrusted with this expedition, invested Tariffa on the land side, the other being the exclusive domain of the allies. The garrison consisted of one thousand English troops, and about the same number of Spaniards. On the twenty-fifth the trenches were opened at one hundred and twenty fathoms distance from the place. On the twenty-ninth the besiegers opened their batteries. The breach was judged practicable on the thirty-first, and at about eight o'clock in the morning, a strong column advanced towards it, in order to make the assault. It was composed of grenadiers and voltigeurs, the flower of the besieging army. In spite of a brisk fire by the besieged, the French boldly advanced to the foot of the breach. The firm appearance of the garrison, who fired almost close upon them, and a ditch that covered the breach, forced this column to retrograde with considerable loss. The allies, satisfied with having conquered, ceased their firing. To the honour of a glorious defence, Colonel Skerret joined the generosity of granting an armistice, that the French might carry off the wounded left on the glacis. The besiegers continued the fire of their batteries till the fourth of January, 1812. Although they had succeeded in widening the breach of the thirty-first of December, they did not attempt to contend again with the garrison, who were awaiting them with intrepidity. In the night of the fourth to the fifth, the French retreated in silence, leaving behind them part of their artillery, with all the implements and tools for a siege.

This success must have caused Colonel Skerret the most lively regret at not having landed at Tarragona, there to have given Marshal Suchet a lesson of moderation, like that which he had just given to General Leval. It must, however, be acknowledged, that Marshal Soult selected a very improper time, viz. the middle of the winter, for undertaking the siege of Tariffa. The engineers, besides, proceeded, as they had done at Saint-Jean-d'Acre, against all the rules of art. They contented themselves with establishing one parallel, to cover the construction of the batteries. The column, destined to make the assault, was obliged to issue from this parallel; and thus to march, uncovered, and at noon-day, under a very murderous fire, to arrive at the breach, where, independently of the English bayonets, a ditch, which they had neglected to reconnoitre, retarded their march, and rendered the attack very sanguinary. How could Buonaparte leave such gross faults unpunished? General Leval, little acquainted with fortification, relied on his engineer-in-chief, who, either to spare his labourers the dangers of regular approaches, or because he supposed the breach would be badly defended by the garrison, advised an absurd manœuvre; for the result of which (the loss of a number of brave men) he ought to have been made personally responsible. Soldiers are the children of the country. Whoever

causes their useless destruction, either from ignorance or negligence, ought to be amenable to the *Lex Talionis*. This grand principle is at once the sole guarantee of an honourable fate for the individuals of all ranks, and the first safeguard of the glory of empires.

The movement of the English General Hill towards Seville, afforded an additional motive for the raising of the siege of Tariffa. On the twenty-seventh of December this general left the environs of Portalgre, in the expectation of surprising the French at Merida. His advanced guard happened to fall in with a party of French marauders, who, having collected, formed a square, and, owing to the nature of the ground, and to the rapidity of their march, succeeded in re-entering Merida, before they could be attacked by the English infantry. The French general did not deem it prudent to await the English in his position. He retreated by Almendralejo to Lerena, where General Drouet was stationed with the greatest part of the fifth corps. General Hill was at Almendralejo on the second of January, 1812. He sent a strong detachment to reconnoitre as far as Los Santos. Lieutenant-Colonel Abercrombie, by whom this detachment was commanded, completely defeated a party of one hundred French horse. This slight advantage of the English, on the third, made the French apprehensive of a serious attack. Marshal Soult, being resolved to concentrate his troops, with the view of protecting his principal positions, ordered Marshal Victor to call General Leval back. Satisfied with having created an alarm in the French cantonments, General Hill returned to his former quarters on the frontiers of Portugal.

This harassing system against the French in the south of Estremadura, had probably no other object than to make Marshal Marmont believe that Lord Wellington had many troops on the left of the Tagus, thereby inducing him not to harbour any apprehensions respecting Ciudad-Rodrigo, the possession of which was coveted by the English commander. Marmont's security was, besides, increased by the facility with which the blockade of that place had been raised three months before, through the bare junction of four of his divisions with General Dorsenne's army; a manœuvre, which he might repeat at any time, and with a probability of an equally favourable result. He not only quartered his army in very extensive cantonments, but also detached General Montbrun with three divisions, to second the operations of Marshal Suchet in the kingdom of Valentia. Intimately acquainted with all these details, Lord Wellington arrived on the eighth of January before Ciudad-Rodrigo; which place was completely invested on the same day. On the ninth General Crawford carried the redoubt of St. Francis, at the point of the bayonet. The possession of this post facilitated the progress of the attacks. Though the works had not yet been pushed to the foot of the breach, the weakness of the garrison determined the English general to take the place by storming and scaling it at the same time. On the nineteenth, six columns marched against Ciudad-Rodrigo, and succeeded in obtaining possession of it in less than two hours. These

different movements were executed by the aid of night. General Mackinnon, who commanded the column destined to storm, perished with many of his brave soldiers through the explosion of a mine. The scaling proved less fatal, because the French, not expecting such an attempt, were taken unawares. They employed almost all their means of defence to protect the breach. It is surprising that Lord Wellington, who hitherto had directed this important operation so well, was not sensible that he ought only to have made a false attack on the best defended point, as the scaling alone promised the possession of the place without much loss. Every thing induces the belief that the inhabitants had informed the English how easily they might become masters of the town; they perhaps even did not remain idle in their houses, when the allies attacked the French on the ramparts. The chances were, therefore, all in favour of the English general; and he might have taken the garrison by surprise, had he made his arrangement accordingly, on the very night after his arrival before Ciudad-Rodrigo.

The garrison, amounting to seventeen hundred men, surrendered at discretion. Their loss was equal to that of the allies, which was rated at one thousand killed or wounded. The Governor Barrie did his duty. Ciudad-Rodrigo, to be safe against a *coup de main*, requires five thousand troops: and there were hardly half the number when Lord Wellington made his appearance. To this capital fault must be added that of not having detached a division to harass the allies, and oblige them to divide their forces. Nothing was more easy than to send such troops from the tenth to the fifteenth, to take post between Marilla and Tamames, and exchange every day some cannon shots with the besiegers, until the French army was collected. This manœuvre, by diminishing the means of attack on the part of the allies, would have given hopes to the besieged of being soon relieved, and, the attempt at scaling being thus rendered more difficult, would probably have failed, like similar attempts against Badajoz in the month of June, 1811. Marshal Marmont is a very good artillery officer; but he is not sufficiently skilled in the higher tactics. On the sixteenth of January he wrote to Berthier:—"I had collected five divisions, for the purpose of throwing supplies into Ciudad-Rodrigo: but this force is now inadequate to the object. I am, therefore, under the necessity of recalling two divisions from the army of the north. I shall then have above sixty thousand men, with whom I shall march against the enemy. You may expect events, as fortunate as glorious for the French army." But in spite of these flattering promises, Marshal Marmont was obliged to write to Prince Berthier on the twentieth: "On the sixteenth the English batteries opened their fire at a great distance. On the nineteenth the place was taken by storm, and fell into the power of the enemy. There is something so *incomprehensible* in this event, that I allow myself no observation. *I am not yet provided with the requisite information.*

A town taken by storm is an argument easily understood by less sensible men than Marmont. But a tone of mystery was necessary to palliate

gross faults, arising from the most fatal security. When Buonaparte heard this intelligence, he immediately perceived that his ancient aide-de-camp was incapable of successfully holding the important command entrusted to him.

Satisfied with having taught Marmont that he surpassed him in activity and boldness, the English commander resumed his position of Fonteguinaldo. He might easily have carried off the French advanced guard, which, on the twenty-second, made its appearance near Tamames. The enterprise was favoured by the occupation of Ciudad-Rodrigo, as the detachment, entrusted with the operation, would have had a safe retreat under the cannon of that town. Fifteen thousand choice men ought to have been placed in ambush on the road to Salamanca. A corps of four or five thousand light troops should have marched against the French, with orders to fall back at their approach. These light troops, when near the ambush, would have hastened their retreat in apparent confusion, which would have induced the French to be more eager in the pursuit. The concealed soldiers, then rushing from the ambush, would have fallen upon the rear of the French column, and infallibly destroyed it. General Souham's division, which appeared on the twenty-second in the vicinity of Tamames, amounted only to ten thousand men. It is by manœuvres like the one here described that the forces of an enemy are ruined, without experiencing the enormous losses, occasioned by sieges and battles.

Lord Wellington must also be blamed for having allowed generals to place themselves at the head of their columns, in the attack of Ciudad-Rodrigo. A general officer is extremely valuable, especially when he is skilled in his profession. General Crawford possessed the qualities requisite for a command in chief; whilst, at the head of a storming column, his thin person, and diminutive size, rendered him inferior to a grenadier. Captains, or lieutenant-colonels at most, ought to be charged with heading such attacks, which are always destructive, though often fruitless. Generals and colonels ought to be reserved for operations, requiring the talents which their situations demand, or suppose. General Crawford had been personally known in Ireland, in the year 1798, to the author of this history; who entirely agrees with Lord Wellington in the sentiment, which his Lordship has so well expressed in his letter to the Earl of Liverpool, dated Gallegos, the twenty-ninth of January, 1812, when he says, "that Major-General Crawford died on the twenty-fourth of the month, from the wounds which he received on the nineteenth, when leading the light division of the army at the storming of Ciudad-Rodrigo; that although the conduct of General Crawford, on the occasion wherein he was wounded, excited the admiration of the whole army, yet he cannot report the death of this officer, without expressing the profound grief which he feels on seeing His Majesty lose the services, and himself the assistance, of an officer of tried talents and consummate experience, who was the ornament of his profession, and calculated to render the most important services to his country." It is

the duty of a chief to preserve the lives of his soldiers ; it is his interest to be sparing of the blood of his generals. Lord Wellington must, no doubt, have set the highest value upon Ciudad-Rodrigo, as its conquest cost the life of one of his ablest colleagues.

The French had been obliged to evacuate the Asturias, and part of the kingdom of Leon, in order to collect forces, sufficient to succour Ciudad-Rodrigo. Their retreat was rather precipitate ; and yet the Spaniards did not avail themselves of it. That this part of Spain, formerly so active and so obstinate in opposing the French, acted, ever since La Romana's death, with a faint-heartedness, unworthy both of its numerous and warlike population, and of its constant hatred towards the French, is really surprising. This apathy cannot be accounted for, but as the result of intrigues on the part of Buonaparte's secret agents. The Marquesito, and Generals Mendizabal and Abadia, were men of equal merit with the Baron d'Eroles, Lascy, and Revira, the leaders of the insurrection in Catalonia. Why had not the inhabitants of Galicia, where there was not a single Frenchman in arms, a body of fifty thousand well organised and disciplined troops on their frontiers, ready to avail themselves of the advantage gained by the grand allied army ? What a difference between this supineness of the Galicians, and the energy of the Catalonians ! During the siege of Valentia, General Lascy and the Baron d'Eroles marched against Tarragona, at the head of ten thousand men. Their attack was favoured by an English squadron cruising in that quarter. On the twenty-fourth of January, ten thousand French attacked the Spaniards, who, at their approach, had raised the blockade of Tarragona, to give them battle. The conflict took place on the heights of Altafalla, to the north of Tarragona. Although the French were equal in numbers to the Spaniards, victory long remained doubtful ; and was only due at last to the superiority of the French cavalry. The Catalonians effected their retreat through the mountains, towards Cervera, with little loss.

From the twentieth to the thirtieth of January, General Decaen manœuvred against Sarsfield's and Revira's columns, in the neighbourhood of Vique and Manresa. This petty warfare was confined to some skirmishes, in which the inhabitants, from their agility, and knowledge of the country, had constantly the advantage. The Spanish leaders did not deem themselves strong enough for a general engagement ; and kept their columns untouched. This situation of affairs in Catalonia rendered the arrival of General Blake, in that province, extremely seasonable. This general had shewn, by supplying Gerona, in August, 1809, his great experience in the warfare of mountainous countries. He, moreover, enjoyed the confidence of the inhabitants. All these advantages leave no doubt but that he would have forced the French general to retreat, with the wreck of his army, under the ramparts of Perpignan ; and had it not been for his influence, the magistrates of Valentia would have agreed to a capitulation, humiliating enough in itself, but to which the conqueror did not intend to adhere, when he signed it.

How could Buonaparte hope for the submission of Spain, when he suffered the most arbitrary measures to be adopted by almost all his agents? By the second article of the capitulation of Valentia, Marshal Suchet had solemnly promised *that no enquiries concerning the past should be made against those, who had taken an active part in the war, or in the revolution*; and yet an official report, of the twenty-fourth of January, states that "fifteen hundred infuriated monks have been arrested, and sent to France. The leaders of the insurrection, who frequented the house of the English consul, as well as the satellites of that wretch, have been executed in the market-place, to the great satisfaction of the good inhabitants who had no share in the assassination of the French." But the transgressions, alluded to by Marshal Suchet, had occurred during the revolution; and the guilty had been absolved by the capitulation.

The well-known loyalty of the French character ought to have prevented any recrimination for the past. But it was the practice of the lieutenants of Buonaparte, formed in his school, especially of those who shared his first campaigns in Italy, to be preceded by captivating proclamations, promising liberty, justice, and the respect of property. If well received, they immediately threw away the mask: all the services, which the inhabitants had been eager to render, were forgotten; and they drained the country with unparalleled address and severity, under the specious pretence of maintaining their armies, which, nevertheless, were in want of every thing. This observation, however, is not applicable to Suchet's conduct, for his army was constantly well supplied: but he must be blamed for not scrupulously observing the capitulation of Valentia. To reward his successes against General Blake, and his political measures against the inhabitants of Valentia, he was created Duke of Albufera. He was, no doubt, afraid of not being thought the sole author of the conquest of Valentia, when he published that "General Montbrun had been very tardy in his march with the divisions of the army of Portugal. Had he arrived at the appointed time, all that escaped of the army of Murcia would have been taken." Suchet's glory had no need of this attack upon the reputation of a brave man.

(To be continued.)

THE HISTORY OF THE WAR,

From the year 1792 to 1814; in which the Military Transactions of each Campaign are related separately and in detail.

CAMPAIGN OF 1794.

BOOK IV. CHAP. I. CONTINUED.

At length (April 16), the combined armies, consisting of Austrians, British, Dutch, Hanoverians, and Hessians, and amounting to 187,000 men, assembled on the heights above Cateau, and were reviewed by the emperor. In pursuance of the plan previously agreed upon, they advanced during the succeeding day, in eight columns, three of which were intended as corps of observation. The first (April 17), composed of Austrian and Dutch troops, under the command of prince Christian of Hesse Darmstadt, seized on the village of Catillon, where they obtained four pieces of cannon, and having crossed the Sambre, immediately occupied a position between that river and the little Helpe, so as to invest Landrecies on that side. The second, led by lieutenant-general Alvintzey, took post in the forest of Nouvion. The third, headed by the emperor and the prince de Cobourg, after forcing the enemy's entrenchments, advanced to the heights called the Grand and Petit Blocus. The fourth and fifth columns were formed from the army under the duke of York, that of which his royal highness took the direction, being intended to attack the village of Vaux. Major-general Abercromby commenced the assault with the van, supported by the two grenadier companies of the first regiment of guards, under the command of colonel Stanhope, and stormed and took the star redoubt, while three battalions of Austrian grenadiers, commanded by major Petrasch, attacked the wood, and made themselves masters of the works which the French had constructed for its defence.

Sir William Erskine was equally successful with the other column; for finding the enemy posted at Premont, the brigade of British infantry, with four squadrons of light dragoons, was detached under lieutenant-general Harcourt to turn their position, while he himself attacked in front with three battalions of the regiment of Kaunitz, supported by a well-directed fire of British and Austrian artillery, under the orders of lieutenant-colonel Congreve, and not only obtained possession of the redoubts, but of two pieces of cannon and a pair of colours*.

The success of this extensive attack, in consequence of which the French lost thirty pieces of artillery, being now complete, it was im-

* Nine cannon were taken in the course of this day by the column under the immediate command of his royal highness the duke of York; who, in the dispatch transmitted on this occasion, regrets the loss of the honourable captain Carleton, of the royals; and expresses his obligations to lieutenant-generals sir William Erskine and Otto, major-general Abercromby, and lieutenant Fage of the British artillery.

determined to lay siege to Landrecies. The direction of this important affair was intrusted to the hereditary prince of Orange; while his imperial majesty, with the grand army, estimated at 60,000, covered the operations on the side of Guise; and the troops under the duke of York, amounting to near 30,000, were employed in a similar service towards Cambray. A body of Hessians and Austrians, to the number of 12,000, under general Worms, were at the same time stationed near Douay and Bouchain; count Kaunitz, with 15,000, defended the passage of the Sambre; and general Clairfayt, with 40,000 more, protected Flanders from Tournay to the sea. Such was the strength and position of the allies, even without the assistance of the Prussians, who made no movement in their favour, that all the generals imagined success to be inevitable. And appearances, for a time, seemed to confirm these conjectures, for the hereditary prince of Orange (April 21) made a general attack upon and carried all the posts still occupied by the enemy in front of Landrecies: he also took their entrenched camp by storm, and obtained possession of a strong redoubt within six hundred yards of the body of the place. In addition to this, the French (April 23) were driven from Cæsar's camp, near Cambray, and repulsed a few days after with great slaughter, in an attack on the heights of Cateau, where the duke of York was posted; on which occasion lieutenant-general Chapuy, with three hundred and thirty officers and privates, were taken prisoners, while thirty-five pieces of cannon fell into the hands of the English*.

But although the enemy were not only worsted in this quarter, but also in an attack commanded by the emperor in person, yet they proved successful in another point of this general assault, which took place along the whole extent of the frontiers; for Pichegru having advanced on the same day from Lisle, (April 26) defeated general Clairfayt at Moudon, from whom he took thirty-two pieces of cannon, and in a short time after obtained possession of Werwick, Courtray, and Menin, the last of which held out during four days, when finding no probability of succour, the garrison, consisting chiefly of emigrants, forced their way through the enemy. These successes, however, were supposed to be fully counterblanced by the fall of Landrecies (April 30), and the defeat of a body of 30,000 troops, who had attacked the army of the duke of York, at Tournay (May 10); on which occasion they lost thirteen pieces of cannon, and above four hundred men taken prisoners†: but gen. Clairfayt was less fortunate, for Pichegru once more attacked him, and that too with such irresistible impetuosity, that he was obliged to retreat in confusion; his flying troops were at length with some difficulty, prevailed upon to halt; and this

* The British commander in chief, in his official letter, praises the conduct of the troops on this day, and returns thanks to colonel Vyse, who commanded the two brigades of British cavalry after major-general Mansell's death. Captain Pigot and captain Fellows, of the third dragoon guards, fell upon this occasion.

† Lieutenant-general Harcourt, major-general Dundas, and sir Robert Laurie, distinguished themselves upon this occasion.

gallant but unlucky commander immediately occupied a position so as to cover Ghent, Bruges, and Ostend.

The army of the allies, in consequence of the offensive operations of the enemy, who whether vanquished or victorious, proved incessant in their attacks, being thus broken into many separate masses, and destitute of union in its operations, was evidently liable to be overcome. Accordingly, whilst Pichegru was pursuing his victorious career in the west, Jourdan, already celebrated for his victories at Maudenhe and Hondschoote, entered West-Flanders, and after crossing the Sambre, forced General Kaunitz to retreat; but in the course of a few days the Austrians rallied, and (May 18) obliged the French in their turn to give way, with the loss of nearly 5,000 men, and three pieces of cannon.

His imperial majesty was now induced to make a general attack with his scattered forces, on purpose to compel the enemy to evacuate the Low-countries. This attempt, however, proved unsuccessful, for two of the five columns employed upon this occasion were unable, from fatigue, to execute the plan; and a third found the enemy in such force at Moucron, that it retreated to Turcoing. In the mean time, seven battalions of British, five of Austrians, and two of Hessians, with six squadrons of light dragoons, and four of hussars, led by the duke of York, forced the French to evacuate Lannoy and Roubaix, and advanced, in consequence of orders from head-quarters, against Mouveaux. General Abercromby then attacked with four battalions of guards, seconded by the second and fifteenth light dragoons under lieutenant-colonel Churchill, and compelled the enemy to retire with the loss of three pieces of cannon.

The French having attacked Turcoing early next morning, the English commander in chief dispatched two battalions of Austrians towards that place; but an opening being left in the right, the enemy took advantage of this unfortunate incident, and his royal highness was so briskly assailed both in front and rear, that his troops gave way, and he himself found it impossible either to join the brigade of guards, or that commanded by major-general Fox; but he was at length enabled to escape to a body of Austrians commanded by general Otto, accompanied only by a few dragoons of the sixteenth regiment, while major-general Abercromby, with some difficulty, effected his retreat to Templeuve; and major-general Fox fortunately succeeded in gaining the village of Leers.

Notwithstanding some occasional advantages obtained by the allies, it was by this time evident that the immense numbers and systematical exertions of the republican armies would in the end preponderate. His imperial majesty, who had been taught to believe that his appearance in the Low-countries was alone sufficient for the resumption of the ancient dominions of the house of Austria, and the complete overthrow of its enemies, now learned from sad experience that the Belgians were averse from his government, and the French too powerful for his vengeance. This young prince, disgusted at the past, uncertain of the future, equally

alarmed at the progress of an inveterate foe and the suspicious conduct of a king, at once his rival and his ally, thought proper to abandon the field in the middle of the campaign; and after having exposed the person * of the first monarch in Europe to the ignominy of being taken

* It is notorious, that Francis II., like his uncle the emperor Joseph, exposed his person freely at the head of the army; but as the imminent danger from which his imperial majesty escaped during the siege of Landrecies, although well authenticated, is not generally known, the following papers have been procured and subjoined, as the incident is not only singular in itself, but reflects high honour on a regiment of English cavalry:

Copies of the Official Testimonies proving the gallant Conduct of the fifteenth Light Dragoons on the 24th of April, 1794, in the Affair of Landrecies.

No. I. An attestation of lieutenant-general Otto, in his imperial majesty's service, relative to the action that took place 24th of April, 1794, translated from the German, being previously witnessed by the right honourable Sir Morton Eden, our envoy-extraordinary and minister-plenipotentiary at the court of Vienna.

"WHEN his imperial majesty's army besieged Landrecies, a French city, and his royal highness's army formed the right wing near Cateau, where I was placed, the enemy endeavoured by different attacks to prevent the siege; and, to effect their purpose, they assembled about twenty-four thousand men at Cæsar's camp, and advanced, (23d of April, 1794,) in three columns, attacked the imperial troops near Douchy, Avernoes le Second, Villers en Couché, Harpres, and the Hessian advanced posts near the river Selle, which were forced to retire. Major-general Sentkeresky, who was on my right flank, near Saint Hilaire, with two hussar and two English light-dragoon squadrons, informed me of the circumstance. I reconnoitred the enemy, who were ten thousand strong, composed of cavalry and infantry: they advanced as far as Villers en Couché. Seeing how serious it was, as the enemy's patrols had pushed on to the other side of the river Selle, I sent for a reinforcement, which arrived the same day. I marched on the 24th of April, 1794, in front of the enemy, and ordered them to be attacked on their flank, near Montrecoart, by a part of the cavalry, which were the advanced guard composed of the above-mentioned two hussar and two of the fifteenth light-dragoon squadrons; the reinforcement was not up, and notwithstanding the very small force of the advanced guard, aid-de-camp Mezery, and Sentkeresky, colonel of Leopold's hussars, with major Aylett, of the fifteenth English dragoons, attacked the enemy, although considerably stronger, with such fortitude and bravery, that their cavalry began to run away behind their infantry; they then cut off the infantry, and killed above eight hundred, and took three pieces of cannon. After this happy success, the Imperialists and Hessians, who had retired from the Selle, reassembled, and advanced on the other side of my detachment; and by this means a very small number drove the enemy, who were prodigiously stronger, as far as Cambray. I do not wish to enter into too long a detail; but every person can judge of the valour of this attack, if, with the eyes of an experienced warrior, he observes on the map the position of our army and the advancement of the enemy as far as the river Selle, and he will find how much truth there is in the saying, 'that a few resolute and brave soldiers can decide a great deal.'

prisoner by the troops of the new republic, he suddenly retired to his own capital, and left the allies to meditate on the approaching catastrophe.

Pichegru now prepared in his turn a general assault on the lines of the allies, which he accordingly commenced (May 22) with a heavy fire of

"The names of the officers who distinguished themselves on that ever memorable day :

	Lieut.-col. Aylett,	} fifteenth light dragoons.
	Major Pocklington,	
Captains	{ Ryan,	} fifteenth light dragoons.
	{ Calcraft,	
	{ Blount,	
	{ Wilson,	
Majors	{ Keir, sixth dragoon guards.	
	{ Butler, eighty-seventh reg. then in the fifteenth reg.	

"Otto, lieutenant-general."

English force, one hundred and eighty-seven rank and file.—Austrian force, eighty-seven rank and file.—Total, two hundred and seventy-four men.

No. II. "THE undersigned certifies to captain Ryan, of the English light dragoons, that on the 24th of April, 1794, the fifteenth regiment charged the enemy, who were in great force at Villers en Couché, routed them, sabred a great many, and by this conduct rescued his imperial majesty from the danger that menaced his person, for being on the road from Valenciennes to Catillon, he was cut off by their patrols, which had already passed over the river Selle.

"The courageous conduct of this regiment, animated by its brave officers, is so much the more meritorious, as the main column of the allied army did not arrive to its support : but although abandoned to itself, it still relied on its own valour, attacked the enemy, and by its bravery alone prevented the melancholy consequences above stated : and not content with that, it took three pieces of cannon. Captain Ryan, who so distinguished himself in this affair, had his horse wounded, as well as the officers who are specified by field-marshal-lieutenant Otto, under whose particular command the regiment was.

"MAXIM. COUNT DE MERVELDT.

"Vienna, 20th December, 1797."

Major-General."

No. III.—An attestation of general Sentkeresky, in his imperial majesty's service, witnessed by the right honourable sir Morton Eden, K. B. our envoy-extraordinary and minister-plenipotentiary at the court of Vienna.

"THE extraordinary bravery which the two squadrons of the fifteenth light dragoons, under my command, shewed on the 24th of April, 1794.

"A corps of the enemy twenty thousand strong, who, on the 23d of the same month, advanced from Cambay, dislodged the Hessians, and drove them from the river Selle, and thus stopping the communication, was, by two hussar and the above light-dragoon squadrons, attacked near Villers en Couché. This attack was executed with such bravery and resolution, that they killed above one thousand, and took three pieces of cannon. By this courageous and unexpected attack, the enemy was entirely drove back, the communication with the Hessian troops, near to Denain, re-established, and the right wing of the besieging army, near Landrecies, covered. This remarkable action of the two

artillery; and a succession of attacks, or rather battles, ensued, which lasted from the break of day until late in the evening, when the French retired without being able to make any effectual impression, notwithstanding their immense numbers, which have been estimated at 200,000. On this occasion the combined forces conducted themselves with signal bravery; and the second brigade of British, under major-general Fox, distinguished itself in a particular manner by the spirit and gallantry with which it stormed and carried the village of Pontechin, by means of the bayonet.

(To be continued).

light-dragoon squadrons, encouraged by their brave officers, who, despising the greatness of the danger and the multitude of the enemy, gave to this astonishing affair an essential decision. All this passed under my eyes, to the disadvantage of the enemy, and to the glory of our arms, by the just, meritorious, and noble conduct of the eight brave officers mentioned by general Otto.

“SENTERESKY, Major-General.”

No. IV.—An attestation of major-general prince Schwarzenberg, witnessed by the right honourable sir Morton Eden, K. B. our envoy-extraordinary and minister-plenipotentiary at the court of Vienna.

“THE undersigned attests, that two squadrons of the fifteenth light dragoons, with two hussar squadrons, formed the advanced guard of a column of cavalry, who by chance, did not follow; notwithstanding which the advance guard were determined to attack the enemy; nor did they permit themselves to get into confusion by the astonishing number of their adversaries, or by their support not being up, but conducted by their brave officers, attacked the enemy with such an extraordinary resolution, and with such violence, that they killed a vast number, and took three pieces of cannon. The brave conduct of this courageous regiment was on this occasion more considerable, as the advancement of the enemy might have caused the most fatal consequences in respect to the journey of his imperial majesty, from Valenciennes to Catillon.

“CHARLES, Prince of Schwarzenberg.”

No. V.—“SIR,

“THE emperor remembers with satisfaction the distinguished proofs of valour that you, and the other officers of the fifteenth light dragoons, manifested on 24th April, 1794, near Cambray. His majesty regrets, that the statutes of the order of Maria Theresa, confirmed by a constant custom, forbid the cross of this order, strictly national, being conferred on officers so worthy of being decorated with it; but wishing to give you, as also your honourable companions, a public mark of his particular esteem, his majesty has commanded a medal to be struck, to perpetuate the remembrance of this brilliant action, and has ordered me to offer to them the only impressions which have been struck, except one, which is placed in the imperial cabinet of Vienna. In fulfilling the intentions of his imperial majesty, I beg you, consequently, to receive for yourself, sir, and to distribute to the other officers, who, on the memorable 24th of April, 1794, fought under your orders, the medals which I have delivered to captain Ryan. I have the honour to join the assurance of the highest consideration, and have the honour to be, sir,

“Your most obedient humble servant,

“Vienna, March 5th, 1798.”

“LE BN. THUGUT.”

“To Lieut.-Col. Aylett.”

Lives of the Great Captains of Modern History.

IT is our purpose under this head to execute a task very much wanted, that of giving a complete collection of THE LIVES OF THE GREAT CAPTAINS OF MODERN HISTORY. As far as respects France this has been already executed by Brantome, but we have no English Writer who has attempted it. The materials of these Lives will be as follows: 1. Where the subjects themselves have left their own Memoirs, they shall be given in full. 2. Where these Lives have been written by any author of authority, they will likewise be given in full,—such work being translated or reprinted. 3. In want of such materials, the best will be selected from the annals and memoirs of the age in which they lived.

THE LIFE OF JOHN DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,

BOOK V.

CONTAINING THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE YEAR 1708.

(Continued from our last.)

THE duke of Marlborough departed from the Hague the 22d: and these princes had so well concerted their measures, that on the 26th they met within two leagues of Hanover, and arrived there together. They alighted at the British envoy's, and his grace went a few minutes after to court, and had audience of the elector. Prince Eugene did the same some time after; and the ceremonial of the audiences of the electoral family being over, they had the same evening a long conference with the elector, who would not suffer them to lodge any where else than in the palace. They continued their conferences the 27th and 28th, wherein they concerted every thing for the campaign. The 29th prince Eugene set out for Lipsick, to confer with king Augustus, who was come thither on purpose from Dresden the 27th. His highness arrived there the 1st of May, and having finished his negotiations set out the next day for Vienna. He concluded a treaty with king Augustus for a body of his forces, and removed the difficulties which had obstructed the negotiations of the envoys of the electors of Mentz and Brunswick.

The duke of Marlborough made but a short stay at Hanover after prince Eugene; for his grace set out the 30th of April, and arrived at the Hague the 3d of May. His grace communicated to the states the resolutions taken at Hanover; and having concerted some farther measures for the opening of the campaign, set out the 7th for Ghent, where having reviewed the British forces, he departed for Brussels, and arrived there the 11th, being every where received with all possible marks of respect. Having conferred with M. d' Auverquerque, his grace gave orders for the troops to march the 20th to Anderlecht near Brussels.

The French talked of peace this year, as they used to do at the opening of every campaign; and their agents were busy every where to sow mistrust amongst the allies. Holland being a free country, where all people resort, it was there chiefly that these emissaries were at work, and

discovered themselves more openly than in other parts. They magnified the forces of the French king, the impossibility of driving king Philip out of Spain, and at the same time extolled to the skies the sincere desire of his most christian majesty for peace. All this had no other effect on the allies, who knew the insincerity of Lewis XIV, than to make them more vigorous in the prosecution of the war. The Dutch troops, the Prussians, and the Hanoverians, began to form the army the 23d, between Anderlecht and Gaesbech, from whence they marched the 26th to Billingham, where his grace took up his quarters. The British troops, and others from Flanders, joined there the army. The duke of Vendome, being informed of these motions, began to form his army the 25th, and the next day encamped at Soignies, where the duke of Burgundy, the duke of Berry, and the chevalier de St. George, joined them. The 29th, the confederate army made a motion, and marched the right to Herfelingen, and the left to Hall and Tulise, the head quarters being at St. Renello. This brought the two armies pretty near, and gave hopes of a sudden engagement; but the expectations of the allies were frustrated for that time.

On the 31st, the duke received advice, that the enemy had sent for their heavy baggage; that it was actually returned to their camp, and that they had foraged for two days; from whence it was conjectured, that they did not intend to march the next day, as some deserters had reported. The generals resolved thereupon to send the army to forage next morning, and the foragers went out accordingly before break of day: but, an hour after, advice came, that the enemy had sent back their baggage to Mons, and decamped about 11 without any noise, marching towards Nivelle. His grace's foragers were immediately recalled with the signal of three guns; and, that no time might be lost, the infantry marched first of all about noon from St. Renello, and were followed by the cavalry. About four they formed 4 columns, intending to encamp the right towards Anderlecht, and the left to Lake: but upon advice that the enemy had not encamped at Nivelle, but had continued their march by Bois Seigneur Isaac to Brain la Lieu, his grace judged that they could not have any other design than to post themselves on the banks of the Dyle, to hinder him from passing that river, and seize Louvain; which was the very same project that the Duke of Vendome had framed the preceding year; whereupon his grace thought fit likewise to continue his march all the night long, as the only means to prevent the enemy.

On the 3d, in the afternoon, the allies arrived in the camp at Terbank, very much fatigued by the long march they had made, and the continual rains for 24 hours together. The French, having notice of this expeditious march, did not think fit to advance farther than Genap, and encamped with their right to that place, and their left to Brain la Lieu. The regiment of dragoons of Waleff, coming from Aeth, joined the confederate army, which was likewise reinforced with a battalion of Elz from Leau. The duke of Marlborough took up his quarters in the

abbey of Terbank, and the field-marshal d'Auverquerque in the suburbs of Louvain. Both armies continued here some weeks in the same camp; and nothing happened, except skirmishes between parties, which do not deserve to be mentioned in history. But this neighbourhood occasioning a great desertion on both sides (for encouraging the queen's subjects to return to their colours) the duke of Marlborough caused a proclamation to be published, promising pardon to all who should so return, and threatening with death those who did not.

On the 5th of July, at 11 in the morning, his grace received advice, that the French had taken possession of the city of Ghent, between 5 and 6 in the morning. A detachment of their troops, commanded by the brigadiers la Faille and Pasteur, advanced before break of day near that place, and sent 5 or 6 soldiers, pretending to be deserters, who being admitted into the town, at the opening of the gates, amused the watch, consisting of the militia, in telling them stories of the march of the French army. This gave time to 5 or 6 other pretended deserters to come in, and almost at the same time brigadier la Faille arrived, with several more men. That gentleman having been some time before high bailiff of that city, had a great interest in it; and being arrived, commanded the militia to lay down their arms, and admit the French troops; which was done accordingly, without, any opposition. They summoned the magistrates at the town-house, wherein the brigadier caused a pardon for the inhabitants to be ready, whereby they were promised to be maintained in their privileges and immunities. They summoned the governor of the castle to surrender; but he would not, and declared, that he would defend the place to the last extremity.

Major-general Murray, with two English regiments of foot, and a Spanish regiment of dragoons of colonel d' Audignies, being posted at Marienkerke, endeavoured to throw a reinforcement into the castle of Ghent, but was prevented, and had 3 men killed and some wounded: whereupon he retired to Sas van Ghent, where he found the deputies of the states for the affairs of Flanders; with whom he had a conference, to advise what was to be done in the present conjuncture. This surrender alarming the allies, the governor of Sas thought fit to reinforce the garrison of the Red-House with 50 men, and the deputies countermanded the march of the regiment of Elberfeldt, which was advancing to Elkol. Major-general Murray posted his troops under the cannon of fort Leopoldus; but the next morning received orders from the duke of Marlborough to endeavour to join major-general Bothmar, who was detached from the great army, with 3 regiments of dragoons, and one of horse. He passed accordingly the canal; but receiving advice from M. Bothmar, that their conjunction was impracticable, he returned the 7th to his former post. The deputies gave, in the mean time, several orders for securing the posts that were most exposed. The garrison of the fort of the Red-House was farther reinforced with 100 men, and a sufficient quantity of provisions and ammunition. Two hundred dragoons of the

regiment d'Audignies were detached for securing the lines of Biervliet, and 40 were sent to Hulst.

The city of Bruges surrendered the 6th to the enemy, without offering any resistance; but made a sort of capitulation, wherein the Sieur Briel, receiver of the contributions, and his comptroller Volmer, were included. It was thought fit upon this advice, to reinforce the garrison of Damme with all the troops that were in Sluyce, except 50 men; and the same evening his grace received advice, that that place was to be invested. The governor of the castle of Ghent, despairing of being relieved, thought fit to surrender that place upon honourable terms, and delivered one of the gates the 8th in the morning. The French soldiers very much abused the English that were in Ghent, and plundered most of them, which their officers might easily have prevented.

As the pardon, published in Ghent, by brigadier La Faille, bore date the 12th of May, it shewed that this design was of a long standing, and not the effect of sudden measures taken by the French generals. The deputies of the states received advice, that some of the eminent burghers were concerned therein, and that the design of betraying Antwerp to the enemy, which was happily discovered in May, was to take effect after the seizing of Ghent, and grounded thereupon. These intrigues were probably the chief motives which obliged, on a sudden, the French king to appoint the duke of Burgundy to command his army in the Netherlands; for had the design taken effect, that young prince, according to the French custom, would have been cried up as the ablest general in the world.

The enemy having been obliged to quit their camp of Brain la Lieu, for supporting their intended conquests, the duke of Marlborough decamped likewise from Terbank. He passed the canal the 5th of July in 4 columns, and encamped with his left at Anderlecht, and his right at the mill de Tomberg; where, hearing of the enemies' intelligence in Ghent, and of their detachment, his grace sent 4 regiments of dragoons to Dendermond, to have prevented the designs of the French upon that town, but they came too late. That same day the French passed the Senne at Hall and Tubise, and were passing at the mill of Goicke till night, within a league of our right wing, which came very late into its camp. The army having made a long march through difficult ways, it was not possible to attack the enemy that night.

The 6th, in the morning, the confederate army was drawn up in battle, the greatest part of the horse and foot having been brought to the right in the night. The enemy had the whole night, with all possible diligence, passed over the Dender through the town of Ninove, and over bridges which were made near it for that purpose; so that the detachment, sent to attack their rear-guard, came too late to find any thing but their small baggage, and the detachment that guarded it. Major-General Thulenberg and Sir Richard Temple, with ten squadrons and five battalions, beat the escort, and took a great deal of baggage. Their detachment was sustained by Major-General Duveene, with 10 squadrons

more. That night, the duke of Marlborough encamped at Asche. The enemies' camp extended itself from above Alost to Schillebillie on the Scheld. Prince Eugene arrived at Asche, having left his horse at Maestricht. The next day the army continued at Asche: A regulation was made for the baggage, and pioneers were sent out on every side to make ways.

The 8th, being Sunday, the duke of Marlborough was very ill of a violent feverish distemper, but was much better towards the evening. Orders were given, during the indisposition of his grace, at M.d'Auverquerque's quarters. There were four battalions sent in to reinforce the garrison of Brussels; and eight squadrons, and as many battalions, ordered away with major-general Cadogan and the quarter-masters, to make the ways.

The 9th, the army marched in four columns by the left; all the horse of the right wing in one column on the right, the horse of the left in a column on the left, and the foot of both lines breaking in the middle in two columns in the centre. The Earl of Albemarle was left with all the grenadiers of the army, and 30 squadrons, to make the rear-guard, in case the enemy should have made any movement towards Brussels.

This morning, the duke of Marlborough heard that the detachments of 700 men from Aeth, Courtray, and Menin, were safely got into Oudenarde, and that brigadier Chanclos, who had likewise flung himself into the town, was not in any apprehension for the safety of it. Waleff's dragoons were likewise to be in the town this morning from Aeth, whither they had been sent from Asche for that end. The regulation touching the baggage was exactly observed, and the ways being well made, the army marched in beautiful order, and with prodigious expedition. The head had passed Herfelinghen, which is above 5 leagues from Asche, before 11 o'clock. The lines perfectly closed up without straggling or any thing left behind. The duke of Marlborough gave orders for the army to pitch their tents just in their march, fronting towards the enemy. The French, who were far from expecting that the duke of Marlborough's army was able to make such a march, did not beat their generale till three in the afternoon, reckoning themselves sure of the camp of Lessines, in which they designed to cover the siege of Oudenarde, which they had invested this morning, their artillery being ready at Tournay. At seven the retreat was beat, which was the signal for striking the tents, and marching immediately. The army marched all night, and major-general Cadogan, with his detachment, having taken post and made bridges over the Dender at Lessines, the army began to pass at eleven o'clock on Tuesday the 10th, and continued their march to the camp on the other side. The rivulet that falls into the Dender, below the camp of Lessines, is what makes the strength of that situation. The enemy finding themselves disappointed of this camp, left their route towards the camp of Lessines, in which they had marched several hours, and faced towards Gavre, to pass the Scheld there.

Wednesday morning, the 11th, news came that the enemy had quitted Oudenarde. Brigadier Chanclos charged their rear-guard with Waleff's dragoons; and major-general Cadogan was sent with 16 battalions and 8 squadrons, to make the ways and bridges at Oudenarde. The army began to march at eight o'clock by the left, still in four columns, as it had encamped. After the news came of the enemies being still passing at Gavre, and that there were hopes of coming to action, the army marched with so great expedition, that the head was, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the bridges over which the 16 battalions that were with major-general Cadogan were then passing. The eight squadrons, and the quarter-masters, with major-general Rantzau, were posted on an eminence behind the rivulet that runs into the Scheld. They saw a great many French squadrons drawn up on the plain, on the other side the rivulet; and the march of the French army being directed towards their right, they had flung 7 battalions of foot into Heaurne, through which the highway runs along the Scheld. The rivulet is marshy, and hardly passable for horse, though very narrow. These appearances made it uncertain, whether their true design was to hinder the duke of Marlborough's passing the Scheld, or to gain their own lines between Lisle and Tournay, which they might expect to have time enough to do. For they could by no means imagine such a vast army could march five leagues in a very close country, have their ways made, pass a great river, and give them disturbance, all in one day.

About three o'clock, the French cavalry in that plain, before our advanced-guards, began to disappear, taking their march towards their own right. Then major-general Cadogan, who, between 3 and 4, with 12 of the 16 battalions, had passed the bridge, attacked the village of Heaurne with such bravery (brigadier Sabine, with his brigade being at the head) that they soon made themselves masters of the village; in which were 7 French battalions, three of which were taken entire, as was the greater part of the other four.

Immediately after, major-general Rantzau, at the head of the 8 squadrons, with the quarter-masters, passed the rivulet, and advanced into the plain, where the French horse had been drawn up between the villages of Rotze and Mullon. A great many squadrons of their rear-guard still passing through that plain, the 8 squadrons, with the quarter-masters, being formed into squadrons, attacked them with great vigour, and drove them into the close ground and the highway that led into the march of their own army. Here it was that the prince electoral of Hanover (now king of Great-Britain) distinguished himself, charging with his sword in his hand at the head of a squadron of Bulau's dragoons. His horse was shot under him; and colonel Luscky, who commanded the squadron, was killed, fighting bravely by him. Lieutenant-general Shullembergh, and several other volunteers, behaved themselves with great spirit, and led up the squadrons. Here the French regiment of La Bertosche, and several other regiments, were entirely broke. The colonel La Bertosche, being dangerously wounded, was taken; as were many other officers, with 12 standards and kettle-drums.

(To be continued.)

OFFICIAL NARRATIVES
OF THE
CAMPAIGNS OF BUONAPARTE,
BEING A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF THE WHOLE OF THE BULLETINS
PUBLISHED BY BUONAPARTE, FROM HIS FIRST CAMPAIGN AS GENERAL
IN CHIEF IN ITALY 1796, TO HIS ABDICATION.

IT is the well known opinion of some of our ablest Generals, that the French Bulletins of Buonaparte contain the most complete practical lessons of modern warfare, and with a due allowance for some exaggeration, include the fullest narrative of the most memorable campaigns on record. A wish, therefore, has often been expressed that they were all published in one form, so as to form a portable manual as well for future reference as for present study. It is our present purpose to effect this. In this, and in the following numbers of the Chronicle, we shall accordingly give a complete collection of the whole of the Bulletins published by Buonaparte. This collection was commenced in the first Number of this Second Series of the Military Chronicle; and these Bulletins are no where to be found but in the Moniteur and in the Military Chronicle. We conceive it unnecessary to point out the utility of having them thus complete, and in a form always accessible for history and reference.

CAMPAIGN IN RUSSIA IN 1812.

THIRD BULLETIN. (*continued.*)

Kowno, June 26th, 1812.

ON the 24th (June), the Emperor proceeded to Kowno.

Marshal the Prince of Eckmuhl pushed forward his head-quarters to Rouchicki, and the King of Naples to Eketanoui.

During the whole of the 24th and 25th, the army was defiling by the bridges. In the evening of the 24th, the Emperor caused a new bridge to be thrown over the Wilia opposite Kowno, and directed Marshal the Duke of Reggio to pass it with the second corps. The Polish light-horse of the Guards crossed the river by swimming. Two men were drowning, when they were picked up by two swimmers of the 26th light infantry. Colonel Gueheneuc having imprudently exposed himself to afford them assistance, had nearly fallen a sacrifice himself: a swimmer of his regiment saved him.

On the 25th, the Duke of Elchingen pushed on to Kormelon: the King of Naples advanced to Jigmoroui. The enemy's light troops were driven in, and pursued on every side.

On the 26th, Marshal the Duke of Elchingen arrived at Skoroule. The light divisions of cavalry covered the whole plain to within ten leagues of Wilna.

Marshal the Duke of Tarentum, who commands the 10th corps, composed in part of the Prussians, passed the Niemen on the 24th, at Tilsit, and moved upon Rossiena, in order to clear the right bank of that river, and to protect the navigation.

Marshal the Duke of Belluno, commanding the ninth corps, and having under his orders the divisions Heudelet, Lagrange, Durutte, and Partonneaux, occupies the country between the Elbe and the Oder.

The General of Division Count Rapp, Governor of Dantzic, has under his orders the division Daendels.

The General of Division Count Hogendorp is Governor of Königsberg.

The Emperor of Russia is at Wilna with his guards, and one part of his army occupying Ronikontoni and Novtroki.

The Russian General Bagawout, commanding the second corps, and a part of the Russian army, having been cut off from Wilna, had no other means of safety than by proceeding towards the Dwina.

The Niemen is navigable for vessels of two or three hundred tons, as far as Kowno. The communications by water are also secured as far as Dantzic, and with the Vistula, the Oder, and the Elbe. An immense supply of brandy, flour, and biscuit, is passing from Dantzic and Königsberg towards Kowno. The Wilia, which flows by Wilna, is navigable for very small boats from Kowno to Wilna. Wilna, the capital of Lithuania, is also the chief town of all Polish Russia. The Emperor of Russia has been for several months in this city with a part of his Court. *The possession of this place will be the first fruit of victory.* Several Cossack officers, and officers charged with dispatches, have been captured by the light cavalry.

FOURTH BULLETIN.

WILNA, June 30, 1812.—On the 27th the Emperor arrived at the advanced posts at two in the afternoon, and put the army in motion for the purpose of approaching Wilna, and attacking the Russian army at day-break of the 28th, should it wish to defend Wilna, or retard its capture, in order to save the immense magazines which it had there. One Russian division occupied Troki, and another division was on the heights of Traka.

At day-break of the 28th, the King of Naples put himself in motion with the advanced guard, and the light cavalry of General Count Bruyeres. The Marshal Prince of Eckmuhl supported him with his corps. The Russians everywhere retired. After exchanging some cannon-shot, they crossed the Wilia in all haste, burned the wooden bridge of Wilna, and set fire to immense magazines, valued at many millions of rubles: more than 150,000 quintals of flour, an immense supply of forage and of oats, and a great mass of articles of clothing, were burned. A great quantity of arms, in which Russia is in general deficient, and of warlike stores, was destroyed and thrown into the Wilia.

At mid-day the Emperor entered Wilna. At three o'clock the bridge over the Wilia was re-established. All the carpenters of the city repaired to it with zeal, and constructed a bridge, while the pontoneers at the same time constructed another.

The division Bruyeres followed the enemy by the left bank. In a slight affair with their rear, about eighty carriages were taken from the Russians. There were some men killed and wounded; among the latter is the Captain of Hussars, Segur. The Polish light-horse of the Guard made a charge on the right bank of the Wilia, put to rout, pursued, and made prisoners a considerable number of Cossacks.

On the 25th, the Duke of Reggio had crossed the Wilia, by a bridge thrown over near Kowno. On the 26th he marched upon Javou, and on the 27th, on Chatoui. This movement obliged the Prince of Wittgenstein, Commandant of the first corps of the Russian army, to evacuate all Samogitia, and the country lying between Kowno and the sea; and to retire upon Wilkomir, after obtaining a reinforcement of two regiments of the guards.

On the 28th a rencounter took place. The Marshal Duke of Reggio found the enemy drawn up opposite Develtovo. A cannonading commenced; the enemy was driven from one position to another; and passed the bridge with so much precipitation, that he could not set fire to it. He lost 300 prisoners, among whom were several officers, and about 100 killed or wounded. Our loss amounts to about 50 men.

The Duke of Reggio praises the brigade of light cavalry, commanded by General Baron Castex, and the 11th regiment of light infantry, composed entirely of Frenchmen from the departments beyond the Alps. The young Roman conscripts have shown a great deal of intrepidity.

The enemy set fire to his grand magazine at Wilkomir. Up to the last moments the inhabitants were pillaging some barrels of flour; we succeeded in recovering a part of it.

On the 29th, the Duke of Elchingen threw a bridge over the Wilia opposite Souderva. Some columns received a direction of march by the roads of Grodno and Volhyuia, for the purpose of coming up with various Russian corps that were cut off and scattered.

Wilna is a city containing from 25 to 30,000 souls, with a great number of convents, fine public buildings, and inhabitants full of patriotism. Four or five hundred young men of the University, above eighteen, and belonging to the best families, have requested to form a regiment.

The enemy is retiring upon the Dwina. A great number of Officers of the Staff and of *estalettes* are daily falling into our hands. We are obtaining proofs of the exaggeration of all that Russia has published with regard to the immensity of her means. Only two battalions to each regiment are with the army: the third battalions, the statements of the situation of which have been found in the intercepted correspondence of the Officers of the regiment depôts, do not in general amount to more than 120 or 200 men.

The Court set off from Wilna 24 hours after being apprised of our passage at Kowno. Samogitia, and Lithuania, are almost entirely liberated. The *centralization* of Bagrathion towards the North, has very much weakened the troops which were to defend Volhynia.

The King of Westphalia, with the corps of Prince Poniatowsky, and the 7th and 8th corps, must have entered Grodno on the 29th.

Different columns have set out to fall upon the flanks of the corps of Bagrathion, which, on the 20th, received orders to proceed by forced marches from Proujanoui towards Wilna, and the head of which had already arrived within four day's march of the latter city; but events have forced it to retreat, and it is now pursued.

Hitherto the campaign has not been sanguinary; there have been only *manœuvres*: we have made in all 1000 prisoners. But the enemy has already lost the capital and the greater part of the Polish provinces, which were in a state of insurrection. All the magazines of the first, second, and third lines, the result of two years' care, and valued at more than 20 millions of rubles, are consumed by the flames, or fallen into our power. In fine, the head-quarters of the French army are in the place where the Court was for six weeks.

Amidst the great number of intercepted letters, the following are remarkable: the one from the intendant of the Russian army, who communicates, that Russia having already lost all her magazines of the first, second, and third lines, is reduced to the situation of forming new ones in all haste; the other

from Duke Alexander of Wurtemberg, which shews, that after a campaign of a few days, the provinces of the centre are already declared in a state of war.

In the present situation of things, had the Russian army believed that they had any chance of victory, the defence of Wilna would have been equivalent to a battle; and in all countries, but particularly in that where we now are, the preservation of a triple line of magazines should have determined a general to risk the chances of it.

Manœuvres, then, alone have placed in the power of the French army a considerable portion of the Polish provinces, the capital, and three lines of magazines. The magazines of Wilna were set on fire with so much precipitation, that we have been able to save a great many things.

FIFTH BULLETIN.

WILNA, *July 6th*, 1812.—THE Russian army was posted and organised in the following manner, at the commencement of hostilities:—

The first corps, commanded by Prince Wittgenstein, consisting of the 5th and 14th divisions of infantry, and one division of cavalry, amounting in the whole to 18,000 men, including artillery and sappers, had been a considerable time at Chawli. It had since occupied Rossiena; and was, on the 24th of June, at Reydanoui.

The second corps, commanded by General Bagawout, consisting of the 4th and 17th divisions of infantry, and one division of cavalry, constituting the same force, occupied Kowno.

The third corps, commanded by General Schomaloff, composed of the first division of grenadiers, one division of infantry, and a division of cavalry, amounting to 24,000 men, occupied Novtroki.

The fourth corps, commanded by General Tutschkoff, composed of the 11th and 23d divisions of infantry, and one of cavalry,—in the whole 18,000 men, was stationed on the line from Novtroki to Lida.

The Imperial Guards were at Wilna.

The sixth corps, commanded by General Doctorow, consisting of two divisions of infantry, and one of cavalry, amounting to 18,000 men, had formed a part of the army of Prince Bagrathion. In the middle of June, this corps arrived at Lida from Volhynia, in order to reinforce the first army. It lay, at the end of June, between Lida and Grodno.

The fifth corps, composed of the second division of grenadiers, of the 12th, 18th, and 26th divisions of infantry, and two divisions of cavalry, was, on the 30th, at Wolkowisk. Prince Bagrathion commanded this corps, which might probably amount to 40,000 men.

Lastly, the 6th and 15th divisions of infantry, and a division of cavalry, commanded by General Markow, was at the extremity of Volhynia.

The passage of the Wilia, which took place on the 25th of June, and the movement of the Duke of Reggio upon Janow, and towards Chatoui, obliged the corps of Wittgenstein to proceed towards Wilkomir and on its left; and the corps of Bagawout to make for Dunabourg by Mouchnicki and Gedroitse. These two corps were thus cut off from Wilna.

(To be continued.)

THE
ROYAL
MILITARY CHRONICLE;

OR

BRITISH OFFICER'S

MONTHLY REGISTER, CHRONICLE, AND MILITARY
MENTOR.

FOR APRIL, 1816,

CONTENTS.

MILITARY CORRESPONDENCE.—
Collections and Memorials of the Battle
of Waterloo, and Regiments and Offi-
cers concerned, 397
Account of Cromer, concluded, 407
Account of Kinsale concluded, 416

MILITARY BIOGRAPHY.—Memoir
of the Duke of Wellington, continu-
ed, 417

ORIGINAL LETTERS written by Of-
ficers during the several Campaigns in
Portugal and Spain, arranged accord-
ing to the Campaigns.—Letters during
the Campaign in Spain in 1809, 433

ORIGINAL NARRATIVE of the Bat-
tle of Waterloo, from the French, con-
tinued, 439

ORIGINAL MEMORIALS of the Pub-
lic and Private Life of Frederic of

Prussia.—Old Age, Infirmities, and
Death of Frederic, 445

HISTORY of the WAR in SPAIN and
PORTUGAL. Translated from the
French of General Sarrazin, continued,
451

The HISTORY of the WAR from the
year 1792 to 1814—Campaign of 1793
continued, 459

The LIVES of the GREAT CAPTAINS
of MODERN HISTORY—The Life
of John Duke of Marlborough con-
tinued, 465

OFFICIAL NARRATIVES of the Cam-
paigns of Buonaparte.—Campaign in
Russia in 1812—Fifth Bulletin con-
tinued, 471; 6th, 473

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY favour of one of our earliest Correspondents, we are enabled to restore an original Title in our work,—that of “Original Military Correspondence,” which we had been compelled for a long time to omit; the greater part of our earlier Correspondents having fallen in the battles of their country, and others being removed to stations whence we can only hope to hear from them once or twice in the year. We have to request, therefore, the contributions of officers under this Title, and they will perhaps pardon us for mentioning (as what is usual in all periodical works), that they will have the goodness to post-pay their letters; but which expence, to all who desire it, we shall have pleasure in refunding at the office.

At the beginning of every volume, a Military Plate will be given, which we pledge ourselves shall be in the first style of engraving; and thereby a more sufficient ornament to the work than a greater number of ill-finished and ill-engraved Plates, which we should be compelled to give, if required monthly. It is incredible what perpetual anxiety, and what frequent injury, we were obliged to sustain when we were under the triple necessity of first finding Plates for the identical Biography which we had received,—secondly finding a correct Biography for such a Plate as we could procure,—or thirdly, procuring the Plates in time to be worked off.

The Works published this Day are,

1. *The Supplement (price 2s. 6d.) to Vol. 4. of the New Series of the Royal Military Chronicle, being A Narrative of My Own Service with the Emperor Napoleon in the most memorable Campaign of his Military Life—the Campaign of Marengo, and the only published Narrative of that memorable Campaign. Translated from the French. The Title Page and Index to the Volume will be given at the end of this Supplement.*
2. A JOURNAL of the THREE DAYS of the BATTLE of WATERLOO, being My own Personal Journal of what I saw, and of the events in which I bore a part, in the battle of Waterloo and retreat to Paris. By an Eye-Witness. Translated from the French. Price 5s. 6d. *bd.*
3. The Fifteenth Number of D'Anville's Atlas and Geography of the Antients (which concludes that valuable work), price 5s. 6d.
4. The Third Journal of the Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula, price 2s. 6d.

THE ROYAL MILITARY CHRONICLE.

No. 24.]

NEW SERIES, APRIL, 1816.

[Vol. IV.]

ORIGINAL MILITARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Collections and Memorials OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, AND REGIMENTS AND OFFICERS CONCERNED.

HAVING the ordinary anxiety to visit a field so justly the theme of every Poet and Traveller,—a field where the Battle of Europe was fought and won by the steady gallantry of Englishmen, I left England for Ramsgate in the summer of 1815; embarked at Ramsgate for Ostend, and having a favourable wind, and a quick passage, was in sight of the Belgic coast on the morning following that of my embarkation. As the day advanced the houses of the town of Ostend shewed themselves. We waited impatiently for the hoisting of the flag at the end of the wooden pier, the ordinary signal for the tide being convenient for entering that dangerous harbour.

This signal was at length given, and we rapidly approached Ostend. Its houses, roofed with tiles, give it an English character; the boatmen who joined our crew were open-faced, well dressed, and well made fellows, and the women were good-looking and simply dressed. The harbour was full of English transports, and there were many of our soldiers on the beach and ramparts. The people were so attached to them that the very uniform of a British officer was a passport to their kindness and confidence. The guards at the town-house we found to be British troops, and the market-place was filled with our soldiers. The town, in a word, had so little of any thing peculiar, that I have nothing to add to the former account of it. I was, therefore, glad when the hour of our departure came. The ordinary method of travelling is by the Schuyt or Boat to Bruges, which town is distant from Ostend twelve miles. It was a beautiful summer evening when we started from a lock about a mile from Ostend. The beauty of the weather, the luxuriance of the fields and orchards, and the cheerful spirits of a very respectable company, made the passage delightful, and it was at the rate of nearly five miles an hour, and every mile presented us with a landscape equally rich and new. The opulent vest of the fields, exuberant in the fatness of their own produce, and lying low under the weight of their own richness,—the frequent appearance of snug, happy-looking houses,—the oc-

casional view of sturdy, simple, and well-fed peasants, carrying their fishing rods and filled baskets, composed altogether a scene of the most tranquil enjoyment.

We arrived at Bruges late in the evening, and after a short walk from the canal, accompanied by the usual suite of porters, coachmen, and cabriolet drivers, who wait the arrival of the packet boat, we reach the first out-work of this fortified place. A second soon presented itself, and lastly came the heavy town gates, leading through the massive walls which formed the third line of the triple defence.

Bruges, like most of the towns in the Netherlands, is very large, but is not populous in proportion to its extent. The houses are spacious and lofty but ill-filled. My stay in Bruges was only for an hour or two of darkness, so that I must not pretend to describe it. The spire of the principal church seemed to be magnificently light and lofty, and this is the general character of the churches in this quarter. Their architecture is Gothic and very imposing.

When supping at the hotel here, our host came in with a book, in which he is compelled to enter, every day, the name, age, profession, abode,—the place coming from, and the place going to of each of his guests. This list is sent every twenty-four hours to the police. I found it full of the names of every rank and age of my countrymen, all crowding to Brussels. But the object of all was alike,—“the glorious field of Waterloo,” and many had so written it.

Upon reaching the boat in which we were to go from Bruges to Ghent, we found it very inferior to that in which we had come from Ostend. I could scarcely make my way into the cabin,—men and women were jammed together; some eating out of baskets of provisions, some labouring hard to get room for their legs. But these annoyances were transitory, and forgotten by us all as soon as the morning appeared. With the first dawn the boat stopped for half an hour to allow us to take coffee in a house of refreshment by the side of the canal. We drank as much coffee as we pleased, and had as much of bread and butter,—the cost of this breakfast three-pence each.

Between four and five o'clock the sun struggled to get above the round willow trees which enclosed the canal. We passed numerous villages which shone in the silver of its early light. The inhabitants were all up and already at their occupations; the smoke was rising from the villages; the children were at the doors, and the dew was waving over the grass. The country was fresh, gay, and beautiful; the fields rich and as it were bossy, and the houses cheerful, clean, and refreshing to the imagination. In an hour or two, as the morning sun advanced, the high and florid spire of Ghent rose in the clear blue horizon. The eye was led to it along a stretching line of water, shut in by two rows of trees along the banks.

Upon landing, I found Ghent neither to surpass nor to fall short of what I expected. It is a large but ill-peopled town; the houses spacious, substantial, and in many instances elegant, but no stir of business,

or cheerful occupation. In a word, it is a true Dutch or Belgic town, and when I have said this, I must dismiss it.

From Ghent, where I staid only a few hours, I took my place in the diligence for Brussels; I found the country greatly to improve as I proceeded, and to assume that diversified aspect of hill and dale which constitutes the charm of all landscape. I was on the outside of the diligence, which afforded me a better opportunity for observing the country.

Having gradually reached the top of a long hill, I at length saw Brussels. Beyond the city, which lay downwards from where we were, we beheld a black skirting outline extending along a ridge of high ground. What was this,—it could be no other than the Wood of Soignies; we enquired, and found that it was so.

The first view of the streets of Brussels was most interesting. The place seemed in a throng of English, Scotch, Irish, Prussian, Hanoverian, and Belgic soldiers,—of officers, and privates,—citizens and military, but not one of the fine young men loitering through the city were uninjured; their gay careless looks were strongly contrasted with their shattered arms and legs, and their scarred faces. It was impossible to see them without admiring them, and the ladies of Brussels who were walking with them, seemed to do them ample justice. Brussels had the general air of a town thrown quite out of its ordinary way. The inhabitants and their visitors seemed all animated by the influence of a vast holiday; they mingled with each other as if with an air of inquiry or intelligence, and filled the streets and walks as if all possessed by one common feeling. It was impossible, however, not to notice the most flattering attention which was bestowed upon the English. In the houses of the middle and higher classes the officers of our army were billeted; many of them young and good-looking, and nearly all of them of prepossessing manners. It was indeed new to Brussels, as it would be on the continent generally, to find the military behaving as gentlemen, and the people accordingly admired what they so little expected. The old ladies are incessant in their praises, and the younger ones in their smiles and modest reception of the love which is made to them.

Before I quit Brussels, I must say a few words of the city. The country around it, as I have before said, is extremely picturesque, it is beautiful both in nature, and in cultivation. The walk on the old ramparts presents several most engaging views; the landscape has the snug happy look of English scenery, in which nature is dressed but not disguised by art. The country places of Flanders present every where happy pictures; the peasant and the farmer are evidently in situations of great comfort; and the cottages and farm-houses are abundantly furnished with every convenience. The farms, being small, are cultivated like so many gardens; but on the other hand are not so small, as to render the inhabitants poor and miserable.

Such is the character of the country in the midst of which Brussels is situated. Interspersed, however, with the farms are the magnificent rural appendages of a capital. A long alley, between opposite rows of

lofty trees stretches for two miles its shady length. The palace of Lacken, beautifully situated, is surrounded by gardens and plantations. The memorable forest of Soignies forms a vast skirting along the southern horizon.

The upper part of the city of Brussels is very magnificent. The noble park forms a feature in the grandeur of its public buildings. It is a square of great size, laid out in spacious walks, finely shaded with trees, and surrounded by facades of the palaces and houses of the great.

Public fountains are dispersed through Brussels. The market-place is superbly beautiful, and more particularly the Gothic spire of the Hotel de Ville. The cathedral is large and noble-looking. On the whole it is certainly a most delightful town, and will doubtless again, as formerly, become the occasional resort of all the fashion of Europe. The air is salubrious; the country pleasant, and provisions of all kinds (when the city is not so crowded) remarkably cheap. The court is neither ostentatious nor fastidious; and the best society is always in the reach of an English gentleman.

Being on the spot, I made it my business to inquire into all that was here known of the Battle of Waterloo, and I learned some particulars of some interest.

It was at one o'clock in the morning of the 16th of June, 1815, that the bugle sounded through the streets of Brussels, summoning every soldier to his proper rendezvous. The officers of our army had been in a bustle of preparation for the previous hours of the evening. Brussels was anxious and agitated through all her hearts and houses. The spectacle of the assembling of the troops is described to have been a most impressive scene. The light of a summer morning had begun to streak the east with the promise of a beautiful day; but the candles still continued to shine through the windows, a symptom that there had been no one at rest during the night. The light was scarcely sufficient, before the march commenced, to discover faces; feathers, flags, and bayonet-points, were all that could be seen. They went on and off, and gathered and formed, in a hazy obscurity. Mounted officers emerged rapidly from the deep shadows that lay in the distances; loud cries and noises were heard on all sides, but all soon settled into military regularity. The regiments were all on the march, and all was gaiety, spirits, and anxious hope of a glorious to-morrow.

The Duke of Wellington remained for some hours in Brussels after the troops had quitted it. He at length followed his troops, and the hopes and confidence of all went with him. An officer, whom I spoke with, was in a village procuring some water; the road which the Duke took lay through this village. The Duke, dressed in a grey frock-coat, and followed by four or five gentlemen in military great coats, came up to him; he returned the officer's salute, and then suddenly stopt. There was a good deal of anxious, not to say troubled, thought, in his countenance. He named several regiments to the person whom he had thus met, and asked if anything had been heard of them. The officer replied

that he had heard nothing. The Duke hastily pulled out his watch, considered for half a minute, and then, again touching his hat, rode on.

When the British came up, they found the Brunswickers and Belgians already warmly engaged. Ney, who commanded the French division opposed to them, was pressing them back, when the British regiments began to arrive one by one. Each, as it arrived, marched directly into the field, and took up its position. They became gradually engaged according to the direction given by the enemy to his operations. A Scotch regiment was for a considerable time unemployed. The officers, who had a complete view of the field, saw the 42d and other battalions warmly engaged, and as it was related to me expressed a most passionate regret, that themselves would not have the luck of coming into the battle. But they lamented too soon; they had the luck, as they termed it, to get into the fight within a very few hours, and the greater number of these fine spirited youths were in cold and silent lifelessness before the evening.

Soon after three o'clock, the Duke of Wellington rode into the part of the field of battle which is close to the village of Waterloo. He was followed by his staff, which was not, however, very numerous. He halted a few yards in front of the 92d regiment, and was exposed to a very heavy fire of round and grape shot. He spoke little or nothing; his look was that of a man quite cool, but serious, and perhaps something anxious. He looked intently at various parts of the field where there was firing going on, and often pulled out his watch, as if calculating upon the arrival of regiments not yet come up. He said something, one of these times, about when the cavalry might be expected. The shot, in the meantime, was plunging into, and along the ground, close to him. He had not indeed been long on the spot, before the arm of a gentleman, with whom he was talking, was carried off by a ball.

Shortly afterwards, the Duke dismounted from his horse, and causing his staff to do the same, sat upon the ground for a short time. The regiments, as they came up, entered the field by the road near which his grace was; the balls were perpetually flying in amongst them, and the fire was hot and increasing. The Brunswick cavalry were charged back upon this point by the French cuirassiers. The Duke upon this retired nearer to his own men. The courage of these French dragoons was described to be ardent and animated, but as having more spirit than steadiness. The cuirassiers were received with a terrible fire as they approached the infantry; and men and horses came tumbling down in heaps. Some of the cuirassiers, however, made their way to the very rear of our lines; and two or three came back galloping, shouting, and brandishing their swords. They received the whole fire of a battalion. One man still kept on his horse. He had the hardihood to cut with his sword at the infantry as he passed. An Hanoverian met him and wounded him; he still refused to give up his sword but to an officer; his enemy was on the point of putting him to death, when one of our officers interfered and saved his life.

The Duke now again took up his old ground. - The battle gradually became general. An officer belonging to the battalion close behind his grace suddenly observed a large column of French infantry approaching. He exclaimed loudly,—there they are my Lord—“Yes,” replied his grace calmly, “there they are indeed.” And without changing his quiet tone, “Colonel, you must charge.” The charge was made, and succeeded, but the battalion suffered dreadfully.

After the battle of Quatre Bras, the army, as is known, in order to keep up its correspondence with the Prussians, was compelled to retreat on the 17th; and it need not be disguised, that the men were disappointed, and in some degree, even disheartened, by this movement. A dangerous bye-word had gotten amongst them,—that it was useless to attack the cuirassiers, as they were proof against sword and ball. It was necessary for the officers to extinguish the feeling which this began to excite; and they effected it by affording the example of the most heroic bravery, and personal exposure of themselves. The Marquis of Anglesea was here most conspicuously pre-eminent. Whilst covering the retreat on the 17th, and being himself in the rear of the last troop of the cavalry, he observed a French regiment form across the road to charge. He instantly turned round, and alone, galloped back towards the enemy, waving his hat to his soldiers who had advanced some way on their retreat. Major Kelly, of the horse guards, was the first person to join his Lordship at full gallop. The regiment soon came up, and dashed pell-mell amongst the enemy, who were entirely overthrown.

I have but little to add to the events already recorded of the memorable 18th. Every one spoke of the unexampled steadiness with which the British stood the horrible shock from morning to night; every one spoke of our heavy regiments,—the horse guards, blues, and greys, without which the battle would have been unquestionably lost. The guards first encountered a regiment of cuirassiers; the French fled, and our troops, in pursuing them, fairly rode them down. We then came upon a column of infantry, said my informer, which we likewise broke. A regiment of French lancers afterwards met the shock of the horse guards, and great slaughter ensued. The cuirassiers were not so formidable as they appeared. But the lancers were described to me as a very serious kind of force.

As the day advanced, the cavalry scoured the whole field, and the men got together in small parties: in this way they encountered bodies of the French, and fought it out with their swords. In a lane, up which our troops pursued a number of the enemy, and which had no opening at the further end, a terrible slaughter took place. Very little quarter was given on either side. Never were the combatants on both sides more exasperated; never was national battle fought with more of personal passions.

Every one spoke of the singular appearance of the wounded horses. Upon being hit by a ball, the poor animals, though proceeding at full speed, would make a sudden stop, and tremble in every limb, and

muscle. Some of them, as they lay on the ground, would shortly fall to eating the grass around them. Others were observed quietly grazing in the middle of the field between the two hostile lines, their riders having been shot off their backs, the balls flying on all sides of them. When a charge of cavalry went past or near them, these stray horses, following their training, would set off; form themselves in the rear of their companions, and enter into the thickest of the fight.

I saw a horse-guardsman, who told me that he was left upon the ground within the French lines, having been most desperately wounded in a charge. Knowing that the enemy were chiefly exasperated against our heavy dragoons by whom they had suffered so much, he threw his helmet from him. After sometime, he ventured to raise his head; the movement was seen by two French lancers, who galloping up to him dropped both their weapons into his side, and then left him for dead. He still, however, retained both life and senses, when shortly afterwards a plundering party came down from the enemy's position, and proceeded to strip him. They then sent him into the rear, and being too weak to walk, he was dragged with his feet trailing along the ground for fourteen miles; being occasionally struck by those about him, to force him to move his legs. He saw several of his fellow prisoners murdered. But the French being in full retreat as the night came on, and closely pursued by the Prussians, they at last permitted the miserable man to sink down on the dunghill of an inn, in one of the small towns through which they were at the time passing.

Several women, the wives of soldiers, were killed, and were found lying in their plain female dress by the sides of their husbands, to whom they had brought water upon hearing that they were wounded. Amongst the French slain, were likewise the bodies of several young women who had followed their husbands or lovers in male attire. These spectacles of the heroism and devotion of that sex were amongst the most afflicting, and at the same time consolatory, objects in the field.

It is totally unnecessary to relate, what were the feelings of the Duke of Wellington during this tremendous conflict. He expressed indeed (as was prudent) his confidence of ultimate victory to all around him. But the delay of Blücher, whom he had expected sooner in the day, was such as to alarm him. British soldiers could alone have supported the growing conflict. Not a moment could be granted for refreshment even to those who were sinking for the want of it "You must not move," was the reply to the remains of the brave 33d; "every thing depends on the countenance and steadiness of the British." It was at this moment, that the enemy made a most tremendous charge, which caused our artillerymen to withdraw their guns. Our men met it on the ridge, and bravely fought it. It was at this moment, that the few troops of the 92d drove back an enormous column. It was in the same moment, that the French cuirassiers rode in small bodies about our squares of infantry, watching, for opportunities to plunge into their ranks, and occasionally fighting hand to hand with parties of our cavalry. The Duke of Wellington

was now come here, cheering his men to do their duty. "We must not be beaten, my brave fellows.—What would they say in England.—Every thing depends upon us." The Brunswickers, daunted by the horrible slaughter, for a moment gave way; the Duke hastened towards them, and rallied them in person. Some of the squares did not seem as perfect as he wished; he threw himself into the centre of infantry battalions, and encouraged them to receive the charge with steadiness.

The confused flight of the French has been sufficiently related. The Duke only rode as far as the small inn of La Belle Alliance, which had been the post of Buonaparte during the action. Here he met Blucher; they conversed a moment, and then parted; the Duke returning to Waterloo, and Blucher hurrying on the pursuit of the flying foe. Such are the few particulars, which I am enabled to add to the previous accounts, having learned them personally on the spot.

It was a beautiful summer morning, when I set off from Brussels for the field of Waterloo. The distance from Brussels to Waterloo is about ten English miles. The forest of Soignies soon receives you; it has a deep, bossy, impervious look, which characterises the Netherlands, and gives them a romantic air. My companion, a military friend, pointed out spots as we passed along, where the troops had halted for an instant. The remains of bayonet sheaths, the tatters of caps and jackets, were seen lying along the sides of the road, when we got about four or five miles from Brussels, and so continued for the rest of the way. Many bodies were buried along the whole track. For many weeks after the battle labourers were employed upon this line of road to cover the remains of human beings. Behind our carriage was an English sociable with a party of our countrymen and women on the same errand with ourselves; before it was an English tandem, and at the doors of the small inns, belonging to one or two hamlets, several English equipages were standing. At last we entered this village,—and were surprised at its quiet rustic look. Our carriage rolled on past its humble church, whilst at the opposite inn we saw a collection of vehicles, all belonging to strangers.

It is more than a mile from Waterloo to the smaller village, or rather hamlet, of Mont St. Jean. Probably the Duke of Wellington took little or no notice of these few houses, in the immediate front of which his army was formed, and which might therefore have been expected to give their name to the battle. Almost every house in the hamlet poured forth men and women to every fresh arrival of visitors, who eagerly offered relics of the battle for sale. Cuirasses, sabres, carbines, even the buttons of the jackets of the slain, were amongst these articles; the most interesting were the letters found on the persons of the officers. It was impossible to read these, and to think of the probable grief of the surviving wife, the sister, or the mother, without a most lively feeling of regret and sorrow.

From St. Jean, the road immediately rises up the back of the ridge, on the height and in the front of which the infantry of the Duke of

Wellington's army was formed in line. The cavalry, at the beginning of the battle, were posted on the St. Jean side of the eminence. The ascent is easy; you reach the top unexpectedly, and the whole field of battle is then at once before the eye. On one side of the road, and hanging over it, is an old picturesque tree, the branches of which project in grotesque shapes from its ragged trunk. The British position extended about two miles on the right and left of this road and tree; the position being the ridge of a continued line of gentle eminences, immediately opposite to which on a similar ridge, about half a mile distant, was the position of the French. The intermediate plain, and the ascent of our ridge, form the field of battle. The tree, of which I have above spoken, fixed upon the bank of the high road from Brussels to Charleroi, was the centre of our position, and the Duke of Wellington having been near it during the greater part of the day, it goes by the name of the Wellington Tree. I found it much shattered with balls, both grape and musket, all of which had been picked out by visitors. Its branches and trunk were terribly splintered.

A very short distance from this tree, near to the road, is the farm of La Haye Sainte. This house was dreadfully scarred as it appeared by the effect of the fire. The garden was a heap of devastation, the hedges were levelled, and the walls broken down. The door was riddled through and through with all sorts of shot, and afforded a most dreadful proof both of the fury of the attack, and of the obstinate courage of the defence. After a most gallant resistance, this post was forced by the enemy, and every soul within the building bayonnetted. On entering into the court yard the signs of ruin were still more fearful. The farmer and his family had fled, nor was there as yet any signs of his returning. A little child came out to us begging for a sous; the roofs of the dwelling house and offices were knocked into large holes by bombs and cannon balls; the windows were hideous wrecks; not a pane of glass remained in the whole range, the frames all broken, and the fragments hanging in forlorn desolation.

From the farm yard I walked into an enclosed orchard; the combat here had been dreadfully fierce; the papers of the cartridges still lay thickly on the ground, and the caps of the soldiers were strewed about, most of them having holes through them, by which had entered the death of their owners. In this orchard the trees were numerous, and not very thick, but neither my companion nor myself could find one that had escaped being hit by a ball. No wonder at the horrible slaughter of men.

We quitted this orchard by a gap in the hedge, through which the French, under a shower of shot and at the point of the bayonet, had forced a violent passage. A hasty step over the small ditch brought me upon one of the graves. The putrid smell was extremely strong, and the bodies seemed to be hardly covered. A narrow rural foot path wound itself through the field towards the road. We walked on it towards the French position. Bodies were here extended by the side of the waggon ruts, only covered with the loose gravel; a man's hand appeared to us just above one of them. As the road began to rise towards the inn of La Belle Alliance, we came to the spot where Buonaparte stood, when he directed the last charge from a sand bank which in a slight degree sheltered him from observation. Turning now again to look back on the English position, the field on the other side of the road seemed to have been the theatre of a more terrible conflict than any we had yet observed. It was here that the imperial guard charged upon the hedge where the highlanders and greys were drawn up, and it was here that they were slaughtered. It was from this side too that the Prussians arrived. The graves here lay in large collections, and pits contained th

bodies of hundreds of horses. Bayonet sheaths, bits of caps, and the rags of clothes, covered the ground.

We walked on to the famous house of La Belle Alliance. It is a mere pitiful public house, crowded with people. We were surrounded by ragged children and women who offered to us for sale, eagles, buttons, books of companies, &c. The place was only interesting as marking the spot of Buonaparte's post as the tree by the road side does that of Wellington.

From La Belle Alliance we walked across the ridge of the French position, to our left, until we reached the ruins of Hugoumont. This had formed a strong post in advance of the British right, held by a small detachment of the English guards and Hanoverians, in spite of the most furious attempts of the enemy to get possession of it. In the course of our walk, we stumbled into the deep holes made by the shot from our guns, which had plunged into the midst of the French column. Every now and then we crossed some broad, rugged, and broken up-tracts; these were the traces of the squadrons of French cavalry, and denoted the directions in which they had galloped into battle. Here too the heaps of dead were scattered about, the bodies of which were scarcely covered.

The gentle ascent, through a beautiful orchard wood, to the chateau of Hugoumont, afforded a singular contrast of rural images in close connection with death and horror. Every tree was wounded by the balls, and the fragments of caps and clothes indicated what was contained in those numerous brown hillocks of earth, over which we were obliged to step.

The buildings of Hugoumont were infinitely more shattered than those of La Haye Sainte. They belong to a gentleman of independent circumstances, who before this battle possessed in this spot a most pleasant and tranquil retreat. The garden, which was carefully laid out in the old style of parterres and walks, was the chief post of the English guards, who had here repelled the repeated attacks of the enemy. The battle indeed had begun with these attacks. In a single point,—a mere point, we beheld fifty bodies lie together, where they all fell. We saw at the same time a black scorched place, close by it, where six hundred corpses had been burned. The whole was a horrible ruin.

Proceeding round to return to the centre of the British position by its right, we went along the ridge, which here bends backwards in the shape of a semicircle. Near a cluster of trees the fight seemed to have been very heavy. I observed the complete impression of a man's body on the ground, as distinctly marked as if he had fallen on the snow; and the hole which had taken the shape of his head, was full of a corrupted fluid which one shuddered to look at. Downwards from this, along the easy slope which slants off towards the farm of La Haye Sainte, the charges of the cavalry had trampled deep scarrings into the ground. All the field was torn up; we came up to vast pits, in each of which were the carcases of hundreds of horses.

Having returned again to the Wellington Tree, we walked from it along the position of the left wing of the British army. A broken and ragged hedge fringes this part of the ridge; and a long rank of graves, lying under this hedge, preserves the memory of those British troops, who here met and destroyed the imperial guard.

I have nothing more to add—I was an eye-witness of what I have written; and it may be of use to the future historian.

NOTE.

As every Memorial of this memorable Battle must be interesting to the British Reader, and as we regard it as a kind of duty to point out all genuine authorities to our Readers, we have strongly to recommend to every Military Library, the "Paris Revisited, including a Walk over the Field of Waterloo, by Mr. J. Scott."

**Descriptive Account of Cromer,
PRESENT QUARTERS OF THE 7TH DRAGOONS.**

(Concluded from our last.)

ON descending the cliff at low-water, the beach to the north of the jetty presents a very pleasant walk of a mile and a half to the village of Upper Runton, where ascending by a path cut through cliffs of a very romantic form, on the edge of which stand some fishermen's cottages, you return to Cromer by a foot-path close to the sea-side. The country on the right is cultivated and interspersed with hills covered with furze. Approaching within half a mile, the town with the light-house, the hills as a back-ground, Mr. G. Windham's woods, and the mill, make a pretty appearance. A little further on is the battery, which as it belongs to Cromer I have omitted to mention in its proper place. It occupies a very fine eminence, commanding more than a semicircle, and mounts four eighteen-pounders. I cannot here omit to mention the almost miraculous escape of Mr. Richard Cook, a corporal, who was blown from the cannon's mouth while a salute was firing on the 4th of June, 1799, in honour of His Majesty's birth-day. The gun at which he was stationed, having been badly spunged, the succeeding cartridge caught fire, and carried him over the platform to the edge of the cliff. This unfortunate accident happened as he was in the act of withdrawing the rammer, from the head of which, (it being driven into numerous splinters) he received at least fifty wounds, most of which were very severe: notwithstanding which, by the aid of a most excellent constitution, he is at this time perfectly recovered without having suffered even the loss of a finger or being scarcely blemished.

Leaving Cromer for Holt, you take the Aylmerton, or, as it is called, the upper road to Holt, which is preferable to the lower road, running through Runton, Beeston, and Sherringham, both because it is in itself better, and because the views of the sea and country are more amusing. The distance by either is ten miles. Concluding therefore that the Aylmerton road is taken, at the distance of about a mile and a half from Cromer are the plantations of the late Mr. Windham, of Felbrigg, which accompany the traveller on his left for more than half a mile, in which space the views of the sea on the right are of the most pleasing description.

A little beyond the plantations, which form a part of the belt round Felbrigg park, the view of the sea for about a mile is interrupted, but ample compensation is made by the country on the left, which is very rich and fertile. The Felbrigg woods, with the village of Aylmerton and its church, form a noble fore-ground, beyond which the view extends upwards of twenty miles over a highly cultivated country; amongst the numerous churches, the cathedral of Norwich is very conspicuous.

Proceeding forward, the sea again makes its appearance upon the right, and continues a most delightful companion till you come

within three miles of Holt; the remaining part of the way is over a heath rather dreary and uncomfortable.

Holt is a neat little town, with a market on Saturdays; there is an excellent free grammar school, founded by Sir John Gresham, with a salary paid to the master by the Fishmongers' Company.

The return from Holt may be agreeably varied by taking the lower road, and by which a very romantic view is obtained of Sherringham Hill. About two miles from hence are the ruins of Beeston Priory, the property of Cremer Woodrow, Esq., which will afford pleasure both to the antiquary and draftsman. A small tower, and the whole of the west gable wall of the church, are standing, and having its other parts well broken, of which a great deal remains, form a very antique and handsome ruin. It also affords ample materials for an admirable sketch from the west gable, through which the tower and the interval parts of the church are seen in excellent perspective. Its aspect too gives it every advantage which it can possibly receive from the vivid illumination of an evening sun. This gable, one of the finest and most picturesque parts of the ruin, a few years since was ornamented with a profusion of the finest ivy (probably the growth of a century), till unfortunately a thoughtless wight, employed on the spot, laid his sacrilegious axe to the root of this venerable appendage, to the great regret of the proprietor and of every admirer of the relics of antiquity. The house, to which it belongs, with the barn, stables, and farm yard, have been injudiciously placed close under the walls of the Priory, in fact some small part of the ruins are converted into out-houses. Had they been suffered to stand by themselves the effect would have been much better—a ruin can scarcely be too much sequestered or too distant from the haunts of men.

Beeston Priory was founded by the Lady Isabel de Cressy, in the reign of King John, for Canons of the Order of St. Austin, and dedicated to St. Mary.

Not far from the Priory, on the right hand, is a house belonging to Cremer Cremer, Esq., where instead of keeping the direct road to Cromer, take in at the white gate leading past the house. The road winds in a very romantic manner between the hills unto Felbrigg Heath, upon which are the remains of a beacon. The dreariness of the heath is removed by the little patches of forest wood with which the vallies are adorned. Cromer with its light-house and lofty tower, Runton, Beeston Priory, and Sherringham, and as far as Blackney Harbour, the whole being backed by the sea, form as fine a coast view as can well be imagined.

The same tract which led to the beacon, about half a mile further on, opens into the Cromer road, under the plantations which were passed in going to Holt, and from which the whole retrospect is very pleasing.

Felbrigg, the seat of the late Mr. Windham, makes a very pleasant morning's excursion; it is three short miles from Cromer, delightfully

situated in the bosom of extensive and venerable woods. The oak, the beech, and the Spanish chesnut, seem congenial to the soil; and the form of the ground, which consists of gently rising hills and vales, is admirably constituted to shew to the greatest advantage the masses of light and shade produced by such a combination.

Some of the trees, particularly the oak, bear the marks of great antiquity, and the venerable state of decay into which they are fallen, makes them truly interesting objects, and the ornament of the scene to which they belong.

The house has of late undergone considerable alteration. It contains some good pictures by Rembrandt, Bergham, Vanderveldt, &c. The dining-room is decorated with good portraits of the Windham family. In the drawing-room are several pictures; a Usurer by Rembrandt, and the portrait of an Old Woman by the same master, supposed to be his Mother, deserve particular attention; the latter is placed over the door by which you enter the room, but hangs too high. There are, also, some good representations of sea-fights; one in particular, a pretty large picture, by Vanderveldt, Jun. is a very spirited performance; the effect of the smoke, from the vessels in the foreground, which is made to receive the light, is very masterly; the subject is the engagement between the English and Van Tromp, in which Sir Edward Spragge was killed. Its companion by the elder Vanderveldt, is also a Sea-Fight, but a confused and wholly uninteresting performance. Over each of these pieces is a Storm, by Vanderveldt, Jun. in his usual stile of excellence. At the other end of the room are two very fine views of the River Thames, one at Billingsgate Market, the other before the alteration at London Bridge; over one of these pictures is a Landscape by Bergham, and over the other a small but highly coloured picture, the Finding of Achilles at the Court of Lyncornes, said to be by Reubens. From the drawing-room you proceed to the cabinet. The small pictures are by much the best; two or three Storms, by Vanderveldt, Jun. in his best manner; Cows Stalled, by Sagleven, Scheveling Market, and a small Landscape, by Paul Brill, are excellent; the trees of the latter are very finely touched. Some of the large pictures are very good, particularly two Views, by G. B. H. Busùri,—one of which is the Cascade of Terni. The rest of the collection in this room is chiefly composed of Italian Landscapes, and small views of Italian Ruins in opaque colours. One of the best pictures in the house is at present set aside; it is an Italian Sea-Port in a Hazy Morning, every part of which is delicately expressed. The pictures above stairs are of little worth, neither is there much else to attract the attention, except the library, which is fitted up with much gothic elegance, and admirably corresponding with the old stile of building of the south front. The gloom thrown into the room by the stained-glass windows, and the sombre hue of the wainscot, which is of its natural colour, make it a very proper retirement for study.

Two miles from Felbrigg stand the ruins of Beckham old church, which for its size is one of the most elegant things which fancy can ima-

gine. The walls of the middle aisle and the chancel are standing, and, also, the south porch. Beautiful fragments of the old gothic windows, in different states of decay, are seen peeping through the ivy, which mantles in the most luxuriant manner over almost the whole of its mouldering walls. It is rendered still more pleasing by the sequestered spot in which it stands; there is but one house near it, and that at such a distance as not to interfere with the loneliness of its situation; and though it must have been long, very long since its choir has rung responsive to the notes of the parish clerk, joined by the simple rustic swains, raised to the praise of their Creator, its little cemetery covered with turf remains the sacred repository of the dead, many of whose peaceful ashes lie shaded by the long arms of several venerable oaks. Here "The moeping owl does to the moon complain." Change the elms of Mr. Gray to oaks, and his elegant poem exactly applies to Beckham church yard. To a mind fond of retirement, the lonely ruin covered with ivy, the cottage or the grove have infinite charms; they seem to be a refuge from the storms of life, and to have the power of soothing the mind, disordered by discordant passions, to serenity and peace. The imagination at liberty to enjoy its own reflections, revolves its misfortunes, draws conclusions and compares the present with the past, and is inspired by the situation with that kind of pleasing awe that bids him look forward to brighter prospects.

The ruins of the parochial church at Thorp-market having been lately taken down and rebuilt in a peculiar stile, by the Right Honourable Lord Suffield, attracts many spectators from its novelty. The present structure, which was designed by Mr. Wood, is simple and elegant; the materials are flint and free-stone, at each of the four corners is a turret, and the points of the gables are terminated by a stone cross after the monkish fashion. The inside, consisting of only a single aisle, is finished with extreme neatness and in parts with a considerable degree of taste.

There are three family monuments taken from the walls of the old church. Another small but very elegant one has been added, in memory of Robert and William Morden, second and fourth sons of the late Sir William Morden Harbord, Baronet, and brothers to the present Lord Suffield.

This church, with Gunton Hall, the seat of his Lordship, may be conveniently inspected in a ride from Cromer to North-Walsham. The house is by no means equal to the ideas we may be led to form of it from the plantations which surround it. It is, however, pleasantly situated upon an eminence which overlooks an extensive sweep of the park towards the south.

North-Walsham is situated about three miles from Gunton, it is a dull, unpleasant town, with a market on Thursdays. A turnpike road has lately been established from this town to Norwich, from which it is distant fourteen miles. Two miles from Gunton is Hanworth, the seat of Robert Lee Doughty, Esq. an excellent modern house, situated in a small but very pleasant park, well wooded and laid out with taste; a farm house

and the parish church, which stands on an eminence, both in the park, are very pretty objects as seen from the road.

The ride from Cromer to Mundesley will present the traveller with some pleasing scenes; the road runs almost entirely along the coast, taking in the villages of Overstrand, Syderstrand and Trimmingham. On a hill, about a mile through the latter village, stand the ruins of an old beacon, which commands a noble prospect of the sea and land; in very clear weather Yarmouth is discoverable, and the cathedral spire at Norwich very plainly to be seen. Few, who pay a visit to Cromer, omit seeing this view, which is, perhaps, the most extensive in the county of Norfolk. About two miles further on is Mundesley, a straggling village, little worthy of notice. There is one bathing machine, and some few, though the number is very small, frequent Mundesley in the bathing season. The accommodations are very confined, four or five houses at the utmost appear at all calculated for the purposes of lodgings, and those are situated close to the side of a dusty road. The beach seems to be equally as good for bathing as at Cromer, and the walking much the same, the tide at low water leaving a fine firm sand. The prospect upon the beach to the southward differs in appearance from Cromer, by the land at Happisburgh jutting into the sea, forming a promontory, which with the church and the two light-houses has a good effect.

Every one who has made a study of nature is well aware of the different appearance of the same spot as it is affected by the times of the day and the changes of the weather; so much so, indeed, that it not unfrequently happens that the whole beauty of a view depends upon such accidental causes. This was the case with the promontory at my first seeing it; the clouds at its back were dark and heavy, opposed by a bright sun-shine from the west, giving it a strong opposition of light and shadow, which being harmonized by the fine purple tint with which it was overspread, rendered it a very pleasing object. In a few moments, the sun declining behind a cloud, the beauty of the prospect vanished, and a heavy mass of apparently shapeless earth was left to the view; and even of that the outline was almost obliterated by clouds descending over it in a hasty shower.

The cottage at Northrepps, or as it is sometimes called the Hermitage, the country residence of Bartlett Gurney, Esq. is within a walk of Cromer, being only distant about a mile and half. The house which is flinted and thatched, with a gothic porch also thatched, is fitted up with the greatest neatness and simplicity, and the stained-glass which occupies the upper parts of the arches of the windows throws a very pleasing light into the apartments. The parlour which commands an elegant view of the sea, is decorated with coloured prints, extremely appropriate to the situation; such as the sailor-boy's return, the ship-wrecked sailor-boy telling his tale at a cottage door, &c. on the chimney-piece are shells and pieces of polished lava. The situation is very romantic in a deep narrow valley, through which is seen the little church of Overstrand, partly in ruins, and beyond it the sea. The views from different parts

of the estate are many of them beautiful and even in the present barren state of the hills are well adapted to the pencil. Overstrand church and the sea, as seen from the Northrepps road, is a view which comes into excellent composition; fortunately there are in that spot a few trees of sufficient consequence to divest it of nakedness and give it beauty. Indeed, time only is wanting to make this estate as elegant a situation as can be desired.

On a hill called Toll's-Hill, not far from the house, is a very fine echo. This spot, literally speaking, is only a small portion of a range of hills running towards Syderstrand; they command at all points a good view of the sea, and in particular parts come into very decent composition. By descending into the vallies, the hills are brought to fold over each other, and the land between them and the sea, which forms the second distance, being interspersed with cottages and a few trees, (though the latter are scarce articles so near the sea) renders the situation in many parts very picturesque. These hills are situated a small distance out of the beaten track, but the lover of nature in order to see her to the greatest advantage must often deviate from the high road, where indeed he will seldom see her to his taste.

Blickling, late the seat of the earl of Buckinghamshire, but now of Lord Suffield, must from its external appearance command the attention of the passing traveller, as also from its having been the birth place of a Queen of England, Anne Bulleyn, wife of Henry the eighth. It is a noble old building in the gothic taste, having a square turret at each corner, and one more lofty in the centre with a cupola and clock. The entrance from the court yard (on each side of which are ranged the offices in the same stile of building with the house) is over a bridge, of two arches, across the moat, through a gate house and small inner court, and is very striking in its appearance; from this you enter the hall, 42ft by 33ft and 33ft in height. The staircase, which is ornamented with small figures carved in wood, branches off to the right and left, having a gallery of communication at the top, where are full length statues of Anne Bulleyn and Queen Elizabeth. From the hall you proceed to the anti-room, 22ft square, where are portraits of Sir John Hobart, Sir Henry Hobart, Sir Robert Rich, Sir William Lemon, General Cope and Sir John Maynard. The portrait of Sir John Hobart is exceedingly fine, that of Sir Henry is striking as it brings to our memory his unfortunate death, occasioned by a duel with Mr. Le Neve, upon Cawston Heath, where a square monumental stone marks the spot where the event took place. The portrait of Sir Robert Rich is singular by a black patch over one of the eyes. From this you proceed to the dining room, over the chimney piece of which are the arms of the family well carved with this motto, *Qua supra Anno Do. 1627*. Lady Buckingham's dressing room is adorned with prints; adjoining to it is Lord Buckingham's bed room, in which is a double size chintz bed with a curtain falling down in the centre. This bed is placed in an alcove, supported by four pillars.

The study, 33ft by 21ft, is a charming room, entirely calculated for comfort, being furnished with a selection of the best authors, some excellent drawings and a piano-forte; out of this apartment is the organ room, in which is a carved chimney piece rather curious; from this room you again enter the hall and proceed upstairs to the tapestry room. The tapestry from which it takes its name does not appear to be remarkably fine. The next apartment is the old dining room. On each side of the fire-place are portraits at full of the present King and Queen, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The late Lord Townshend, Sir Charles Brighthhead, the Countess of Suffolk, the Earl of Leicester and Sir Robert Walpole. In this room is the chair of state, in which James the second sat when at Dublin, it was given to the late Lord Buckingham when at Clanbrassil, in 1792. To look at this chair, which by the bye, certainly conveys an idea of state in poverty, one can scarcely suppress a smile; it is made, I believe, of no better materials than wainscot, covered with a common crimson stuff, and so high that unless James had been possessed of the legs of an O'Brien, it is utterly impossible they should ever have reached the floor. From this room you pass through two dressing rooms, the latter is Lady Caroline's, adorned with prints, from which you proceed to the new drawing room, 42ft by 25ft and 22ft in height. It is hung with pink sattin, the ceiling stucco, richly but lightly ornamented, having the four corner compartments with that in the middle (from which is suspended a beautiful glass chandelier) stained with a delicate pink which has good effect and harmonizes well with the other parts of the room. One end of this charming apartment is adorned with a figure in tapestry, as large as life, of the Czar Peter, whose attitude with that of the horse is excessively spirited and fine; the back-ground to this noble performance, which is said to be needle-work, represents all the confusion of a battle, which the Czar is supposed to be directing, he is without a hat, his hair is black and bushy, and his eyes which are black and uncommonly piercing, added to a well-turned head, have given all that fire and animation to his countenance which his situation would seem to call forth. This superb ornament was given to the late Lord Buckingham by the Empress of Russia. At the other end, of the same size, is a very fine painting of George the second, also, on horse-back. On each side the fire-place are whole length portraits of Lord and Lady Buckingham, by Gainsborough. The chimney piece is very fine. Adjoining this room is the state bed chamber. This is 33ft by 21ft and is fitted-up upon an equal scale of magnificence; the bed, which is of crimson damask, ornamented at the head with the arms of the royal family, is placed under an alcove, supported by four fluted pillars of white and gold, corresponding with the other parts of the room, which is hung with white tabby, the mouldings, cornice, ceiling, &c. richly ornamented with gilding. Under a very splendid looking-glass stands a beautiful marble table, on a gilt frame, and over the chimney-piece (which is unfortunately not in a good situation) is an exceeding fine portrait of Judge Hobart, in his robes; this, with the portrait of Sir

John Hobart before mentioned, I think carries every appearance of having been executed by Holbein. From these two truly beautiful apartments, you are carried to the library, which does not in my opinion answer the ideas which we are led to form from its general character. Its length, which is 125ft, when compared with its breadth, which is only 22ft, renders it merely a strip; it is, however, well calculated for a dancing-room, to which purpose, I believe, it has been chiefly applied. The ceiling is stucco, divided into five compartments, which are relieved with emblematical figures of the five senses.

You next proceed to the park, which is very extensive and profusely adorned with wood. It has the advantage, also, of a fine piece of water, nearly a mile in length and in its broadest part four hundred yards; the northern bank is richly fringed with wood, from which you view the opposite side of the lawn, which rises gradually for a considerable space, broken at intervals by large plantations of oak and beech. A banquetting room, to which is attached a tower commanding an extensive prospect, terminates the view very agreeably.

About a mile from the house stands the mausoleum, a freestone building in the form of a pyramid, in which are deposited the remains of the late Lord Buckingham and his first lady. Its situation is very happily chosen in the midst of a large and venerable wood, whose solitude appears only to be broken by the prying curiosity of the stranger or the foot-steps of the nimble deer. In the church, which stands very near the house and contiguous to the public road from Aylsham to Holt, are many inscriptions and effigies in brass, some few monuments, and a handsome tomb of the Clere's and the Boleyn's. In a vault, under the north aisle, are deposited nineteen of the relations and ancestors of the late earl of Buckingham, amongst whom are his father and mother, with the Honourable Henry Hobart before mentioned; the coffins are placed in upright positions and most of them covered with black or crimson velvet. The late Lady Buckingham was interred in a vault in the chancel, but upon the death of her lord her remains were taken up and conveyed to the mausoleum.

Blickling is distant but a mile and a half from Aylsham, a neat market-town, with an excellent neighbourhood; it is situated on the river Bure, which is navigable to Yarmouth, for boats of thirteen tons burthen; its distance from Norwich, over a turnpike road, is eleven miles, and the same from Cromer and Holt.

The road from Aylsham to Cromer is very pleasing, the country all the way rich, woody and fertile. In Erpingham field the views are extremely pleasing, and within a mile of Cromer the road is highly picturesque, it winds through a hollow way well ornamented with trees, whose long arms meeting across the road frequently form themselves into arches, through which the sea breaks in at intervals with the finest effect.

Woolterton, the seat of the right honourable Lord Walpole, is an elegant, modern built, mansion, situated in a large park, well orna-

mented with wood and water, but too flat to be possessed of very great beauty. At a short distance from the house, is a ruin highly picturesque, the tower of a church, of which no part else remains; it is a beautiful small fragment, but appears to be too much skreened by the ordinary fir trees with which it is encompassed, and which seem worse than they really are, by being every where surrounded with fine timber.

The house is said to be ornamented with a considerable quantity of tapestry, of superior excellence, particularly some chairs, upon the seats of which are exhibited the fables of *Æsop*.

In returning from Holt to Cromer, the traveller is merely brought through Upper Sherringham, which is distant something more than a mile from that which is denominated Lower Sherringham, situated upon upon the edge of the cliff.

Passing through Upper Sherringham from Cromer, leaving the Holt road on the left, the traveller is carried past the house of Cooke Flower, Esq. the proprietor of the beautiful estate which affords the materials that serve to compose this description. The situation of which is by no means a letter of recommendation to the scenes he is approaching. This estate, properly speaking, comes under the denomination of an adorned farm. It consists of uneven ground rising into bold swells, which by the assiduity and perseverance of the late Mr. Flower are now richly clothed with wood from their summits to their base, and united by the most elegant slopes to the rich vallies that divide them. Some of these woods appear thick and impenetrable, while others more open discover through their foilage the most luxuriant and inviting turf, tempting the traveller oppressed with the heat of a summer's sultry sun, to exclaim in the language of THOMSON,

"Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, wildest largest growth;
That, forming high in air a wood land quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
Solemn and slow, the shadows blacker fall,
And all is awful listening gloom around."

Among these truly sylvan scenes the sea unfolds its ample bosom; under every circumstance of variation it is an object of awful grandeur; but, perhaps, in its more peaceful moments, when its surface is unruffled by the wind, it is best adapted to scenes like these, where all is harmony and repose. Here too, at certain seasons of the year, the flock roams at large; the wood, the hill, and the valley, are alike subject to the impression of its wandering feet, and scattered in groups over the landscape add greatly to its beauty.

The approach from hence to Weybourn, another village upon the sea coast, is highly picturesque. An ancient ruin of part of the monastic church, adjoining the parish church, from its peculiar stile of building is worth the attention of the curious. From Weybourn instead of returning to Cromer by the same road, the traveller will keep along the

him this was the moment to advance—the right wing ought to march upon Torres Vedras, and the left pursue the beaten enemy; by this movement Junot would be cut off from the nearest road to Lisbon, and must take a circuitous route by way of Alenquer, dispirited, defeated, and in confusion. There was plenty of ammunition in the camp for another battle, and there were also provisions for twelve days. But neither the representations, urged as they were with natural and fitting warmth, nor the victory which was before his eyes, could induce the Commander to deviate from his former opinion; the thought of responsibility had come over him like a cold blast from the north; and he replied, that he saw no reason to change his purpose, the same motives which yesterday induced him to wait for reinforcements had still the same weight. At that moment the enemy were retiring in great disorder and most completely disheartened by their defeat. But the irrevocable opportunity was let pass; and Sir Arthur, whose sense of military obedience would not allow him to act upon his own better judgment, as Nelson was accustomed to do, concealing the bitterness of his spirit under a semblance of levity, turned to one of his officers, and said, ‘Well then, we have nothing to do, but to go and shoot red-legged partridges!’—the game with which that country abounds.

This Campaign was followed by that of Sir John Moore; but which as belonging to the life of that officer rather than to Lord Wellington, and as being sufficiently related in numerous works, we shall here pass over.

The next Campaign of Lord Wellington followed upon the return and ill success of the army from Corunna. Fresh troops were almost immediately sent from England to the Tagus, and on the 22d April, 1809, Sir Arthur Wellesley landed at Lisbon.

While the British army was advancing from Lisbon to the Douro, Soult, who was at Oporto, employed himself to secure a retreat into Spain. Silveira had occupied the bridge of Amarante upon the Tamega, a strong and important position in the road which the French would take; here he was attacked by Laborde and Loison; the post was maintained with the greatest bravery from the 18th April to the 30th; during which time the French were repulsed in daily attacks, and the Portuguese entrenched themselves in the streets of Amarante, behind the dead bodies of their enemies. Colonel Patrick, an officer of distinguished bravery and talent, who was with Silveira, fell in this memorable defence. Soult himself then brought fresh forces to the attack, and on the 2d May forced the position. Secure now, as he believed, of his retreat, he returned to Porto, and waited the approach of the English, wishing to see them appear, if General Sarrazin's opinion may be credited, that he might have a fair excuse for getting, as fast as possible, out of a country in which the day of plunder was over, and that of reckoning at hand. While General Beresford, who had been appointed commander in chief of the Portuguese, advanced from Coimbra, in a N. E. direction, to act upon the enemy's left, Sir Arthur proceeded, with all speed, to the Douro, and reached it after a few skirmishes. The Portuguese eagerly brought boats; an immense standard of white cloth, bearing an embroidered cross, was planted by the people upon the beach at Villa Nova, and the opposite wall of Porto, which runs along the river, was lined with people waving white handkerchiefs, and with the most lively gestures inviting their deliverers. General Murray effected his passage at Avintas, about a league from the city. Another division embarked immediately above Villa Nova; and General Sherbrooke, taking advantage of the weakness of the enemy in the town, crossed directly from that suburb. *Les*

Français, says General Sarrazin, *firent pris à Porto presque en flagrant délit*. They made a vigorous attack upon the first troops who landed; but failing in this, took flight, and Sir Arthur is said to have sat down to the dinner which had that day been prepared for Marshal Soult. Beresford, meantime, by a rapid movement, had reached Amarante, where he drove in Loison's out-posts, and recovered the bridge; then marched upon Chaves, while Silveira hastened to occupy the passes of Ruivães and Melgaco; but for this the Portuguese general was too late: for finding Amarante occupied, Soult turned to the left, and leaving every thing behind him, fled by way of Braga and Montalegre, toward Orense. He was pursued as far as Montalegre; but the British troops had then so far outstripped their commissariat, that they could proceed no farther. General Sarrazin says, that with a General more experienced, more active and more enterprising, than Sir Arthur Wellesley, Portugal would have beheld the scene of Baylen repeated. Undoubtedly it would have been easy to surround Marshal Soult, and cut off his retreat—if Marshal Soult would only have been accommodating enough to delay his flight till the enemy could get in his rear. General Mackinnon, on the contrary, observes, that Sir Arthur's conduct during this short campaign, gives him the first rank among the British generals of the day. Speaking of one of the affairs in the pursuit, he says, 'I was near him, by his orders, when the attack was about to commence; and if I had never seen him but at that moment, I could decide upon his being a man of a great mind.' General Mackinnon was capable of forming such a judgment; he was a man in whom England has perhaps lost more than in any soldier since Sir Philip Sidney.

The French committed great cruelties in their flight; they burnt all the villages, and murdered the peasants, many of whom were found by the British hung up along the road side. They suffered for their crimes;—for every straggler and every man who dropt on the way was put to death without mercy by the country people before our advanced-guard could come up. To overtake them was impossible:—'if an army,' said Sir Arthur in his dispatches, 'throws away every thing, and abandons all those who are entitled to its protection, but impede its progress, it must obviously be able to march through roads where it cannot be overtaken by an enemy who has not made the same sacrifices. Soult, therefore, escaped with the loss of from 7 to 8000 men, (a third of his army) and the whole of his stores, baggage, and artillery. Sir Arthur then turned his face toward Victor, who had just entered Portugal on the side of Alcantara; that general, however, whose advance had only been designed as a feint in Soult's favour, returned to his former quarters at Truxillo, and if Cuesta had been skilful enough to co-operate with the British army, might have been cut off by a movement which Sir Arthur meditated through Castello Branco and Plasencia upon the bridge of Almaraz. Victor was aware of his danger, and retreated beyond that bridge, and the British army then marched to form its junction with the Spaniards in the same country on the right bank of the Tagus. The Spaniards had at this time two efficient armies on foot if they had been properly commanded; that under Cuesta which the Junta had re-established with prodigious exertions after the battle of Medellin, and that under Vanegas, in La Mancha, which had in like manner been refitted after its more opprobrious rout at Ciudad Real. The former was now united with the British army; and while Vanegas on the right alarmed the enemy for Madrid, Sir Robert Wilson and his Portuguese legion communicated with the allies on the left, and kept up a correspondence with it. It was a golden

opportunity. Buonaparte had received a tremendous check in Germany, and all his exertions were required upon the Danube: the French in Spain were disheartened, and they expected again to be driven beyond the Ebro.

But the course of the British general was impeded at the very moment when Time thus fairly offered his forelock. Vanegas, perplexed by orders and counter-orders, and having neither the eye which sees all occasions, nor the moral courage which incurs any responsibility rather than let one pass, did not advance upon the capital as he ought to have done,—contenting himself with a useless cannonade of Toledo. And Cuesta would not join with Sir Arthur in making an attack upon Victor before he should be joined by Joseph and Sebastiani, for a heap of nugatory reasons, one of which was that he scrupled at fighting upon a Sunday! His priest might have told him that if his horse or ass had fallen into a pit on the Sabbath day, it is the fool only who would scruple to help them out,—much less should a man scruple to stretch forth his hand for the assistance of his suffering country! Victor employed the time well which had been thus insanely given, and fell back upon the army which was hastening to join him. Had the attack been made when Sir Arthur proposed, the victory was certain; and the possession of the capital would have been the reward; all difficulties concerning subsistence would then have been at an end. These difficulties were now severely felt. The Spanish commissariat was in the most miserable state;—ours was at that time only in its apprenticeship; it was interfered with by that of our allies; and owing partly to the nature of our government, and partly to an excess of honourable feelings in the British character, we have sometimes sacrificed the common interest to an overstrained delicacy on these points. A proper search in Talavera would have discovered large deposits of grain, for the ample supply of both armies, at a time when Sir Arthur was actually disabled from advancing by want of bread and of means of transport. Cuesta acknowledged this inability, and advanced alone in pursuit of Victor, expecting to enter Madrid; he received a check at Torrijos from the combined armies of the enemy, and retreating twenty miles, re-crossed the Alverche, and again formed a junction with the British. Sir Arthur then perceived that having lost the opportunity of making the attack, it must be his fate to abide it. He made his dispositions accordingly, and the battle of Talavera was fought. That battle has been fought in verse, and therefore all its circumstances are generally known; the vain attempt of the enemy upon the Spaniards on the right; their repeated attacks by day and night upon the hill which was the vital point of the position; the memorable charge of cavalry, which, fatal as it was to the brave regiment who made it, decided the battle in that quarter,—and that horrible scene where the shrubs took fire and burnt so many of the wounded as they lay upon the field—these circumstances are fresh in every reader's recollection, because they have been recorded in that song which describes with so much spirit the exploits of Britain on that day, and the final retreat of France.

“Far from the field where late she fought—

The tents where late she lay—

With rapid step and humble thought

All night she holds her way;

Leaving to Britain's conquering sons

Standards rent and ponderous guns,

The trophies of the fray;

The weak, the wounded and the slain,
The triumph of the battle plain,
The glory of the day."

The battle was obstinately disputed;

ἑδόκησαν

Ἐπ' ἀμφοτέρα μαχᾶν τέμνειν τέλος.

Except at Albuhera the French throughout the whole war never opposed us so well. There were two causes for this: after they had ceased to attack the Spaniards on the right, they brought a force twofold in number to bear upon the British army:—and they had not yet fairly learnt of what materials that army is made. The battle of Corunna had been represented to them as a victory on their part, and that of Vimeiro appeared like one by the convention which followed it. They were now beaten to their own conviction; according to General Sarrazin, *la sanglante journée de Talavera avait répandu l'effroi dans l'armée Française, et l'on convenait que les Anglais se battaient tout aussi bien que les Russes*. This general, however, who is a general 'all compact,' passes a severe censure upon Sir Arthur Wellesley's conduct in this campaign. He says, and there may be some justice in the observation, that the means of transport which the British used from Plasencia should have been detained at Talavera, —in which case there would have been no impediment on that score. When he says that the want of means of transport can never be admitted as a sufficient excuse for not advancing, we may hesitate whether to admit or demur at the remark; but when he adds, *La vérité est que Lord Wellington craignait une défaite, et qu'il manqua de courage d'esprit*, we must reply that General Sarrazin writes like a Frenchman, and that the assertion is as opposite to the truth as light is to darkness. After the battle of Talavera, he says, orders were given to evacuate Madrid, and Soult's movement upon Plasencia was only a *ruse de guerre*, which, however, completely succeeded. The slightest attention to dates and distances might have shewn him that the movement was not concerted after the battle. The action was fought on the 27th and 28th, and Soult received orders on the 24th to move upon the rear of the allies by way of Plasencia, at which time he occupied Zamora and Salamanca. Galicia had been evacuated; and having been joined by Ney's corps from Astorga, Benevente, and Leon, and by Mortier's from Valladolid and Medina del Campo, his force amounted to little less than 30,000 men. From the beginning of the campaign Sir Arthur knew that this force existed in that direction, and was well aware in what manner it would be directed; but he could not spare a detachment to occupy the passes against them; and Cuesta, though urged in time to take this needful precaution, neglected it till it was too late. Sir A. Wellesley was deceived in nothing but in the amount of the force; he turned back to attack it, and throw open his communication with Portugal, which was otherwise cut off, and he left Cuesta to maintain the post at Talavera. The Spanish general soon sent him an intercepted letter, in which the British army was said to be 25,000, and Soult was ordered to bring it to action, a plain indication that his force must be not less than 30,000; Victor's beaten army also was said to be returning upon Talavera, and Cuesta, believing himself unable to resist it, set off to join the British general, leaving the British hospital in that town. Cuesta was very unequal to the command of an army in such times, and unquestionably marred the campaign by his previous blunders; but in this instance he was justifiable; for he had hardly begun his march before the French were in sight. Sir Arthur

now saw that his only course was to retreat across the Tagus, before that retreat could be cut off; for he was between two armies each superior to his own, and had seen how little in their present state of discipline was to be expected from his allies. The bridge of Almaraz had been destroyed; he crossed therefore at the Puente del Arzobispo, and took a position which enabled him to defend the passage at Almaraz and keep open the defiles of Deleitosa and Xaraicejo. A plan which Ney had formed of occupying those defiles and cutting him off from Portugal was thus defeated, and the French, not thinking it prudent to make any further movements against such an enemy, turned their efforts against Vanegas, who, after a successful defence at Aranjuez, was defeated at Almonacid; but the French purchased the victory with so severe a loss that they were not able to follow up their success.

All the wounded at Talavera who were in a state to be removed were carried off by General Mackinnon, a difficult and painful office, which he performed with his usual ability. About 1500 were left, who were recommended to the French, and were treated with great humanity. Victor and Mortier, into whose hands they fell, were men of better character than most of their fellow dukes, and upon this occasion they observed all the humanities of war in a manner which should always be mentioned to their honour. This conduct was felt as it is deserved by the British army;—but they had seen enough of the wanton havoc and deliberate cruelty of the French to understand and abhor the character of Buonaparte's armies. When they first entered Talavera, all the public buildings had been entirely destroyed; the tombs opened, the altars overturned; and half the houses were in the same state. The chairs, tables, and other furniture had been carried off to the camp, where the French, Frenchmen like, had established a regular theatre. They had built large huts for their soldiers, and General Mackinnon mentions, "as a small proof of the destruction caused by the armies of the usurper Joseph," that all these huts were thatched with the straw unthrashed! Another officer, in his journal, says, that near the village of Casalagos they found the bodies of two Spanish peasants recently killed; one of whom had been burnt to death by the French, and lay with his arms lifted up, his hands clenched, and his features distorted,—the whole body having stiffened in one dreadful expression of agony! He had been burnt alive for having been found with arms in his hands!

The experiment of co-operating with the Spanish army had now been fairly tried; the want of discipline in the troops, the want of capacity in the leaders, and the want of vigour in the government, rendered it impossible to rely upon them for effectual assistance; and at home here we had not yet learnt the full measure of our own strength, and still shrunk from putting it forth. Attempts were made by Marquis Wellesley to convince the Junta of the wretched consequences which must result from their military system; and he would have taught them how to render their armies efficient, and the resources of their country available—but it was in vain; the national character of the Spaniards was the rock upon which the designs of friends as well as enemies were wrecked. Painful as the determination was to a man like Lord Wellington, (for so he must now be called, having been raised to the peerage after the battle of Talavera,) there was no alternative, but to withdraw his army to the Portuguese frontier, and there await the march of events, while a force was created in Portugal which it was in vain to look for in the sister country. Before the close of the year, the Spanish army ran headlong into that destruction which

no counsels could induce them to avoid: they suffered at Ocana a more tremendous defeat than any which they had endured since the commencement of the war, and that evil drew after it the discomfiture of the Duke del Parque's army at Tamames. This last event left the French at full leisure to direct their operations against the most vulnerable part of Portugal. On the side of Alten-tejo, Lord Wellington was in no fear of an attack, attempts having always proved unsuccessful there: and after what Soult had suffered, he did not apprehend that a second experiment would be made from the Galician frontier. But he knew that a French council of war had advised the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo; the capture of that fortress would cut off the communication between the Spanish government and the northern provinces; it would give the enemy possession of Old Castille, bring on the fall of Almeida, and open the easiest way into Portugal. Aware, therefore, that he must prepare to defend Portugal on this side, he withdrew his troops, at the end of 1809, from the Guadiana to the right bank of the Tagus, extending them from thence to the Douro. The new year was opened with vigorous measures on the part of the enemy. They forced the passes of the Sierra Morena almost without resistance, overran the kingdom of Andalusia, entered Seville, and were only prevented from getting possession of Cadiz by the celerity of the Duke de Albuquerque, a man whose military talents might have produced the happiest results for his country, if intrigue and envy had not excluded him from the rank to which he was entitled, and finally sending him into an honourable banishment, completed their work by persecuting his noble spirit to madness and death! The Junta was overthrown by a popular commotion; but, like the Spanish people, they comported themselves with dignity in their overthrow, and did not give up their authority till they had appointed a Regency and convoked the Cortes. The seat of the new government was necessarily fixed in Cadiz—their last asylum, and its authority might seem to be confined to the Isle of Leon: for, except Galicia in the north, and Valencia in the south, and Catalonia, where fortress after fortress was now falling, the French were nominally masters of Spain. The favourable season had passed by. Instead of enabling Lord Wellington to make a great effort while Buonaparte was engaged in a doubtful struggle with Austria, England had misdirected its force, and sent one of the finest armies that ever left its shores, upon a fatal expedition to Walcheren. Austria was now subdued, and the emperor had even submitted to purchase peace by sacrificing his daughter in marriage to Buonaparte, black as the tyrant was with crimes; and that tyrant, strengthened by the alliance, was at leisure to turn his whole power and undivided attention toward the Peninsula. The chief object was to expel the English—if that were accomplished, it would leave him in military possession of the whole country, and time and merciless severity, he thought, would do the rest.

Marshal Massena who, in the late Austrian campaign, had been made Prince of Essling, was appointed to the army destined for this service, and his first operation was to besiege Ciudad Rodrigo, before which his troops appeared at the end of April. Lord Wellington had taken up a strong position upon the Coa; the Portuguese army had now been reorganized and disciplined; it was yet to be seen whether, in the hour of trial, they would approve themselves good troops; no person who knew the people or their history could doubt it,—but it was boldly denied in England by those who knew neither; the thought of making soldiers of the Portuguese was ridiculed, and the expulsion of Lord Wellington, and the total subjugation of Portugal and Spain were predicted

with insolent exultation, as if the event were rather to be desired than deprecated. Lord Wellington contemplated the danger with a wiser and braver mind. The names of Buonaparte and his redoubted generals did not act as spells upon him; he knew that when French and English are brought to the proof, the Englishman is the braver animal; the bayonet is the test of that bravery, and the English have never shrunk from it. But even with all the efforts which had been made in raising and disciplining the Portuguese, he had not force enough to undertake offensive operations, and, painful as it might be, was compelled to content himself with the defence of Portugal. From the beginning of the contest, he had seen where was the vantage ground, and immediately after the issue of the Talavera campaign, gave orders for forming the famous lines of Torres Vedras, for the protection of Lisbon. The works were carried on with remarkable secrecy; they even escaped the notice of the English news-papers; and the enemy, with all their skill in obtaining information, had not the slightest suspicion that Lord Wellington, while he watched their movements, ready to seize every occasion of impeding them, had an impregnable line of defence upon which to fall back. Ciudad Rodrigo held out gallantly: the trenches were opened on the 15th June, and though the works were old and imperfect, and the place hardly to be ranked in the third order of fortresses, Massena is believed to have lost 9000 men before it surrendered on the 10th July. Almeida was his next object; the place was well provided; there was a sufficient garrison, an English governor, and Lord Wellington at hand, to take advantage of any opportunity in their favour; but on the second day the powder magazine blew up, and Almeida was no longer tenable. Throughout the whole of Lord Wellington's career in the peninsula, the accidents of war have been uniformly against him; nothing, therefore, is to be detracted from his merits and carried to the score of fortune.

Massena's army consisted of 68,600 men, in three corps, under Regnier, Ney, and Junot; besides which, he had one division of 7000 men at Benevente, and another of 8000 at Astorga. In full expectation of seeing the English fly before him, and perhaps of receiving the crown of Portugal for his reward, he ordered his army to provide itself with food for seventeen days, expecting, that, in that time, Lisbon would be their own. This confidence was so strong, that when he perceived the English army had taken post upon the Serra de Busaco, as if they meant to oppose him there, he said to one of his generals, 'I cannot persuade myself that Lord Wellington will risk the loss of his reputation; but if he does, *I have him*; to-morrow we shall complete the conquest of Portugal, and in a few days more I shall drown the Leopard.' The boaster was woefully undeceived; he left nearly 5000 men killed or wounded upon the mountains, and he took away as many more disabled, whom he left at Coimbra. By an accident, or mistake of counter-orders, Colonel Trant was prevented from occupying in time a circuitous and difficult road, by which Massena, after his defeat, turned the left of the British position. The error was well redeemed, by the manner in which he entered Coimbra immediately after Massena left it, captured his wounded and his hospital stores, and cut him off from all supplies in that direction. The allied army, meantime, retreated before the enemy by easy marches, and in perfect order: instead of spreading panic by the rapidity of their march, their steadiness and admirable discipline inspired the peasantry with courage; under their protection, the Portuguese removed their property, destroyed their mills, broke up the bridges, and laid the country waste. In this manner Lord Wellington retired within the lines of Torres Vedras. These

works extended from the sea to the Tagus, at a point where the Tagus, being about twelve miles wide, protected them as efficiently as the sea itself: Massena reconnoitred them; he had promised to drive the English into the sea, but he thought it necessary now to solicit reinforcements from Buonaparte before he ventured to make the attempt.

It was easy for Buonaparte to order any force upon this service; but the difficulty was to support those who were already there. When Pombal was once threatened, that the French and Spaniards would march 60,000 men into Portugal, he replied with a smile, 'Portugal is a small country; there is not room for them.' With the sea open, Lisbon could be supplied with succours from England, and with food from all parts of the world: but Massena had behind him an armed population; (and no country under heaven can shew a braver or more patriotic people;) Spain was in no state to supply him with food; and his convoys and reinforcements from France had to traverse that country, a distance not less than 600 miles, before they could reach the frontier, with guerrilla parties harassing them the whole way. Famine must soon have driven him out of Portugal, if the orders of Lord Wellington and the Portuguese government for removing all provisions, had been duly executed; the usual supineness of the local authorities had neglected to enforce this most necessary measure, and individuals listened rather to their own hopes and fears than to the voice which it was their duty to obey. A great quantity of private stores, therefore, was found by the enemy. But though Massena displayed the talents of a consummate general in the field, he, like all the generals of Buonaparte's school, had been taught to rely upon the resources of predatory war; and as they acted like robbers in all other respects, so had they all the characteristic improvidence of banditti. Instead of collecting the provisions in magazines, Massena gave notice that the soldiers were to provide themselves for two months, a licence of general plunder, which produced all the waste and havoc that might be expected from it. No army could be in better order for actual service; but when they were not on duty, the state of insubordination and indiscipline was such as shocked even those of their own officers, who remembered better times. The number of deserters was so great, that they formed themselves into a little army, which they organized into regular companies, and called the eleventh corps, electing general, officers, and sabalterns. It consisted of more than 1600 men, who frequently attacked the foraging parties of the French, and made the prisoners join them. They occupied the country about Caldas and Alcobaca, in full sovereignty, as an established army of avowed professional robbers; and Massena at last found it necessary to send two divisions against them; they fought desperately; but at length, being surrounded and overpowered, they laid down their arms; the leaders were then shot. The men were again incorporated in their regiments, not being the less fit for the service in which they were employed. One of the favourite sports of Massena's soldiers was to go hunting for women, whom they sold to their officers, or to the best bidder.

The French, while they waited for reinforcements, had taken up a position at Santarem, which Lord Wellington did not think it advisable to attack. He could only have forced it at a heavy expense of men; and he was not like Buonaparte, a general, as Kleber called him, who spent at the rate of 10,000 men a week. Both parties were now looking for reinforcements; but Massena, who knew that he could not much longer feed the force which he already had, placed his chief reliance upon the advance of a French army into Alentejo.

This also Lord Wellington had foreseen, and guarded against by preparing lines from the Tagus to Setubal, securing thus the heights of Almada, from which Lisbon might be bombarded. It is said that the jealousy between the French generals which frequently discovered itself in Spain, was manifested on this occasion, and that Soult, who had been disappointed in his hopes of winning the kingdom of Portugal for himself, was not very willing to assist Massena in obtaining it; for which reason he ordered Mortier to form the siege of Badajoz, instead of sending him immediately into Alentejo. But the imputation seems groundless; for it is not likely that Mortier would have advanced, leaving two such garrisons as those of Elvas and Badajoz in his rear. That General's movements were but too successful. Romana's army, which had joined Lord Wellington, and, after the death of its leader, had been detached for the relief of Badajoz, under his successor Mendizabal, was surprised and almost destroyed, and the city itself scandalously given up by its governor, at a moment when he had received intelligence from Lord Wellington that Massena had begun his retreat, and that he might rely upon speedy relief. Dearly did the British and Portuguese pay for this man's cowardice or treason.

Massena had remained till the latest moment in his position. There was a church opposite his own quarters in Santarem, in which a number of children, whose parents had been murdered by the French, had got together, as if seeking that compassion from God which they had no hope of finding from man. Many of them had literally died with hunger under Massena's eyes; and when the English entered the town immediately upon his retreat, they found the floor of the church strewn with the dead or living skeletons of these poor innocents. The first thought of the British soldiers was to give them their own rations, but most of them were too far gone, and expired with the bread beside them, which British humanity had held to their lips. If, among the generals of Buonaparte, there be one man who will be remembered with more peculiar infamy than his colleagues, it is Marshal Massena, for his conduct in this retreat: it was marked by the most wanton destruction, and the most systematic cruelty,—by a 'barbarity,' says Lord Wellington, 'seldom equalled, and never surpassed.' Lieut. Colonel Jones, speaking of the ability with which he conducted his retreat, adds these memorable words, which we transcribe with pride, as speaking the true feelings of a British officer:—'Having paid the tribute of praise, which is due to Marshal Massena as a general, it is but proper to notice his conduct as a man, and to endeavour to hold him up to the execration of his fellow-beings, by stating, as an eye-witness, that the inhuman cruelties which marked every step of his retreat, rank him as one of the greatest monsters that ever disgraced the human form. The church and convent at Alcobaca, the value of which may be expressed to an English reader, by saying, that they were to the Portuguese what Westminster Abbey and the Bodleian are to the history and literature of England, were burnt by orders from the French head-quarters. As much injury, as time allowed them to commit, was done to Batalha, the most beautiful Gothic structure, not in Portugal alone, but in Europe: the royal tombs were broke open, and among the bodies which were taken out to be torn in pieces for the mockery of these ruffians, was that of Prince Henry, whose name has ever been pronounced with veneration by all enlightened nations, as the first patron of maritime discovery. But the cruelties which were perpetrated cannot, and ought not to be described. Suffice it to say, that upon an official inquiry, it was ascertained, that in the diocese of Coimbra alone, 2969 persons, consisting of men, women, and children, were

murdered on the retreat, and every one with some circumstance of aggravated barbarity! Never before had such cruelties been committed in civilized ages, and by people calling themselves civilized; they have left an indelible stain upon the national character; and the name of Frenchman is become more odious and more infamous in Portugal than even that of Jew has been; with this difference, too, that the infamy having been well deserved, and the hatred well founded, they will both endure when all prejudices shall have passed away.

The retreat was conducted with great military skill, but not without some blunders. It was known at the time, that Ney and Massena had quarrelled, but the cause of the dispute was not known. It arose from some reproaches which the commander in chief made to Ney for the slowness of his column, which the latter attributed to the quantity of carts and animals laden with plunder, collected as they went along. In consequence of these reproaches, when they reached the Foz d'Aronce, Ney ordered a guard to take possession of the bridge, seize all the plunder, and burn it; and the execution was begun upon Massena's own share, who did not venture to countermand the order, however bitterly he resented it. Shortly afterwards, he deprived Ney of his command, which was given to Loison. Having reached the frontiers, the French were safe from further pursuit. Lord Wellington, whose means were greatly inadequate to the demand upon them, leaving his army, hastened to the Guadiana, to see if Badajoz could be recovered. Had the British army been provided with a due proportion of sappers, miners, and pontooneers, with the requisite materials of such an establishment, that important city might have been easily recaptured, before the French could have repaired the breaches which they had made, or filled up their own trenches. But we had not even a corps of sappers in our service; and men had to learn the first operations of the most difficult and dangerous branch of the military art, under the fire of an enemy who had made it their particular study. From the Guadiana Lord Wellington was recalled to the Coa; Massena had been allowed to make one effort more to re-establish his claim to the boasted appellation of the Child of Victory which Buonaparte had given him; his troops had been re-equipped, and strongly reinforced; and in the beginning of May he attacked the allied army, in hopes of relieving Almeida from its blockade. The chief scene of this memorable action was at the village of Fuentes d'Onoro. The French were defeated here, as they were in every general action during the whole war: Almeida was evacuated, and Massena was on this removed from the command, Marshal Marmont being appointed to succeed him.

After this victory, Lord Wellington hastened again to that part of his force which he had placed under Marshal Beresford's orders. He arrived too late to prevent the battle of Albuhera; and renewed the siege of Badajoz, which that battle had interrupted. While this was pursued with miserably inadequate means, and with a heavy loss of men, Soult and Marmont formed a junction, to relieve the garrison. The British general could not afford to win such victories as Albuhera; he therefore raised the siege, recrossed the Guadiana, and taking up a position within the Portuguese frontier, defied their collected force, which he knew could not long be kept together. While Lord Wellington, acting upon this confidence, baffled, with consummate skill, the efforts of an enemy greatly superior in numbers, he was secretly preparing to besiege Ciudad Rodrigo. The first business was to restore the works at Almeida, so as to make it a secure place of deposit for his artillery and stores. There was a possibility that the place might be reduced by blockade; for standing in a

hostile country, sixty miles from the nearest French cantonments, supplies could not be thrown in without an escort at least equal in number to the blockading force; but it was not easy for the French to keep together so large an army when they had no magazines. With these views, as soon as Marmont and Soult had separated for want of supplies, Lord Wellington again returned to the Ageda, and, by the middle of September, Ciudad Rodrigo was so much distressed, that Marmont, with between 60 and 70,000 men, was compelled to come to its relief. The allies retired behind the Coa, and the French papers boasted that they would have been driven to the lines of Lisbon, if the moment had been come which was fixed for that catastrophe! When that moment should arrive, Marmont was to be joined by the army of the south, of whose unbroken force he boasted. Lord Wellington had his eye upon that force; and General Hill, being detached against a division of 5000 men under General Girard who occupied the country about Caceres, surprised them completely, killed above 600, and took above 1400 prisoners, with the whole of their artillery, baggage, stores, &c. This was the first act of enterprise that the British had attempted. While the French were astonished at the change of system in their enemies, General Hill continued to alarm them by repeated incursions; and Lord Wellington, taking advantage of a moment when Marmont had detached part of his troops to assist Suchet in the conquest of Valencia, brought up his battering train against Ciudad Rodrigo, invested it on the 8th January, and carried it by storm on the 19th, four days before Marmont collected an army at Salamanca to march to its relief. As soon as the place was again rendered tenable, he delivered it to the Spaniards, appeared suddenly before Badajoz, invested it once more on the 16th March, and in twenty days was master also of that strong fortress. Both places were purchased at a heavy expence of life; for owing to the deficiency of our military establishment in these important branches, that was accomplished by courage which ought to have been effected by art. But they were both points of the greatest importance; and admirable indeed was the skill by which a general, with less than 50,000 men, was enabled thus to take two fortresses of such magnitude, in spite of two French armies amounting to more than fourscore thousand men. The tide of fortune had turned; Buonaparte was at this time preparing for a war in Russia; another breathing time was given to Spain; and England now began to feel her own strength, and to glory in her army and her general.

The Spaniards were now so sensible of Lord Wellington's services that they created him Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and named him commander-in-chief of their armies. But this appointment added little to his actual means. The character of the Spaniards, such as it appears in history, had been strikingly exemplified during this war; nothing could subdue the spirit of the people, nothing could teach wisdom to their rulers. The Cortes, from which so much had been hoped, wasted their time in metaphysical discussions, and in making a constitution after the fashion of the French philosophy; they removed many grievances and they abolished that accursed tribunal which never should be mentioned without execration; but unfortunately they committed acts of great injustice against the clergy and the nobles, and most impolitically offended all the deepest prejudices of the nation. Little or nothing was done to improve their armies; and Lord Wellington had only his own troops and the Portuguese to rely upon, the latter indeed fully equal to any service which might be required from them, but both too few in number for the great opportunity which was presented. It was, however, possible that some striking exploit might

rouse the government, and give the people an opportunity of again displaying themselves as they had done at the commencement of the struggle. The first object was to impede the communication between Soult and Marmont, now carried on by a bridge of boats established in place of the fine bridge at Almaraz. This was defended by formidable works on both sides the river. General Hill, with his usual ability, surprised and destroyed them in May, and in June Lord Wellington advanced from the Agueda to Salamanca, took the forts which the French had constructed at that city, making 800 prisoners, and pursued Marmont to the Douro. Marmont concentrated his force on the right bank between Pollos and Tordesillas, having possession of all the bridges, and here he was joined by Bonnet's army from Asturias, giving him a considerable superiority over Lord Wellington, who then found it necessary to retreat. It was an awful sight to behold two great armies in an open and level country moving in parallel lines, in full march, and frequently within half-cannon shot of each other, each waiting for some favourable moment in which the antagonist might be found at fault. The weather was at this time so sultry that, on one occasion, when the French prest upon our rear and were driven out of a village by the bayonet, some of our men fainted with heat. On the 21st July the whole of the allied forces was assembled on the Tormes; the evening was overcast, and a thunder-storm began as the enemy took up their position;—the whole sky was kindled with almost continuous lightnings, and in spite of heavy rain the enemy's fires were seen along their line. The two armies were now drawn up near Salamanca on opposite rising grounds, the French having their left and the allies their right, each upon one of two remarkable rocky points called the two Arapiles. Here the French general, who, confiding in his superior numbers, was determined to bring the allies to action, extended his left, in order to turn the right of their position, and interpose between them and Ciudad Rodrigo. Lord Wellington was at dinner when he was informed of this movement: he saw at once the advantage which had been given; he rose in such haste as to overturn the table, exclaimed that 'Marmont's good genius had forsaken him,' and in an instant was on horseback, issuing those orders which won the battle of Salamanca. He attacked the French immediately where they had thus weakened themselves, and overthrew their whole army from their left to their right, taking 7000 prisoners, eleven guns and two eagles. Marmont lost an arm in the action, and nothing but the coming on of night saved his army from total destruction. This was the most severe defeat which they had yet sustained, and the most humiliating. Hitherto we had been satisfied with repelling their attacks and remaining masters of the field of battle; Lord Wellington now drove them before him: he followed them to Valladolid, then leaving the pursuit, recrossed the Douro and moved upon the capital. The intruder took flight for the second time from that city, and 1700 men who were left in the Retiro surrendered to the British arms.

This was a bold movement: the allied army did not exceed 50,000 men, and the enemy had armies on all sides amounting to more than thrice that number. Against these there was to be taken into the account, a hostile population, whom it was every where necessary to keep down by force; and numerous bodies of guerrillas, who waged upon the invaders a consuming and disheartening war. Something Lord Wellington calculated upon a Spanish army in the south under Ballasteros, a man of admirable activity and courage: and he relied still more upon a diversion in Catalonia, where a British army from Sicily was to land to co-operate with the Catalans whom Great Britain had too long

suffered to struggle without support; they, of all the Spaniards, having made the greatest efforts, and received the least assistance. But Ballasteros carried with him through all stages of his military progress the habits of insubordination which he had learnt as a smuggler; and being instigated by some of those persons who were blindly and obstinately jealous of the British influence in Spain, he refused to obey Lord Wellington's orders at the most critical moment, saying, he should not think himself worthy to be called an Arragonese if he could thus consent to tarnish the honour of the Spanish army. The Regency immediately removed him from the command, and sent him into exile; but the evil was done; and Soult, who, in consequence of the advance upon Madrid, had broken up the long protracted siege of Cadiz, abandoned Seville, and evacuated the whole of Andalusia, was thus enabled to make his retreat unmolested, and prepare with a formidable force to act against Lord Wellington. The hopes of co-operation from the Sicilian army were not less cruelly disappointed; that army was not strong enough to land in Catalonia, it proceeded therefore to Alicante, and thereby enabling the Spanish army in that quarter again to come forward, prevented Suchet from moving upon Madrid; this was as much as so weak a force could do, but much more was required at such a crisis. There was yet another point to which Lord Wellington might look for support: the resources of Galicia had never been called forth since the French were driven out in 1809; it was said that an army of 25,000 men was ready to act with him from thence, and able to make a stand if they were put in possession of Burgos. Marmont's army, now refitted under General Clausel, and amounting to 25,000 men, was advancing in this direction, and Lord Wellington judged it best to march against this part of the enemy's force, and obtain possession of Burgos, leaving half his army under Sir Rowland Hill, to observe the movements of Soult from the south.

The castle of Burgos is an old building which the French had fitted for defence. These irregular fortifications are sometimes far stronger than they appear, and besieging armies have often suffered for estimating them too cheaply. Lord Wellington invested it on the 19th September; three eighteen-pounders and five twenty-four-pounder iron-howitzers were the whole of his artillery; but after what had been done at Rodrigo and at Badajoz it was supposed that nothing could resist the assault of British soldiers. There are situations in which no courage, however enterprising and desperate, can compensate for the want of science; the siege was undertaken almost without means of any kind, and the men, after failing in their first attempt, lost heart; they saw that the proper means were wanting, and that they were opposing bayonets and flesh and blood against artillery and stone walls. Ammunition also failed, and it was necessary to wait for a supply from St. Andero: thus operations were protracted till Soult, with a superior force, began to threaten Sir Rowland Hill, and Clausel, having been strongly reinforced, was able to act on the offensive. The siege was then raised, after nearly five weeks perseverance and the loss of 2000 men. It was necessary also to retire from Madrid. Sir Rowland Hill fell back and joined Lord Wellington on the retreat, and the French armies, to the amount of 80,000 foot and 10,000 horse, formed their junction also in pursuit, upon the Tormes; the allies not exceeding 50,000, of which 9000 were cavalry. If a victory had been gained against such odds, it could not have been pursued; the retreat was therefore continued to Ciudad Rodrigo, and the campaign of 1812 was thus closed. As far as the commanders were concerned, the retreat was made with excellent skill. "None," said Lord Wellington, "was ever

known in which the troops made such short marches; none on which they made such long and repeated halts; none in which the retreating armies were so little pressed on their rear by the enemy. The army met with no disaster, it suffered no privations but such as might have been prevented by due care on the part of the officers, and no hardships but what unavoidably arose from the inclemency of the weather." "For my part," said Marquis Wellesley, speaking in parliament with becoming pride of his brother's conduct,—“for my part, were I called on to give my impartial testimony of the merits of your great general, I confess before heaven, I would not select his victories, brilliant as they are:—I would go to the moments when difficulties prest on him,—when he had but the choice of extremities,—when he was overhung by superior strength! It is to his retreats that I would go for the proudest and most undoubted evidence of his ability!” But though this praise (and it is the highest which a general can acquire) was perfectly deserved, the ill effects of the repulse at Burgos were lamentably apparent in the retreat, and the soldiers became so insubordinate as to call forth a severe reprehension from the commander.

Mortifying as it was thus to have retreated, and deeply painful as it was to retire from Madrid where the people had welcomed their deliverers with such enthusiastic joy, yet the campaign was productive of the most beneficial consequences. The only two fortresses which enabled the enemy to threaten Portugal had been wrested from him, a number of his troops nearly equal to that of the whole allied army had been destroyed, and the whole south of Spain delivered. The honours and rewards which Lord Wellington had so well deserved were now decreed him by his grateful country. The restrictions upon the Regency having expired, the first use which the Prince Regent made of his new power was to create him a marquis of the united kingdom, and parliament unanimously voted a grant of £100,000 to purchase lands and enable him to support the dignity of the peerage. In Portugal he had already been made Count of Vimeiro and Marquis of Torres Vedras, and now by a remarkable coincidence, the Prince of Brazil conferred upon him the additional title of Duke of Vittoria. The winter and early spring were spent in preparing for a campaign which might complete the great work of delivering the Peninsula: for this purpose Marquis Wellington went to Cadiz to communicate in person with the Spanish government, and the armies of that country were at length brought into a better state of discipline. In England also it was at last acknowledged that the best economy in war is to spare no expense in doing the work speedily. Buonaparte had been driven from Russia; and never had any army been overtaken with such tremendous vengeance as that which in his wanton and blind ambition he had led to Moscow. Prussia had seized the opportunity to throw off his yoke; his whole force was now required for the struggle in Germany;—and the British government, which in the worst times had bravely and wisely persisted in the arduous struggle, made full use of the favourable opportunity.

Notwithstanding Soult with a considerable body of troops had been called to Germany, there were still above 150,000 French in Spain; but of these a great number were dispersed in garrisons, and Catalonia and Valencia required a large proportion. A force, however, of 70,000 was collected to oppose the allies; it consisted of the whole armies of the south and centre, with some divisions of the army of the north, and of the army of Portugal, whose name was still retained after their complete expulsion from that country. The puppet King Joseph was at their head, thinking it prudent to leave Madrid before

he should be driven from it, that his last retreat might be more decorous than the former; and Marshal Jourdan had the command. Their head-quarters were in Valladolid when Marquis Wellington, toward the latter end of May, took the field with 80,000 men. The enemy retired from the Tormes as he advanced; and he moved up the right bank of the Duero, crossed the Esla, and took their line of defence along the Duero completely in reverse; they therefore necessarily retreated, and our cavalry, acting to advantage in the flat country, kept them so in check and cramped their movements so as to prevent a single reconnoissance on their part, to discover the numbers, routes, or intentions of the British army. Burgos, which had opposed so formidable a resistance the preceding year, was abandoned and blown up: and our great commander, pursuing the same system, amused the enemy upon their main front, while three or four divisions, hastening forward by lateral roads on their flank, crossed the Ebro also, before they could take possession of its almost impregnable positions. These successes, which would have been considered as an ample reward for two or three general actions, were obtained by the skill of the general with scarcely the loss of a single life. The French, being deprived, by these admirable movements, of the advantage which they might have derived from these rivers, and the strength of the country about the Ebro, drew up for battle upon the river Zadora, near Vittoria; the high road to that city being in their centre, their left extended across the mountains to La Puebla de Arlanzon, and the right of their centre rested on a strong circular hill, which they covered with infantry, and with several brigades of guns, to defend the passage of the river. The position, though in other respects well chosen, was liable to be taken in flank, and Marquis Wellington saw at a glance where its weakness lay. He began the action on the right, where the Spaniards under General Murillo attacked the heights of La Puebla with great gallantry: their leader was wounded, but remained in the field; the French made great efforts to retain this ground, which they had neglected to occupy in sufficient strength, and here the stress of the battle lay, reinforcements coming from both sides; but Sir Rowland Hill remained at last in possession of this important point, and being enabled to pass the river, and a defile which it formed, carried the village of Sabijana de Alara in front of the enemy's position. This being lost, when the French perceived the centre of the allied army advancing to attack the hill above the Zadora, while Sir Rowland attacked their centre on the other side, they began to retire toward Vittoria in good order; meantime Sir Thomas Graham, with the left, cut off their retreat on the road to Bayonne. The contest was now carried close to the walls of Vittoria, and was soon terminated. As an officer, who bore a part in this day's glorious work, well expressed it, 'the French were beaten before the town, and in the town, and through the town, and out of the town, and behind the town, and all round about the town.' Every where they were attacked, and every where put to utter rout. They themselves had in many actions made greater slaughter of a Spanish army, but never in any instance had reduced even an army of raw volunteers to such a state of total wreck,—stores, baggage, artillery, every thing was abandoned,—one gun and one howitzer only were they able to carry off, and even that gun was taken before it could reach Pamplona.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL LETTERS
WRITTEN BY OFFICERS DURING THE SEVERAL CAMPAIGNS
IN PORTUGAL AND SPAIN,

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE CAMPAIGNS.

The following Collection of Letters will be duly valued by our Readers, as being so many original coteremporaneous documents, written at the time, and on the spot, of the several Campaigns. They are arranged in distinct packets according as they belong to different Campaigns. Thus the first Packet is entitled,—LETTERS DURING THE CAMPAIGN OF 1808; and as the value of this kind of document depends upon its authenticity, at the end of every Packet is added the name of the officer by whom the Letters were written. And where the whole of the Letters are not by one Writer, but are intermixed, the intermixed letters are signed with the name of the Writer.

LETTERS DURING THE CAMPAIGN IN SPAIN IN 1809.

(Continued from our last.)

LETTER V.

Advance of the British into Spain—The Guards reach to Castel Branco, through Abrantes, Cortigado Sobriera Formosa, and Sazedas.

Castel Branco, 2d July, 1809.

THE situation of the enemy having been perfectly ascertained by intelligence from General Cuesta, Sir Arthur Wellesley advanced with the army from Abrantes on the 28th of June, in several divisions, and by different routes; the country through which the line of march lay, being unfavourable to the movements of large bodies, from the difficulty of procuring supplies.

The 2d division, under the orders of Major-General Hill, and the German legion, on successive days with the artillery, marched along the south bank of the Tagus, which they crossed at Villa Velha, by a bridge of boats. Brigadier-General A. Campbell's route was on the north side, and the march of the guards and General Cameron's brigade, forming part of Lieutenant-General Sherbrooke's division, was on the direct road to the frontier by which Junot entered the kingdom, and experienced such difficulties as obliged him to destroy a great number of his guns.

After a pleasant halt of a fortnight, the guards marched from Punhete on the 27th of June, and reached Abrantes, two leagues distant, by 9 o'clock.—Latter part of the road extremely hilly.—the 3d regiment was quartered in the convent of *Religieuses of St. Clare.*

At half-past 1 on the following morning the generale beat, and by 3 the column was formed on the road leading to Castel Branco. At 9 the troops halted and butted in a wood of pines near the village of St. Domingo.

June the 29th the troops advanced at the same early hour as on the preceding day: and about 4 halted in the little town of Cortigada. This day's march was six leagues, the road very hilly, and the troops in consequence were much fatigued. About 2 o'clock a tremendous thunder storm came on, accompanied with lightning and heavy rain. The Coldstream and General Cameron's brigade halted at Cardagos, seven miles in the rear.

June the 30th, at half-past 4 A. M. the 3d regiment marched, and about 8 o'clock reached the miserable village of Sobriera Formosa, 2 leagues; where being joined by the Coldstream, at 11 the column advanced to Sazedas, 4 leagues beyond. At 1 the troops defiled through the strong pass of Montegordo,

defended by several redoubts, and a Portuguese battalion; and soon after crossed the river Alvito, knee-deep. At 5 P. M. halted and went into very indifferent quarters. The town was completely deserted by the inhabitants, who had fled to the mountains with all their effects, by orders of the government, on the French making their appearance at Alcantara. Next day the brigade moved out of the town to the side of an adjoining hill, and constructed huts. At 2 this morning the guards were again on march, and arrived at Castel Branco, 3 leagues, about 11 o'clock. The troops were huddled a mile beyond the city. The country around Castel Branco is fertile, and abounds in cattle.

In general the roads of Portugal are in very bad order, and the distances between towns computed in an arbitrary manner, as the league varies in length from 3 to 7 miles.—The patriotic cares of the Marquis de Pombal for the improvement of his native country, had suggested the necessity of good roads throughout the kingdom; but since that minister's decease none of his many excellent plans have been adopted.

The reports current here are, that the French have concentrated their forces at Talavera, to the amount of 45,000 men, of which number Joseph Bounaparte had brought 6,000 from Madrid, after pillaging the city.

LETTER VI.

The British enter Spain at Zarza Major, and arrive at Placentia, where the whole of the army is concentrated.

Placentia, 16th July, 1809.

At half-past 1 on the morning of the 3d instant. Lieutenant-General Sherbrooke's division was in motion on the road to the frontier, and about noon halted at Lodiero, a village consisting of a few houses, 4 leagues distant from Castel Branco—the road very good.—On the march the column forded the Ponsul, where Junot lost 200 men, it being much swollen at the time of his advance into Portugal.

July the 4th. To Zibiera 3 short leagues. The troops contrived to bivouac at the end of each day's march, and were particularly fortunate in having fine weather throughout.

July the 5th, at half-past 2 A. M. the column was in motion, and after a march of 2 leagues passed the frontier town of Salvatierra situated on an eminence. Soon after, fording the small river Elja, which here forms the boundary of the two kingdoms, the division entered the Spanish territory, and proceeding over an uncultivated plain, arrived at Zarza Major, 3 miles from the river, about 10 o'clock. The troops went into the huts which had been constructed by Major-General Mackenzie's division, a league beyond the town: here they halted until the morning of the 7th, when the division moved forward about 2 o'clock. This day's march was through a delightful country, part of an ancient royal forest. At 10 halted and huddled within a mile of the town of Montalegre, situated on the banks of the Allagon, over which there is a good bridge of 7 arches. This little place had an appearance of cleanliness superior to what was usually seen in the villages of Portugal; it had once been fortified, but the works were now in a ruinous state.

July the 8th. At 1 this morning the column advanced, and about 8 o'clock passed through Coria, a town of some note, and huddled for the night in a wood, about a mile beyond. A column of dust on the road to Placentia, marked the rout of General Hill's division.—Coria stands in an elevated situation, and about a quarter of a mile distant runs the Allagon, which an earthquake had caused

to desert its former channel, so that a handsome bridge of 5 arches is now rendered useless. At the entrance of the town is a monastery of Franciscans, whose personal appearance certainly bespoke the poverty of their order.

July the 9th. An hour after midnight the generale beat, and the column, left in front, passed under an arch of the bridge, and proceeded on the road to Placentia. At noon the troops forded the Allagon, which was attended with some delay, as the river runs broad and deep. About 1 halted and huddled on the side of a hill facing the town of Galisteo at the distance of a mile on the south bank of the Xerte. The division remained on this ground the two following days. On the 10th a report reached the camp of the Spanish army, commanded by General Blake, having been defeated by Suchet. Sir Arthur Wellesley had gone from Placentia, accompanied by Colonel Murray, Qr-Mr.-General, to hold a conference with Cuesta, whose head-quarters are at Almaraz, on the Tagus; his advance under the Duke of Albuquerque at Arzobispo.

On the 12th of July the division marched to Placentia, 10 miles of good road. The peasantry in this district were employed in cutting down the corn.

The division after crossing the bridge over the Xerte, passed under the walls of the city to a wood about a league distant, and huddled. The whole of the infantry, except Major-General Mackenzie's division, which continued to form the advance, was assembled on this ground.

The city of Placentia has many remains of Moorish architecture, particularly the great church; it is completely walled round with circular towers at short distances, but unprovided with cannon, and the works are mouldering rapidly into decay. The streets are narrow, yet the houses are of a good stile, and have a pleasing air of cleanliness.

There are two bridges over the Xerte, one of seven handsome arches. Water is conveyed into the city by an aqueduct of very ancient construction.

A striking difference is already perceived betwixt the personal appearance and manners of the Portuguese and Spaniards, clearly in favour of the latter, who seem of a more manly character.

Provisions are tolerably plentiful, and vegetables in abundance. Indeed the district of Placentia is considered one of the most luxuriant in Spain. Wine is brought into the camp daily in great quantities, but of an inferior quality.—By a wise regulation the price of every article is settled by the Alcades, and affixed in the market place to prevent imposition.

Ice is procured from the mountains, at the foot of which the troops were encamped. Even at this advanced season their tops are covered with snow.

In a valley not far from the city, stands the celebrated Jeromite convent of St. Juste, into which Charles V. after alarming all Europe for upwards of a century, by the terror of his arms, retired with a few domestics to end his days in penitence and prayer.

This day the 1st battalion of the 48th regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Donelan, marched into camp in 18 days from Lisbon, leaving only four men sick on the road.

LETTER VII.

The British form a Junction with Cuesta's Army, and arrive at Talavera de la Reyna.—Position of the French, and Plan of the intended Attack.

Talavera de la Reyna, 22d July, 1809.

An hour before day-light, on the 17th of July, the British quitted Placentia, and after a march of two leagues, the infantry halted near Malpartida de

Placentia, on a plain, where was not a single bush to shelter the troops from the scorching heat of the sun. Water was very scarce and bad.

Brigadier General Fane, with the brigade of heavy cavalry, was advanced 2 leagues in front.

July the 18th, the army moved from their ground at half-past 3 in the morning, and in four hours reached the Tietar, which was crossed by a temporary bridge; the one of boats being rendered unserviceable by the Spanish peasantry, on the appearance of the French. At 2 P.M. the troops halted, and huddled close to the river. The commander of the forces, with his staff, passed the column to Mayadas, a small village about a mile beyond. General Cuesta's army crossed the Tagus this morning at Almaraz, according to the plan of operations concerted betwixt him and Sir Arthur Wellesley. And Sir Robert Wilson, whose corps had hitherto preceded the advance of the British, moved by a road to the left, after passing the Tietar.

A little wine was this day brought into camp by the peasantry, but nothing besides.

July the 19th, the army was again in motion before day-light, and proceeded until noon along the banks of the Tietar, in a line parallel with the march of the Spanish army. The heat of the sun had been extremely oppressive for these three days past. After a march of twelve hours, the troops halted in a beautiful wood, near the village of Centinello. It was generally understood, that the French out-posts were at the distance of only 3 leagues from the advance of the British under Major General Mackenzie, who, supported by General Fane's brigade of heavy cavalry, was about three miles in front of the main body.

By the latest information received of the enemy, it appeared that Victor had made the following disposition of his forces, amounting, according to report, to about 30,000 men.

His advanced guard of cavalry occupied the city of Talavera de la Reyna.

His right flanked by a rising ground, and secured by heavy artillery, rested upon the Alberche, which protected his front, the line being extended along the banks of that river to the Tagus, and eastward in the direction of Toledo; in the neighbourhood of which city, Venegas, who had been detached by Cuesta, with 18,000 men, was directed to arrive on the 24th instant.

The intended plan of attack was formed on this information.

General Cuesta's army supported by the British cavalry, was to force the bridge over the Alberche, and attack the left of the enemy whilst the British infantry forded the river in front, and endeavoured to turn his right.

Venegas, after gaining possession of Toledo, in which the enemy was supposed to have left a very inconsiderable force, was to pass the Tagus, and place himself betwixt Madrid and the rear of the French army, co-operating if possible, with Sir Robert Wilson, who had been for some days at Escalona, with the Lusitanian legion, consisting of 2000 infantry, 500 cavalry, and a few field pieces. Sir Robert had succeeded in opening a communication with the capital.

July the 20th, the army moved forward at 8 in the morning: and on leaving the wood, entered a long extensive plain, which reached to Oropesa, 6 leagues distant. About 4 o'clock the column halted a mile beyond the town, after a most fatiguing march. A strong piquet of French cavalry had been here on the preceding evening; and at their departure this morning, they plundered the town, and carried off all the bread and wine they could find.

In the course of this afternoon, Cuesta's advanced guard entered Oropesa, and the junction of the two armies was effected.

July the 21st, the generale beat at the usual early hour, but after the troops were under arms, the march was suspended to give time for the Spanish army to take a position in front of the British. About half-past 10 o'clock the army of Estremadura halted to refresh, at the distance of half a league, in number 35,000, including 7000 cavalry. The infantry appeared strong able bodied men, but deficient in discipline. They are the same troops who behaved so well at the battle of Medellin, on which occasion the conduct of the infantry was cool and resolute, and they positively turned the left wing of Victor's army; but the cavalry gave way when their services were most wanted.

At 4 in the afternoon the whole of the troops were drawn out, and General Cuesta, with his adjutant-general O'Donaghue, accompanied by Sir Arthur Wellesley and his staff, reviewed the British line.

The Spanish leader appeared an infirm old man, so much so that he is obliged to be lifted into his saddle; and as he cannot remain long at a time on horseback, an ancient family coach drawn by 6 mules, is in constant attendance.

General Cuesta is said to possess the entire confidence of his troops, and this may be the reason why he has been selected to command an army of patriots, which ought to have an officer of youth, vigour, and talent at its head. The Duke of Albuquerque who commands the cavalry, is esteemed an active officer, zealous in the cause of his country. Report speaks highly of the military talents of General O'Donaghue.

This morning the combined army was in motion before day-break, and advanced along the extensive plain toward Talavera. Few officers had ever previously seen so large a body acting as if by one impulse, and marching in one direction. It was in truth a sublime and magnificent spectacle, and the occasion was calculated to excite the most exalted ideas in a soldier's bosom.

About 6 o'clock a heavy cannonade commenced in front, and continued at intervals until 3 in the afternoon; a little before which the combined army *bivouaced* within a mile and a half of Talavera, whence the enemy was dislodged in the course of the morning, by the advance of the British and Spaniards. The French cavalry retreated over the Alberche closely pursued.

LETTER VIII

The Combined Army moves from the Wood of Olives, to the Banks of the Alberche.—Retreat of Marshal Victor.—British Out-posts at Caselegus.—The Spaniards occupy Santa Olalla.

Talavera de la Reyna, 26th July, 1809.

EXACTLY at 4 in the morning of the 23d instant, the several divisions of the army moved out of the wood in which they had reposed the preceding night, and were halted almost immediately afterwards. At 8 o'clock the troops again advanced, and about noon, arrived near the ruins of an old convent, within 2 miles of the Alberche, on the opposite bank of which the enemy was posted in force, when an order was given for the British to return to their former ground. This unexpected movement occasioned a variety of reports and surmises. By some it was said, that Sir Arthur Wellesley and Cuesta had disagreed, and the Spaniards were averse to engage on a Sunday; others asserted that the preparations of the latter, were not complete, and that he waited for ammunition: however, it was generally understood, that the position of the French was to be attacked on the following morning.

An hour after midnight, on the 24th of July, the army assembled without beat of drum, and advanced left in front, in silence and with the most perfect

regularity to the expected attack. About 6 the guards arrived within sight of the Alberche, when they perceived with surprise, that the enemy had abandoned his position, and was in full retreat. The commander of the forces, and Lieutenant General Sherbrooke had passed the Alberche with a considerable body of cavalry, and Major General Mackenzie's division of infantry, and hung on the rear of the enemy's retiring columns. The advance of the British halted at the village of Caselegas, 1 league beyond the Alberche. Cuesta pushed onward his out-posts, 2 leagues further to Santa Olalla, late the head-quarters of Marshal Victor.

After halting for orders until noon, during which interval, the officers crossed the rear to see the French huts, which were remarkable for their neatness and regularity; the troops returned to their former position, on the Wood of Olives. It was now a subject of general regret that the French had not been attacked on the preceding day, even without the co-operation of the Spaniards. Whatever was the real cause of this retrograde movement, the disappointment of the troops at not being led against the enemy, whom they had made so many harassing marches to come up with, was very apparent. An advance however, at the present moment, was doubtless rendered either unnecessary or impracticable from circumstances, which were known only to the commander of the forces. Indeed the difficulty of procuring supplies for so large an army might have proved an insuperable obstacle. So far hitherto, had success attended the movements of the allies, that the enemy found himself compelled to quit his position on the Alberche, which the appearance of Cuesta's force alone would never have effected.

In the course of this day, the conduct of the Spanish leader was very generally commented upon. He was considered a man of strict honour, and to possess an invincible hatred to the French; but his dilatory and half digested measures did not seem calculated to be of much service to his country.

Talavera de la Reyna is a large town with several handsome streets, but an air of desolation and ruin reigned throughout; many of the houses were deserted, and the appearance of the whole place presented a sad picture of the ravages of war, which seemed to have been in a peculiar manner inflicted on this devoted town. The French troops during their stay, had been guilty of the greatest excesses; a number of houses were completely destroyed, and the furniture burnt for fuel. In every quarter were to be seen marks of the devastation they had committed, which must have imprinted a lasting hatred in the minds of the unfortunate inhabitants. Even the satisfaction felt by those who remained in the town at being delivered from an enemy who had caused them so much misery and vexation, could not prevent an air of melancholy from appearing in their countenances on viewing the destruction of property, and the havoc made on all sides. The Plaza de Toros, where the bull-fights and other exhibitions were held, was now a scene of the greatest desolation. In contemplating the spot where the Spaniards enjoyed their national amusements, it was impossible not to feel regret at the sad change that had taken place.

The cathedral, a handsome modern building, remained uninjured; the French being contented with carrying off the splendid ornaments used in their ceremonies of religion. A very fine altar-piece by Murillo, excited universal admiration. In the church of St. Antonio, the enemy destroyed every thing, and converted it into a barrack for infantry.

(To be continued.)

Original Narrative OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

(Continued from our last.)

THE Prince of Orange, whose station was in the left wing, was wounded there at the head of his troops.

Notwithstanding these exertions, the line of the English was within a little of being broken. If we may give credit to witnesses worthy of belief: it is even asserted that the greatest disorder prevailed for a considerable time in their rear, and that they caused their baggage to retreat with precipitation in the direction of Brussels in great confusion, and amidst a general alarm.

However this may be, it is not therefore less certain that they repulsed all our attacks with unsurmountable firmness, and that they were able to render them ineffectual, concealing from our observation the disturbance and alarm which attacks so furious, so often obstinately repeated, could not fail to inspire.

At the same time that they began to be agitated with astonishment and terror, the French army was equally struck with hesitation, and the liveliest inquietude. Some dismounted batteries were put in retreat, great numbers of the wounded forsook the columns, and spread the greatest uncertainty for the event of the battle; the acclamations and joyful shouts of soldiers, certain of marching to victory, were followed by a profound silence. All the troops, except the infantry of the guard, were seen in action, and exposed to the most murderous fire; the engagement prolonged itself with the same continued violence, and yet brought forward no result.

The hour of seven was near. Buonaparte, who till now had remained on the eminence where he had placed himself, and from which he had an excellent view of all which occurred, contemplated with a ferocious look the hideous spectacle of so frightful a butchery. The more obstacles increased, the greater appeared his obstinacy. He became impatient of these unforeseen difficulties, and far from fearing to push to extremities an army whose confidence in him was unbounded, he did not cease to send fresh troops, and to give orders to advance, to charge bayonets, to assault. Several times was it mentioned to him from different quarters, that the affair was unfortunate, that the troops appeared shaken; "Forward, forward," was his reply.

A general caused him to be informed, that he was unable to maintain his position which was annoyed by a battery; at the same time he inquired what he should do to withdraw himself from its murderous fire. "Seize it," he replied, and turned his back to the aid-de-camp.

A wounded English officer, who had been made prisoner, was brought before him. He made various enquiries of him, and amongst others, the force of the English army. The officer told him it was very nume-

rous, and that it had just received a reinforcement of sixty thousand men. "So much the better," said he "the more there are, the more we shall beat." He sent off several of his staff with dispatches, which he dictated to a secretary, and repeated several times in a distracted manner, "Let him not forget to mention every where that the victory is mine."

At length the instant was arrived, when, all his attempts having completely failed, it was announced to him, that some Prussian columns were debouching on our right flank, and threatened our rear. He would give no credit to these reports, and answered several times that they had made wrong observations, and that these pretended Prussians were only the corps of Grouchy. He even abused, and sent back in discontent, several of the aides-de-camp, who successively came to bring him this intelligence. "Away," said he; "you have been affrighted; approach without fear these debouching columns, and you will be convinced that they are Grouchy's."

After so positive an answer, several of them in confusion for their mistake, returned with confidence towards the Prussian advanced corps, and notwithstanding the warm fire which these directed against them, approached so near as to run the risk of being taken or killed. It was necessary therefore to yield to evidence, and it was besides impossible any longer to mistake the truth of what was stated, when these columns, fling off as they arrived, made a fierce attack on our right. Part of the sixth corps was sent to support this new shock, in expectation of the arrival of Marshal Grouchy's divisions, which were continually reckoned upon, the report was even spread in the army that they were already in line.

It results from the accounts, that part of Marshal Blucher's army, which after the battle of the 16th had carefully concentrated itself near Wavre, had carefully concealed its march from Marshal Grouchy; and that after being rejoined by the fourth Prussian corps under General Bulow, had with great expedition reapproached the English line to co-operate with the Duke of Wellington.

Marshal Grouchy had in fact pursued the Prussians closely in their retreat upon Wavre, and had in that place attacked the portion of their army which remained there. He was fighting, at the very time that we were also engaged, against some small corps, which he mistook for the whole of the Prussian army, over which he continued to gain signal advantages. These corps, however, being favoured by the difficulties of a mountainous country, opposed him with a resistance obstinate enough, if not to arrest his march, at least to retard it considerably. They thus succeeded in engaging him at a sufficient distance from the place where the business was really to be decided, and thus prevented his having any share in that decision.

For this reason he was of no assistance to us; and thus the English received a considerable reinforcement, whose intervention, which they knew well how to value, and which besides was foreseen, enabled them

not only to be fearless of our most vigorous attempts, but to resume against us the offensive, and shortly to overpower us. They therefore reassumed an entire confidence ; and calculating their dispositions from the favourable circumstances which presented themselves, they resisted with all their strength, and with an ardour incessantly renewed.

It is besides evident that this operation had been concerted between the two commanders in chief, and that the English defended their position with a steadiness so insuperable, only to give time to the Prussians for effecting this combined movement ; on which depended the success of the battle, the commencement of which they hourly expected.

Buonaparte, who in despite of all appeared to have no doubt concerning the speedy arrival of Marshal Grouchy, and who undoubtedly persuaded himself that he pressed closely on the Prussian army, judged with a determination which nothing could alter, that the moment for deciding the day was arrived. He accordingly formed a fourth column of attack composed almost entirely of the guard, and after sending off to every point instructions for supporting this movement on which the victory depended, directed it at the *pas de charge* on Mont St. Jean.

These veteran warriors attacked the summit with that intrepidity which might be expected from them. The whole army resumed its vigour, and the combat was rekindled along the whole line. The guard made successive charges, but was in all repulsed. Beneath the thunders of a dreadful artillery, which seemed to multiply, these invincible grenadiers perceived their ranks to thin under the shots ; they closed them with promptness, and with coolness ; they continued to march without dismay ; nothing withstood them but death or severe wounds ; but the hour of defeat was come. Enormous masses of infantry, supported by an immense cavalry, to which we had none to oppose, ours being totally cut to pieces, fell upon them with fury, and surrounding them on every side, summoned them to yield. They replied, " The guard does not yield, it dies." No quarter was then allowed ; they almost all fell, fighting with desperation, under the edge of the sabres, and the bayonets' points. This frightful massacre was continued while they resisted. But at length, oppressed with forces infinitely superior, and wearied besides with fronting in vain certain death, they abandoned their ranks, and fell back in disorder towards their first positions, undoubtedly with the purpose of rallying there.

While things were thus passing near the centre, the Prussian columns, which had arrived on our right, continued to advance, and ardently to press the few troops which were on that point. The loud roaring of the cannon and musquetry was now distinctly heard in the rear of our line, and gradually approached it. Our troops sustained the fight with all their power, but gradually lost ground. At length our right wing sensibly retrograded, and the Prussians, who were turning it, were on the point of debouching on the road, when a rumour was spread, that the guard had been repulsed, and that its battalions had been dispersed, reduced to a small number, and were retiring in precipitation. A general

alarm spread through the army, its ranks broke in every direction, and sought safety in the most speedy flight. Buonaparte in vain desperately collects for a last effort some battalions of the young and old guard, which had not yet been engaged, and conducts them against the enemy, who had already left his positions in a body. This feeble reserve, intimidated by what was passing around, and likewise overwhelmed by numbers, is speedily overthrown.

The army now, rushing like an overflowing torrent, spontaneously and at the same instant forsook its positions. The artillerymen abandoned their guns, the soldiers of the waggon-train cut the harness of their horses; infantry, cavalry, troops of every description, mingled and confused, now present only a mishapen mass, which nothing can retain, and which flies for its safety towards the road, and across the fields. A crowd of carriages, ranged along the sides of the road in a confused mass, encumber it so as to render it impassable. Yet the cry of *sauve qui peut* had not been raised. This general rout was the effect of an unanimous movement, the causes of which are unknown, and which it would be extremely difficult to assign, if it were not natural to attribute it to the observations which each soldier was able to make within himself of the perilous situation in which we were placed. In truth, the French soldier is never entirely passive, like almost all soldiers of other nations, but he observes, he reasons, and does not in any circumstance obey his commanders so blindly, as to neglect submitting their operations to his own judgment.

No point of direction had been fixed upon, and there was no longer any command which could be heard. The generals and other officers, lost in the crowd which dragged them along with it, were separated from their divisions. Not a single battalion existed, behind which we might rally; and since nothing had been previously thought of to enable us to make a regular retreat, how was it possible to prevent a rout so complete of which no person had even formed an idea, and which was hitherto unheard of in the French army, already assailed as it had been by so many disasters.

The guard, that immoveable phalanx, which in its heaviest catastrophes had always been the rallying point of the army, and had served as its rampart,—at length this guard, the terror of the enemy, was cut down, and fled dispersed with the multitude.

Each person saved himself at chance,—they drive, they hurry, endeavouring each to precede the one before him; groups, more or less numerous, are formed, and follow passively those at the head. Some are afraid to leave the road, and struggle to obtain a passage through the carriages that cover it; others on the contrary think it dangerous, and leave it to the right or the left, accordingly as reasons well or ill founded influence them. Every danger is exaggerated by terror, and the night, which soon comes upon them, although not very dark, contributes to augment the disorder.

The enemy, perceiving the confused flight of the army, instantly detached a large body of cavalry in pursuit. While some squadrons proceeding along the road fall suddenly on the *ambulances*, which had not time to be prepared for this assault, other formidable columns advance on our flanks. The carriages of the Buonaparte family, seized near the farm house in which he had lodged, become almost the first booty of the Prussians, together with a quantity of other baggage. All the cannon which had been formed into batteries, remaining on the ground where they had been used, as well as the caissons which belonged to them, fell at the same time into the enemy's hands. In less than half an hour all the *materiel* had vanished.

The English and Prussians having completely effected their junction, the two commanders, Wellington and Blucher, met at the farm of La Belle Alliance, and concerted the means of following up their good fortune. The English had materially suffered in the conflict. Their cavalry in particular, being exhausted with fatigue, would have found it difficult to have followed up the French with sufficient vivacity to prevent their rallying; but the Prussian cavalry being fresh hastened its advance, and pressed closely upon us, without allowing us a moment's relaxation.

The mass of fugitives, being thus urged, rapidly passed over the space of two leagues, which divides Genappe from the field of action, and arrived at that small town, most of them hoping that they should be able to halt there for the night. With the intent of opposing the enemy's progress, they hastened to accumulate carriages in the road, and to barricade the entrance of the principal street. Some pieces of artillery were formed into a battery, bivouacs were established in the town and its vicinity, and the soldiers dispersed themselves among the houses in search of food and lodging. But scarcely are these dispositions formed, when the enemy appears. A few cannon shot, fired at the cavalry as it came in view, spread a general consternation. The camp instantly breaks up, each individual takes to flight, and the tumultuous retreat is resumed with increased confusion and embarrassment.

During these movements, the fate of Buonaparte was unknown. Some asserted that he had fallen in the combat. When this intelligence was stated to a well known general officer, he replied in the words of Megret, after Charles the twelfth was killed at Frederickstadt, "*Thus ends the tragedy.*" It was stated by others, that after charging several times at the head of his guards, he was dismounted and taken prisoner. The same uncertainty prevailed as to the fate of Marshal Ney, of the Major-General, and of most of the principal Generals.

The former, who had under his particular command the first and second corps, had personally directed the different attacks at the centre; and had been constantly in the heat of the battle. It appears that to the very instant when it became certain that it was not Grouchy's corps which was advancing to the right, he had looked forward with hope for the event; but on perceiving that Buonaparte maintained against all evi-

dence that Grouchy was marching into line, and that he caused this false intelligence to be ostentatiously circulated throughout the ranks, he imputed to him the design of imposing on his troops, and of inspiring them with a confidence prejudicial to their security.

From that moment his views were changed, and he conducted himself with less calmness and confidence. Yet it must be observed, that no aspersions were cast on his conduct in the army, and his courage never was doubted. He only participated in the general uneasiness and discouragement which this circumstance now began to spread. We cannot, however, deny, that from the beginning of the campaign he displayed a profound discontent, which he did not sufficiently dissemble to prevent its attracting the notice of observers. Between him and Buonaparte there existed a misunderstanding, and a species of mutual distrust, difficult to define, but not therefore less apparent. There is likewise good reason to believe that he entertained some distrust of Marshal Grouchy, which in fact was participated in a more peculiar manner by Buonaparte himself. Such dissensions among the principal commanders must of necessity impede the progress, and disturb the joint effect of all their operations.

It was affirmed by a great number, that they had seen Buonaparte without attendants making his escape, in the midst of the crowd, and that they had recognised him perfectly by means of his grey great coat and horse. This last account was the just one. At the moment when the last battalions of the guard which he led were overthrown, driven along with them and surrounded by the enemy on all sides, Buonaparte threw himself into an orchard belonging to the farm of La Belle Alliance. In this place he was met by two officers of the guard, wandering like himself. Having made himself known to them, they conducted him, directing his steps across the parties of Prussians which were scattered over the field, but luckily for him most of them were busied in seizing the carriages and plundering them. Notwithstanding the darkness of the night, he was seen and recognised in many places, where his presence was noticed by the soldiers pointing at him, and saying to each other in a low voice, "*There goes the Emperor, there goes the Emperor.*" These words seemed to him a cry of alarm, and he instantly disappeared with as much speed as the arrangement of the multitude among which he was engaged permitted him. Where were then those loud acclamations which had always attended him, as soon as he appeared among his troops.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL MEMORIALS
OF THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE OF FREDERIC OF PRUSSIA.

(Continued from our last.)

Old Age, Infirmities, and Death of Frederic.—THE latter periods of the life and reign of Frederic present us with few anecdotes: in these he acquired more retired habits, but by no means relaxed in his occupations. He renounced music when he lost his teeth, and about the same time he abandoned poetry also. His old friends had dropped one by one from the stage of life: he found himself surrounded with recollections only, having scarcely any other society than that of a few adherents, on whom he had exhausted all his *bons mots*, and a few old officers, more interesting from the periods their aspect seemed to recal, than from their personal merit. I can except from this class only the princes of Brunswick, who were always received with warmth and affection; a certain number of generals, whose long and perilous services and noble actions recommended them; the Baron de Hertzberg, and the Marquis Luchisini. Frederic was sensible that his powers were on the decline, yet steadfast in the part he would play, he neglected no endeavours to conceal this truth from others.

It is said that when he was to appear before his troops, or the public in general, if he found himself the least feeble or pale, he never failed to put some rouge on his cheeks. If in conversation he felt any slowness or inactivity of mind, his right hand was, as if mechanically, conveyed to his waistcoat pocket, and returned, as if by accident, to his mouth; and while he seemed to do nothing more than wipe his lips, it in fact conveyed thither a lozenge composed of such materials as were calculated to animate his spirits, but which he carefully concealed from the notice of spectators. Though I left him two years previous to his death, I had discovered this contrivance, which M. de Launay had also discovered, and which has since been perceptible to other persons.

What is most remarkable in this last period of his life, and of the truth of which I am quite certain, is, that he was never known to waver or vary in any one of the principles he had constantly professed. The persons who assert that these at length became more religious, and that he manifested concern that they had not sooner assumed that form, have either lied or been themselves mistaken. The truth is, that Frederic, who had ever exercised a spirit of toleration, in this last period had done so without his accustomed sarcasms; that he conversed less frequently on religious subjects; and that he perceived the approach of death, and sustained its stroke with all the strength of mind and all the composure that might be expected. He directed his state affairs to the very last, and a few moments before his decease he insisted on signing a letter addressed to M. de Launay; but his sight and strength failing him, he did little more than blot the paper. M. de Hertzberg, an old and faithful servant, passed the night with him, and received his last sigh. It was

this minister who instantly sent news of the event to Prince Frederic-William, nephew and successor to the great man who had just expired. The new king was in the apartment of his uncle in a few minutes, and at about three in the morning, where he found M. de Hertzberg bathed in tears, in a fixed attitude over the dead body which but a few minutes before had been separated from a soul worthy of the regret and the admiration of future ages.

Frederic the Great, and his Family.—HAVING exhibited Frederic such as I have known him considered by himself, I will now give a faithful representation of what he was with respect to his relatives; a task that necessarily obliges me to describe what these relatives were, both considered by themselves and in their connection with Frederic. In executing this task, I shall frequently be no more than the echo of the persons I have had occasion to consult; but these persons were so thoroughly informed, and so incapable of deceiving me, and I have, besides, procured so many accounts of the same facts, that I can no more doubt of their authenticity, than I could if I had been myself an eye-witness. Without further preamble, it appeared to me advisable to go as far back as Frederic the first. What I have to relate of this king, as well as of his successor, will not be deficient in interest, and may serve as a useful introduction to the materials I have collected respecting the descendants of both the one and the other.

Frederic the First.—The house of Brandenburg is a younger branch of that of Hohenzollern, established in Franconia from the remotest times of the German empire. A younger prince of this house, the Margrave of Nuremberg, by his courage, military genius, and successes, rendered so many important services to the emperor, that the latter bestowed upon him as a recompence the margravate of Brandenburg: his descendants, by means of their alliances, their treaties, and afterward by the benefit derived to them by the reformation, have, by degrees, considerably aggrandized their family, and it was in this manner they successively obtained the greatest part of Pomerania, ducal Prussia, the duchy of Westphalia, the principality of Halberstadt, that of Minden, and a part of the succession of Cleves, &c.

Frederic the First, in virtue of these possessions, conceived himself entitled to figure in the rank of kings, nor could he enjoy repose till he had satisfied this ambition, which in those times was considered as an excess of vanity, and was, in fact, the truth. This trait proves the extreme frivolity and uncertainty of the opinions of mankind; for to this vanity of Frederic the First it was that the house of Brandenburg was indebted for a part of the successes it has since experienced: never would this monarch have thought of consolidating his power as he has done; never would Frederic the Second have attempted, as we have seen, his own aggrandizement; if under the title of king they had not felt a stimulus that emboldened them to conceive such great designs. They are, therefore, a striking instance in Europe of a great and respectable power

that owes its aggrandizement to a vanity almost puerile and ridiculous, and which since that period has less than any other been addicted to a fault which, if not renounced, would infallibly have proved its ruin; for what would have become of the kingdom of Prussia, if the sceptre of Frederic the First had not passed to William and to Frederic the Second, without being accompanied by the vanity and the luxurious ideas that domineered in the breast of him who first obtained it?

Frederic the First was no less fond of parade than he was vain; but Queen Charlotte, his second wife, and the mother of William his son, possessed a mind of greater strength than the king her husband, for whom she did not entertain any portion of respect. One day, Leibnitz, who was under her patronage, having sent her a memoir on the *infinitely little*, she exclaimed, "What a blockhead is this Leibnitz, who thinks he can explain to me the nature of the *infinitely little*! Has he then forgotten that I am the wife of Frederic the First, or does he imagine me unacquainted with the character of my husband?" It was this queen, Sophia-Charlotte, a princess of the house of Hanover, and sister to George the First, who instituted the academy at Berlin, of which Leibnitz was both the president and institutor. It was for her that the castle and gardens of Charlottenburg were constructed, and so called from her name. The celebrated Lenotre, who drew the plan of the Thuilleries, and so many other celebrated gardens, was engaged to draw out that of Charlottenburg. The artist perceiving he had to labour for a sovereign regardless of the expence, and at the same time that she was endued with an elevated soul, set no bounds to the grandeur of his genius, and determined to erect a monument of his name and talents that might descend to posterity. He seized every advantage the situation afforded. This castle stands on the left bank of the river Spree, which he took for the centre of the gardens he was to lay out. At the right of the Spree appears a spacious meadow that terminated in an immense forest: the meadow was intended to become a part of the garden, but in a style entirely new, and the forest was to be a park in a truly royal style. Lenotre in like manner extended his plan to the left of Charlottenburg, over a considerable surface, so as to reach to a cliff surmounted by a mill, beyond which is discovered the castle of Spandau. Between these two parts he formed a sort of centre, intended to introduce the rest, and announce its plan. This centre is all that was executed; but it must not be believed that it presents to the eye no more than a confined space, since it is, on the contrary, extremely extensive, on all sides abounding with delicious views, and terminating at the extremity in two pieces of water of considerable extent; beyond which a thick wood, of the most romantic appearance, conceals the end of the garden from beholders. Though the whole was conceived to serve as a centre to a plan of much greater magnitude, not even connoisseurs have discovered that any thing is wanting, but unanimously praise the harmony, regularity, variety, and grandeur of the whole: in short, it is considered as worthy of being seen even after the Thuilleries. Unfortunately for the

reputation of Lenotre, Frederic the First was not rich enough to accomplish the whole of this plan, which I have been told still exists in the archives of Berlin.

Queen Charlotte perceived the approaches of death with a firmness of mind but rarely met with, and her constant serenity excited the admiration of all around her. Some one having endeavoured to persuade her that her loss would plunge the king into the deepest despair : "As for the king," said she, "I need not make myself uneasy ; the care of procuring me a magnificent funeral will be sure to divert his grief ; and should every thing of this sort happen agreeably to his wishes, he will want no other consolation." The event proved she had judged rightly.

William I.—William, whose father was weak and vain, and whose mother was equally distinguished for her virtues, her elevated character, her wit and taste for the sciences, was in every thing totally the reverse of either of them. The character of William was original : he was a humourist ; his manners were coarse and austere ; his tone harsh and abrupt ; he was firm, persevering, politic and economical ; he was at once just and cruel, sordid and generous, sound in judgment, indifferent to the progress of the sciences ; a careful father, but peevish and ill-humoured in his intercourse with his children. A few anecdotes will satisfy the reader of the truth of these assertions.

With respect to finances, he adopted the plans of his grandfather, the grand-electeur : he paid his fathers debts, established in every department the most perfect order and regularity, and in this manner amassed the treasures that afterward proved so beneficial to his son ; which line of conduct in William, who was the monarch of a poor country, open on all sides to attacks from an enemy, and deprived of the advantages of commerce, was no more than a necessary precaution, though in sovereigns possessed of various resources it would have been little short of vicious.

Among his generals, he had a lieutenant-general of cavalry, who was esteemed the most accomplished aid-de-camp of his whole army : this was M. de Schwerin, cousin-german to the field-marshal of that name, and father of Madame Troussel. This general undertook to cure a beautiful saddle-horse belonging to William that had been attacked with madness. Schwerin had the horse conveyed into Westphalia, where he was stationed with his regiment, and sent him back in six or eight months perfectly cured. The king was at the parade when the animal arrived led by a young officer named de Schoenfield, a nephew of the general, the same as has since been known as master of the horse to the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, and also his minister at Paris, where he was detained by M. d'Aiguillon, after he had received his audience of leave, on account of his debts. The king was rejoiced to see his horse restored to so excellent a condition. The young de Schoenfield was obliged to mount and exercise him in all the manœuvres his majesty could devise ; and when the horse and his rider had completely gratified his wishes, he ordered the former, just arrived from Westphalia, to conduct the horse to the stable, and to go himself to the castle and take some breakfast

and *some beer*, at the same time putting into his hand a florin in silver, as a special mark of his satisfaction, in addition to which he directed him to express his hearty thanks to General de Schwerin.

I shall not dwell long on the brutal conduct of William toward his wife and children, nor acquaint the reader of the different times when he has been known to kick his own daughter: I shall say nothing even of the men he caused to be tortured; nor of the individual, in particular, who, according to the Baron de Poelnitz, he caused to be assassinated and buried in the woods for having killed some of his game. These traits are of too horrible a nature to find a place in this work. What I shall however mention is, that being extremely fond of exercising himself in the art of painting, or rather daubing, he generally devoted one or two hours every day, after dinner, to that employment; that he had engaged a poor painter with a large family of children to prepare his colours, to whom he paid a florin for every sitting; that being subject to sleepiness after eating his dinner, it more than once happened to him on these occasions to draw his painting brush from top to the bottom of his canvass, so as to disfigure his subject; and that on awaking and perceiving what had been done, he pretended that the poor painter had played him this trick from jealousy, and accordingly he did not fail in his fury to add some hearty kicks or blows with his stick to his miserable florin.

Intoxicated with his genius, he exhibited them to his courtiers, inviting them to declare their opinion of them: but as he would not have endured the most trifling criticism, he was sure to receive nothing but assurances of their excellence. "Well," said he one day to one of these flatterers, who lavished the most extravagant encomiums on one of his pictures, "for how much do you imagine it could be sold if it were sent into the market?" "For a hundred florins, Sire, and the picture would at last be given away." "Take it then, I will sell it you for fifty, because I see you are a good judge, and I am glad of the opportunity to do you a service." The poor courtier, compelled to take the daubing, and to pay so high a price for it, resolved to take good care how he commended in future. I have seen one of this king's pictures that Prince Henry had preserved: nothing can be worse executed. The Prince himself was of the same opinion, he kept it merely because it was a faithful representation of the inside of his father's smoking-room, and had in it some figures which bore a perfect resemblance to their original. I recollect, that at the first glance I recognized the Baron de Poelnitz, though younger by forty years than when I knew him. Field-marsals de Buddenbrock and de Glassenap figured also in the same piece, together with Generals de Grumbkow, Einsiedel, &c. &c.

This monarch sometimes dined at the houses of his generals. One day, when dining at Count de Grumbkow's, since that time field-marshal and governor of Berlin, he happened to eat of some ham, which he declared was the best he had ever eaten; and he accordingly desired that the cook who had cured it should instruct the cooks of the royal kit-

chen how to produce a similar article at his table. A few days after, the steward of the kitchen came to the king to ask for sixteen bottles of champagne. His majesty did not go in person into the cellar, but he kept the key, as well as an exact account of his wines and other liquors. He inquired therefore what use was to be made of so many bottles of champagne? He was informed that M. de Grumbkow's cook had demanded them to soak a ham in the wine, which in due time he would have the honour to place on his majesty's table. The king sent his cook about his business, and said to his general, "When I wish to eat excellent ham, I will dine at your house; I am not rich enough to have that article prepared after the manner of your cook; I keep my champagne for drinking."

The Baron de Poelnitz, and other persons, entertained him frequently on the subject of the luxury that prevailed at Paris: they boasted of the infinite number of elegant carriages which on certain days, and at the fashionable hour, appeared in ranks over the whole extent of the ancient Boulevards. To parody this luxury, the bare idea of which excited his disgust, he one day, without the knowledge of his courtiers, ordered that all the carts of the lower orders of tradespeople, together with those belonging to the farmers of the country, and filled with grain, straw, dung, vegetables, or wood, should be conducted to the canal of Potsdam, and be driven in great order three or four times round it. When every part of this pitiful farce was prepared, in the execution of which he had employed half his garrison, he repaired to the spot, attended by his court, to admire the spectacle it presented; and there he exclaimed, with a smile truly savage, "These are my boulevards! Admire the elegance and richness of these carriages! Do you see with what order they move? What is Paris in comparison with this?"

William accepted the invitations of even the least considerable of his officers to be one of the guests on their wedding-day; he even obliged the queen to do the same, and to open the ball with the bridegroom. The queen, on her part, always chose to dance a Polonese dance rather than a minuet, which she thought would have been too great a condescension to a simple lieutenant of the guards. But the lieutenant, somewhat intoxicated, and extremely rustic in his manners, made the queen run, jump, and turn in so rapid and violent a manner, that she really looked, said the baron, like a girl from a village inn. The king, seated in his chair, laughed immoderately on seeing her petticoats fly up, and that her partner left them no time to resume their natural place. All this was an exhibition admirably suited to the taste of William.

(To be continued).

HISTORY OF THE WAR IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

(Translated from the French of General Sarrazin.)

(Continued from our last.)

MONTBRUN is an excellent cavalry officer in the field of battle; but he was incapable of making any use of the three divisions of infantry, which he was to lead to Valentia, and he was defeated on his march by a counter order. He arrived at Alnanza on the eleventh of January. Valentia had already capitulated; and anxious to display his abilities as a commander-in-chief, he marched against Alicant. He met with several hordes of Spanish peasants, whom his choice troops easily dispersed. On arriving before Alicant, he threw some shells into the town, in order to alarm the garrison and inhabitants. The governor, being summoned to surrender, replied with much firmness; although Montbrun was not ashamed of solemnly assuring him, "that he was followed by Marshal Suchet, with his whole army and heavy artillery." But General Antonio de la Couz was not the dupe of so clumsy a stratagem; since, far from inducing him to surrender to a cavalry officer, the assertion was better calculated to make him wait until the place should have had the honour of being besieged by a Marshal of France "*with his heavy artillery.*" Montbrun deserved this mortification, particularly as he had been warned by Marshal Suchet that the time was not yet come to march against Alicant, a well fortified town, which required battering ordnance. At length, being sensible of the inconvenience of his absence from the army of Portugal, he resumed his march to the Tagus, which he would have done a few days sooner. He rejoined Marmont on the twenty-fifth of January, with the triple regret of not having contributed to the conquest of Valentia, of having failed before Alicant, and of not having arrived in time enough to save Ciudad-Rodrigo.

A short time after Marshal Suchet detached General Harispe, with one division, to obstruct the garrison of Alicant, in their attempts to push parties far into the country. This general sent an officer under pretence of summoning the place, but, in fact, to reconnoitre the fortifications, and approaches of the town; for officers, entrusted with such errands, are frequently no better than honourable spies, whom an able General often employs with success. The governor returned General Harispe the same answer as he had given to Montbrun. Another ostensible motive for sending a French officer into the town, concerned the exchange of the Spaniards, taken prisoners at Valentia, for about two thousand French that were at Alicant. This exchange had been agreed upon between Blake and Suchet. But the governor replied; "that he could not obey General Blake's orders, when he had lost his authority." Suchet, however, proved more fortunate at Peniscola. The governor surrendered that fortress on the fourth of February. He even claimed some merit for his cowardice, by saying: "that he had means to resist for two months, and that he had refused to admit the English,

who offered to occupy the place." The object of this boasting was merely to please Suchet; for had this governor been so favourable towards the French, why did he not surrender the town, when the troops, sent to blockade it, had taken a position to keep the garrison in awe during the month of September, 1811? It is highly ridiculous and uncandid in any man to boast of being the warm friend of a cause that he opposed, when he might have espoused it without danger, and rendered it the greatest services.

Had the English offered to occupy Peniscola, before the conquest of Valentia, they would have been received with open arms, as at Tariffa; and the national enthusiasm renders it probable, that the governor would have paid for their non-admission with his head. The loss of the place must be attributed solely to the supineness of the higher powers, who were not sensible of the importance of this post for the correspondence with the guerillas of Castile and Arragon. Five hundred English, and a few gun-boats, would have been sufficient to preserve this little Gibraltar. From the moment that Spain was invaded by the French, the Supreme Junta ought to have requested the English government to take under its immediate protection, with its land and naval forces, all the fortified points on the coast, communicating with the ships of war, so as to be effectually defended by them. Nay, more, the English government ought to have required it as indispensable, towards the success of the general offensive and defensive system, to be adopted for the deliverance of the peninsula.

The advantages gained by the allies, over Marshal Soult, made them forget the reverses suffered in the kingdom of Valentia. On the sixteenth of February, Ballasteros attacked the French general, Maransin, near Cartama. The conflict was extremely obstinate, and lasted three hours. The numbers were three thousand on each side. The nature of the ground having favoured the movements of the Spaniards, they sent the choicest troops of their columns against the French on the left, who fell back, and hurried the remainder of the line away in their flight. The French were pursued as far as Malaga. This advantage was but the prelude to one of the most astonishing exploits mentioned in history, the storming of Badajoz. The allies left their position near Almeida in the early part of March. Lord Wellington set out from Frenada on the sixth, and arrived on the eleventh at Elvas. His Lordship invested Badajoz on the sixteenth, and the trenches were opened in the night of the seventeenth to the eighteenth. General Graham was ordered to Santa-Martha, with a corps of observation, to cover the operations of the siege against the troops that might come from Andalusia. General Hill was detached with two divisions to Merida, in order to watch the movements of the French in that quarter. The French general, Drouet, was stationed at Villa-Franca. Threatened on his front by General Graham, and on his right by General Hill, he might easily have been carried off by forces so superior. The allies, however, made no attempt against him. But as he wished to keep up his communication with General Darcian,

who was posted at La Serena, and hearing that Merida had been occupied by General Hill, he thought his position dangerous, and fell back to Hornachos, by Puebla-del-Prior.

On the nineteenth, the garrison of Badajoz made a sortie, with two thousand men, on the right of the works. The besiegers were on their guard: they received the French at the point of the bayonet, and forced them back to the place. On the twenty-sixth, Lord Wellington ordered Fort La Pieurina to be warmly cannonaded. The occupation of that fort was necessary to facilitate his approach towards the body of the place. As soon, therefore, as the artillery had damaged the palisadoes, this work was carried, sword in hand, by five hundred choice troops. General Philippon, the governor of Badajoz, being alarmed at an event, by which his means of resistance were considerably diminished, made immediately a strong sortie to retire to La Pieurina. But his movement had been foreseen. The French were repulsed, and the English occupied the fort. This advantage caused the second parallel to be constructed, with scarcely any loss. The attack was confined to the front, formed by the bastions, La Trinidad and Santa-Maria.

Three breaches appeared practicable on the sixth of April; and General Picton was ordered to scale the castle, situated on the right of the attack, near the Guadiana. Two divisions were to give the assault by the three breaches. Several false attacks were ordered against Fort Pardallay, Fort San Christoval, and other works, on both banks of the Guadiana. All the columns began moving at ten o'clock at night. This bold enterprize was crowned with the most complete success, except on the breaches, where the most heroic intrepidity was paralysed by the resources of art. The English general committed here the same fault as at the capture of Ciudad-Rodrigo. As the approach of the relieving army, under the command of Marshal Soult, did not leave him time for a regular establishment at the foot of the breaches, he should have made only feints on those points, in order not to expose the flower of his troops to a certain and useless death. The success of General Picton's attack was sufficient to take possession of Badajoz.

The inconveniencies attendant on the storming of a place in the night have already been stated by the author, in his "Reflections on the siege of Badajoz in 1811." The opinion of the celebrated Vauban coincides with his own. When this great engineer was besieging Valenciennes, he proposed to Louis XIV. that the assault should be made at noon. The French marshals protested against the measure, pretending that night was more favourable. Vauban persisted. "You wish," observed he, "to spare the blood of the soldiers. You will spare it much better when they fight by day-light, without confusion, and without tumult. We want to surprise the enemy. They always expect to be attacked by night. We shall surprise them much more effectually, when, exhausted with the fatigues of their night watch, they will be under the necessity of encountering our troops refreshed, and proud to fight under the eyes of their king. Night favours the coward, and is attended with the danger

of one part of our troops firing upon the other ; which indeed happens but too frequently." Louis XIV. adopted Vauban's opinion, in spite of the opposition made by Marshals de Schomberg, de Luxembourg, de Lorge, d'Humières, and de la Feuillade, and the minister Louvois, who were all present at the council of war. Valenciennes was taken by storm on the seventeenth of March ; and its garrison, amounting to four thousand men, obliged to surrender at discretion. This conquest, one of the most brilliant exploits of Louis XIV. cost him but forty men. The loss of the allies at Badajoz, on the sixth of April, amounted to about four thousand, killed or wounded ; yet it may still be regarded as small, considering the nature and number of the attacks. It would even have proved more considerable, had the works of the siege been carried on to the body of the place. In 1695, the Prince of Orange lost twenty thousand men at the siege of Namur, and Marshal Boufflers, who commanded in the place, had ten thousand killed or wounded. Lord Wellington is far from meriting any blame, with respect to the loss which he suffered : but had he availed himself of every favourable circumstance, he would have obtained the same result at a much cheaper rate. It is not the wish of the author to indulge in any evil-minded censure : but the just severity of the historian does not share in the enthusiasm of periodical publications ; and the splendour of a victory ought not to absorb the errors committed in gaining it. Woe to those that insult the writer, whom the love of truth prompts to tell ministers and warriors what sooner or later may be conducive to their individual glory, and to the prosperity of the state !

Marshal Soult was under no apprehensions for Badajoz. Philippon's fine defence of the preceding year, a garrison of five thousand men, and the construction of several out-works, seemed to justify his confidence. The place was supplied with provisions for two months. But he must have been acquainted with Lord Wellington's designs upon Badajoz, on the seventeenth or eighteenth of March ; and it required only six days to assemble the troops, necessary for the relief of the place. Instead of leaving Seville on the first of April, he ought to have begun his movement on the twenty-fifth of March ; in which case, he would have reached Villa-Franca on the second of April, whereas he arrived there only on the eighth, two days after the English had triumphed over both the prodigious exertions of a choice garrison, and the scientific calculations of Buonaparte's ablest lieutenant. Marshal Soult's mortification must have been at its utmost height, when he learned the fate of General Philippon, whose conduct most certainly is above all well-founded reproach. This officer, on the contrary, might have complained that Soult had not given him a garrison of eight thousand men, such as a place of the extent of Badajoz required.

General Lery, engineer-in-chief to the army of the south, wrote to General Kellerman respecting the loss of this place :—" The conquest of Badajoz costs me eight engineers. I am not yet acquainted with the details of that fatal event. Never was there a place in a better state,

better supplied, and better provided with the *requisite* number of troops----- There is, in that event, a marked fatality----- I confess my inability to account for its bad defence----- *Very extensive* works have been constructed. All our calculations have been disappointed. The army of Portugal withdrew to a greater distance from us, when it ought to have drawn nearer; and thus Lord Wellington, with his Anglo-Portuguese troops, has taken the place, as it were, in presence of two armies, amounting together to about eighty thousand men. This is the consequence of not having a supreme chief on the spot, to direct the movements----- In short, I think the capture of Badajoz a very extraordinary event, and I should be much at a loss to account for it in a clear and distinct manner."

This letter contains the highest eulogium on the operations of the allies, by an officer of very great merit. He is, however, mistaken respecting the garrison, which did not consist of the *requisite* number of troops, especially after *very extensive* works had been constructed; whilst, before those additional works, when Marshal Soult took the place from the Spaniards, the garrison amounted to above nine thousand men. The English general had ordered his two corps of observation to fall back, for the purpose of concentrating his troops; to be master of his movements, whatever might be the issue of the assault. The town being once taken, it would have been idle in Lord Wellington to encounter Soult, and run the risk of affording him an opportunity to palliate the fault of not having relieved Badajoz, by the brilliant report of a sanguinary battle, which the superiority of his cavalry would have rendered as murderous and fruitless as that of Albuera. Sir Rowland Hill continued on the left of the Tagus, and the main part of the English army recrossed that river, to force Marmont's return into Spain.

Marshal Marmont's conduct, since Lord Wellington's departure from the neighbourhood of Almeida, up to his return to that place, clearly shews that he was not sorry for Soult having in his turn been taught a lesson of vigilance. On the tenth of March, the English army was rapidly moving towards the south of Portugal. Marmont might have been on the Agueda on the fifteenth. He only reached that river towards the latter end of the month. On the third of April he reconnoitred Almeida. On the seventh, he moved with several divisions towards Sabugal. His advanced guard entered Castello-Branco on the twelfth, and fell back on the fourteenth, having heard of Lord Wellington's approach. Marmont recrossed the Agueda on the twenty-third. He had gained some trifling advantages over the militias, and foraged the country on the eastern boundaries of Portugal. He suffered a fine opportunity to escape for repairing the fault which he had committed, by not relieving Ciudad-Rodrigo. Had he attacked that place about the fifteenth of March, as he might easily have done, he would have obtained possession of it by the tenth or twelfth of April, and indemnified Buonaparte for the loss of Badajoz, which certainly gave great dissatisfaction to the cabinet of the Thuilleries. A masterly general, instead of carrying desolation into the

hamlets and cottages of Portugal, would have left a corps of twenty thousand men on the Agueda. Half of these troops would have laid siege to Ciudad-Rodrigo; and the other half would have taken a position, to cover the operations of the besiegers. With the remainder of his army, amounting to about forty thousand men, a good general would have marched to Merida, by Almaraz. On the first of April he would have effected his junction with Marshal Soult, who was coming from Seville with about forty thousand men, and their joint marching to Badajoz would have forced the English to give up their designs upon that place, as it had done in 1811. It really is as mortifying to the French generals, as it is glorious to the English commander, that an army of fifty thousand men, should, by the ability and boldness of its manœuvres, have been enabled to take two strong places, the reputed keys of Spain on the side of Portugal, in spite of their being protected by two French armies, amounting together to at least eighty thousand men under arms. The conduct of Marshal Marmont excites, indeed, little surprise: but it is difficult to conceive why Marshal Soult, so distinguished for twenty years of services, as useful as brilliant, suffered Badajoz to be taken without opposition. If Marmont's jealousy operated so as to keep back assistance, and the inadequacy of his own troops made him afraid of being unable to oppose the fall of that place, he ought to have blown up its fortifications, after having evacuated it, and have kept only a flying camp in Estremadura.

During Marshal Soult's absence, the Count of Penne-Villemur, who had been detached from the fifth Spanish army, left the county of Niebla, and approached Seville on the fifth of April. For several days he had frequent skirmishes with the French garrison. Lord Wellington, in his letter, dated Nizza, the eighteenth of April, informs the Earl of Liverpool, that the Spanish General Penne-Villemur had advanced to Seville by the right banks of the Guadalquivir; that on the fifth he had engaged the garrison of Seville, and the fortified convents on the banks of the river, and that he had forced them to withdraw within their works. He continues to state that the Count of Penne-Villemur retreated on the tenth, upon the information which his Lordship gave when Badajoz fell, and, upon a conviction that Marshal Soult would immediately return to Andalusia, without risking a battle, to which it was not in the English commander's power to bring him. Lord Wellington expressed a hope that the Count of Penne-Villemur had informed General Ballasteros of these circumstances, with which he was desirous that the latter should be acquainted. The French general had been under the necessity of leaving only the number of troops absolutely necessary for the defence of the immense magazines of Seville. General Ballasteros had completely defeated the garrison of Malaga on the sixteenth of February; and, from the very beginning of the siege of Badajoz, he must have been requested to be doubly active, in order to diminish, as much as possible, the forces destined for the relief of that place; and yet he neglected such a capital opportunity of destroying the French establishments at Seville. His

junction with Count Penne-Villemur would have roused the energy of the numerous population of that city. Had he even occupied it only for twenty-four hours, that time would have been sufficient to deprive the French of their main resources. Aware of the possibility of such an event, Marshal Soult hastened back to Seville by forced marches. On the eleventh of April, the cavalry of his rear guard was attacked at Villagarcia by Sir Stapleton Cotton, and pursued as far as Lerena. Their loss amounted only to about two hundred men *hors de combat*, because, on their reaching Lerena, they had the protection of a corps of ten thousand foot. The next day Marshal Soult continued moving towards Andalusia; leaving General Drouet posted at Ovejuna, with his left at Guadalcanal, covering the road to Seville, and his right at Belalcazar, to protect Cordova, and the defiles of the Sierra-Morena.

Notwithstanding the numerous errors committed on both sides, the honour of the winter's campaign is due to the allies, although their faults surpassed those of the French. As they had seen Lord Wellington always acting with the greatest circumspection at Busaco, at Torres-Vedras, at Santarem, and at Fonte-Guinaldo, during the blockade of Ciudad-Rodrigo in 1811, Soult and Marmont were far from suspecting that the English commander, suddenly changing his method, would succeed in taking, nay, more, would even think of taking two well supplied and well defended places, in sight of those legions, so long the terror of the northern powers. With such soldiers as those, who, from their conquest of Badajoz, are all entitled to the appellation of heroes, the English commander might have obtained results, more conducive to the independence of the peninsula. Ciudad-Rodrigo and Badajoz would both have been retaken by the French, had Marshal Soult, after having collected an army sufficiently strong to resist Lord Wellington, thought it of importance for his designs to bring those two places back into his system of operations. A battle against Marmont offered a much more gratifying prospect. It would not have cost more than the two sieges. The absence of his cavalry, and of the three divisions, which had been marched to Alicant under Montbrun, secured a complete victory to the English. What immense benefits Lord Wellington would have derived from a few campaigns under General Kleber! Had he possessed the advantage of improving the uncommon talents, with which nature has endowed him, in the school of a general of the first rank, as Marlborough did under Turenne, he would most certainly have equalled his master. He has acted occasionally, as if he were afraid of giving battle. When a commander has troops that are able to scale a fortress, he may dare any thing, with a certain prospect of victory. All the battles fought by his Lordship were defensive. At Vimiera he was attacked by Junot; at Talavera, by Victor; at Busaco, and Fuente-de-Onora, by Massena. His engagements at Oporto against Soult; at Foz d'Aronce against Ney; and at Sabugal against Reynier, must have convinced him of the zeal, confidence, and attachment of the officers and soldiers of his army.

It would require a volume to give a detailed account of all the partial combats, fought at different points of Spain during the first four months of the year 1812, and especially during April. General Abadia marched a division of the army of Galicia into the kingdom of Leon. Don Julian Sanchez penetrated into Castile, and captured several convoys; Morillo advanced, for the purpose of reconnoitring, as far as the gates of Almagro in La Mancha; Baron d'Eroles fought on the seventh of April against a division of the army of Catalonia, commanded by General Severoli, in the neighbourhood of Noguera; on the nineteenth Esposymina captured a considerable convoy destined for the sixtieth French regiment; on the twenty-first, General Lascy was blockading Tarragona, with six thousand Catalonians, and retired only because he was going to be attacked by a superior force, commanded by General Decaen; and on the twenty-fifth the garrison of Alicant pursued General Harispe, who, with his advanced guard, had marched as far as the glacis of that place. But the troops of Galicia, who had covered themselves with glory in so many sanguinary battles, especially in that of Sanpayo, merely made their appearance in the kingdom of Leon, to parade and fall back without fighting, whilst the Empecinado, Mina, and Sanches, were performing prodigies of valour in the centre of the principal establishments of the French, with only a few hundred undisciplined peasants.

What, then, was General Abadia doing with an army that was asserted to amount to thirty thousand men, and that might have amounted to sixty thousand, had the plan, proposed for its formation, been adopted? In vain will it be said that he could not avail himself of Lord Wellington's successes, because his resources were extremely limited; and nothing could be done without the pecuniary assistance of the English government. Such was not the language of the Catalonians; and had the soldiers of Castanos argued in that way, they would not have been crowned with the never-fading laurels of Andujar and Baylen. The inhabitants of the provinces of Spain never opposed the measures of their leaders, but the latter often did not act fairly towards the former, by neglecting to avail themselves of their disposition to engage the French. The great art of a good government is to make a proper choice of the public functionaries, entrusted with the execution of its orders. The errors of the Junta, on so important a point, were soon corrected by the impartiality, discrimination, and energy of the new Regency. It was the only way of reaping some fruits from the torrents of blood, that had already been shed to insure the triumph of the sacred cause of the Spaniards, whose joy was still more heightened, when they heard of the Emperor Alexander's noble resolution to force France back to her natural limits. As Spain had paralysed the efforts of Buonaparte ever since the year 1808, what was there not to be hoped for from the intrepid conquerors of Darius and of Charles XII? From this instant the deliverance of Europe, and the triumph of its legitimate sovereigns, were foreseen by every enlightened observer. We shall now investigate how far Lord Wellington justified this prediction, by his manœuvres on the Tagus, and in the vicinity of Salamanca. *(To be continued.)*

THE HISTORY OF THE WAR,

From the year 1792 to 1814; in which the Military Transactions of each Campaign are related separately and in detail.

CAMPAIGN OF 1794.

BOOK IV. CHAP. I. CONTINUED.

BUT the French, instead of being dispirited by their ill success upon this occasion, actually crossed the Sambre two days after, (May 24.) and occupied a position between Rouveroy and Fontaine-L'Eveque; they however suffered themselves to be again surprised by general count Kaunitz, and lost fifty pieces of cannon, and near five thousand men, about three thousand of whom were made prisoners. As if undismayed by events, they actually broke ground before Charleroi soon after; (June 3.) but being attacked by the combined army under the hereditary prince of Orange, they were compelled once more to retreat. Such however was their amazing superiority in point of numbers, that another army of forty thousand men about this time entered the duchy of Luxembourg, a movement which obliged general Beaulieu to retire from the duchy of Bouillon, the chief town of which had been pillaged by the Austrians, under pretence that some of the inhabitants had fired upon them.

Notwithstanding their reiterated miscarriages in that quarter, the enemy soon after recrossed the Sambre again, and assumed a position near Josselies, on purpose to cover the siege of Charleroi, before which they had already begun to open trenches; but the same general who had defeated them a few days before, (June 6.) arrived again and obliged them to retreat, with the loss of near six thousand men, twenty-two pieces of cannon, thirty-five ammunition waggons, and a considerable number of horses and baggage. But general Jourdan having received considerable reinforcements from the army of the Moselle, crossed the Sambre a third time, stormed the Austrian camp at Betignies, and prepared again to besiege a city which had so long eluded his attacks.

About this period some of the most ferocious members of the ruling party in France, exhibited a degree of savage revenge respecting England, well calculated to render them the objects of general detestation. Not content with solemnly proclaiming the minister "the enemy of the human race" in the convention, a decree (May 26, 1794.) was also obtained, declaring, "that henceforth no English or Hanoverians should be made prisoners;" and an address was soon after transmitted to the armies of the republic, in which, after accusing the British government of all the crimes perpetrated against France, they assert, that "no one of the slaves of George ought to return to the traitorous territory of England*." The conduct of the duke of York upon this occasion was at

* On the 31st May, 1794, Barrere proposed to the convention that the decree prohibiting quarter being given to the English or Hanoverians, should be accompanied by the following address to the armies:

once dignified and humane. Instead of issuing orders for immediate retaliation, and thus producing all the horrors of mutual assassination, his royal highness in an address to his army, (dated June 7, 1794.) requested the troops to suspend their indignation, and reminded them, "that mercy to the vanquished is the brightest gem in a soldier's character." To the honour of the enemy too, neither the officers nor soldiers would enforce these barbarous mandates; and several of the generals actually refused obedience to them, at the risk of their lives.

In the meantime the French proved victorious in maritime Flanders; for Pichegru, after defeating Clairfayt, who had marched to the relief of Ypres, which contained a garrison of seven thousand men, commenced the siege of that place, which was soon after obliged to surrender to Moreau, (June 17.) a young man of great promise, who in early life served as a private soldier, and but lately exchanged the lawyer's robe for the truncheon of a general.

Nor was Jourdan less fortunate in another quarter, for he pressed the siege of Charleroi so closely, that the garrison, amounting to three thousand men, surrendered at discretion. The prince de Cobourg, assisted by the prince of Orange and general Beaulieu, not being acquainted with this event, marched in the course of that very evening (June 26.) with the combined army, divided into five columns, and early on the succeeding morning made preparations to relieve the place. Having attacked the enemy's entrenchments in the direction of Lambrisart, Espines, and Gosselies, (June 27.) he obliged a few detached bodies to retreat, notwithstanding the protection of several strong redoubts; but such was the opposition experienced on this occasion by the allies, that it was

"England is capable of every outrage on humanity, and of every crime towards the republic. She attacks the rights of all nations, and threatens to annihilate liberty.

"How long will you suffer to continue on your frontiers the slaves of George—the soldiers of the most atrocious of tyrants? He formed the congress of Pilnitz, and brought about the scandalous surrender of Toulon. He massacred your brethren at Genoa, and burned our magazines in the maritime towns. He corrupted our cities, and endeavoured to destroy the national representation. He starved your plains, and purchased treasons on the frontiers.

"When the events of battle shall put in your power either English or Hanoverians, bring to your remembrance the vast tracts of country English slaves have laid waste. Carry your views to La Vendee, Toulon, Lyons, Landrecies, Martinico, and St. Domingo—places still reeking with the blood which the atrocious policy of the English has shed. Do not trust to their artful language, which is an additional crime worthy of their perfidious character, and Machiavelian government. Those who boast that they abhor the tyranny of George, say, can they fight for him?

"No! no! republican soldiers—you ought, therefore, when victory shall put in your power either Englishmen or Hanoverians, to strike; not one of them ought to return to the traitorous territory of England, or to be brought into France. Let the British slaves perish, and Europe be free."

After the fall of Robespierre, the barbarous and unjust decree which accompanied this address was repealed.

evening before the left wing had arrived at the principal heights, which were fortified by an extensive range of field works lined with an immense number of heavy artillery. Although a variety of unforeseen obstacles had interposed, an attempt was now made to force this strong position with the bayonet, while Jourdan on the other hand, having obtained the assistance of the besieging army, in consequence of the fall of Charleroi, determined to decide the fate of Flanders in a pitched battle. He accordingly advanced with a numerous army, and made such an excellent disposition as to enable the greater part of his forces to contend with the left wing of the allies only. Nevertheless, such was the impetuous valour of the assailants, that they repeatedly penetrated the French lines, and formed several times under the fire of their cannon; but towards seven o'clock in the evening, the advantage obtained by Jourdan became conspicuous; for having drawn his troops out of their entrenchments, and made three distinct charges upon the enemy, after an action which commenced at dawn of day, and did not entirely conclude until near sunset, victory, which had been hovering by turns over each of the rival armies, declared finally in favour of the republicans. The combined troops, taking advantage of the night, immediately fell back, first on Marbois, and next on Nivelles, with an intent if possible to cover Namur.

Thus ended the battle of Fleurus, fought on the same ground as that on which the French had discomfited the allies a century before; in consequence of which general Jourdan was now considered for a time as the rival of marshal Luxembourg.

Some circumstances worthy of record deserve to be enumerated here. The loss of this action, on which so much depended, appears to have arisen partly from the ignorance of the imperial general relative to the fate of Charleroi, and partly from the determination of the French soldiers, who dreading the ignominy of being again driven across the Sambre, exclaimed from one end of the line to another, "No retreat to-day!" The reserve, in particular, which turned the fortune of the battle, displayed an extraordinary degree of enthusiasm, and repeatedly charged the enemy, amidst unceasing shouts of "Long live the republic!" Nor ought a novel incident, connected with the fate of this engagement, and consequently of Austrian Flanders, to be omitted. The committee of public safety, ambitious of boasting that it had enlisted science under the banners of liberty, had sent a company of ærostats to the head-quarters of the army, in consequence of which a balloon was constructed, and frequently elevated during the action, with a confidential officer attached to it, who conveyed the most important intelligence relative to the designs, the numbers, and the evolutions of the enemy*.

* Etienne, adjutant-general of the army, was the person pitched upon to reconnoitre the Austrians, and the balloon was called *L'Entreprenant*. "I was attacked," says he, in the report published by him upon this occasion, "with hisses as well as grenades, but none of them reached me. I corresponded with the generals during the action, and informed them of every new position assumed by the enemy." The intelligence was conveyed in a note fasted to an arrow, while the balloon itself was attached to a cord,

The loss of the combined forces in this engagement has never been precisely ascertained; it was undoubtedly diminished greatly on one hand by the prince de Cobourg, who stated it at fifteen hundred *, and grossly exaggerated on the other by the French, who estimated it at ten thousand men. The effects however were prodigious, for the combined forces now retreated in all quarters, and Bruges, Tournay, Mons, Oudenarde, Brussels, and even Namur, were left without protection.

The body of English and allies under the duke of York participated of course in the disasters of the campaign; for his royal highness, after attempting in vain to form a junction with general Clairfayt, was obliged to retreat from Tournay to Renaix; and general Walmoden having been forced at the same time to abandon Bruges, all communication with Ostend was thus cut off. The ministry, greatly alarmed at this event, immediately requested the earl of Moira, who had been nominated to the command of a separate body of troops, now encamped in the vicinity of Southampton, and destined, in conjunction with several regiments of emigrants, for a secret expedition against France, to repair to the Low-countries. Notwithstanding this nobleman had before intimated that any orders for serving in that quarter must cause his immediate resignation, he yet waived his former resolutions at so critical a period; and after landing a body of troops in maritime Flanders, proposed a junction to the generals Clairfayt and Walmoden, so as to enable them to act from Bruges to Thielt, upon the left wing of the French, with a view of covering Ostend on one hand, and producing a diversion in favour of the duke of York on the other. While on his march to effect this, the situation of the Prince of Saxe Cobourg rendered the plan impracticable; his lordship, however, determined to comply with a pressing invitation on the part of the English commander in chief, then in a difficult position; and accordingly, by means of a rapid movement, completed the object of the expedition; after which he was consigned to obscurity, but not until he had repulsed the French (June 29.) at Alost†, and also (July 6.) at Malines, whence he forced the enemy to retire, notwithstanding they had made a successful attack on all the duke's outposts, in front of the canal leading from Brussels to Antwerp.

However, the French returned to the charge, and again assaulted the line of defence occupied by his royal highness, who deemed it prudent to retreat across the Meuse, and withdraw into Holland.

Nor was the enemy less successful in other quarters. Notwithstanding the battle of Fleurus appeared decisive of the fate of the Netherlands, the prince of Saxe Cobourg contended against fortune with the

* See a "Return of the action of the 26th of June, 1794, near Fleurus," published in the London Gazette, "Whitehall, July 1."

"Our loss," it is said, "is not very considerable, and may perhaps amount to fifteen hundred men. No cannon have been lost; but a howitzer and one colour have been taken from the enemy."

† Lieutenant-colonels Doyle and Vandeleur distinguished themselves upon this occasion.

most indefatigable perseverance, being determined not to relinquish the ancient dominions of the house of Austria without a long and violent struggle. Having assembled the remainder of his army at Halle, he advanced and assumed a formidable position, but was immediately attacked (July 2.) by a victorious army, and forced to evacuate Mons; on which occasion his rear-guard left that town by one gate, at the very moment the van of the French army entered it at another. Having retreated to Soignies, and thus placed himself between the republicans and the capital of Brabant, he threw up intrenchments and fortified this post, which was not inferior to that of Jemappe in point of natural strength, so as to render it nearly impregnable; but nothing could now withstand the fury of the assailants, who, braving the fire of a numerous artillery, and undaunted at the slaughter which ensued, rushed in with screwed bayonets, and by having recourse to that weapon, demonstrated that their discipline was complete, and their victory certain.

The Austrians now retreated through Brussels, the inhabitants of which, upon the advance of the French, immediately opened their gates, and proclaimed their union with the republic. The inhabitants of Oudenarde, Ghent, and Ostend followed their example; and it now became evident, that the house of Austria had wholly lost the dominion of the Low-countries.

CHAP. II.

The French obtain possession of the Fortresses on the Northern Frontier, and drive the Austrians beyond the Rhine—Campaign of 1794-5 in Holland.

AS Jourdan had routed the enemy on the banks of the Sambre, while Pichegru overcame them on the borders of the Scheldt, it was now determined to regain those fortresses, which had fallen into the hands of the allies. The troops left in garrison were but few in number, and not in possession of a sufficient quantity of provisions to withstand a long siege; they were besides intimidated not only by the retreat of the combined armies, but also by a barbarous law that menaced their lives. Robespierre and his associates, not content with staining the scaffold daily with the blood of the best and most illustrious of their fellow-citizens, had wrested a decree from the too-compliant convention, threatening extermination against all those who, after a certain period, should presume to defend the frontier towns lately appertaining to France.

General Scherer having appeared before Landrecies, immediately summoned that place, and the fatal term of twenty-four hours was suffered to elapse, after which the foreign troops were to be put to the sword. But although the governor at first declined to capitulate, yet he did not permit any of the fortifications to be injured; for no sooner had the French broken ground, and erected batteries, than he proposed terms; these were refused; and the garrison, consisting of near two thousand men, surrendered at discretion (July 15, 1794).

The same general and the same army (Aug. 15.) next appeared before Quesnoy, which after a similar ceremony opened its gates, an event notified to the convention by the telegraph, first used upon this occasion*. In a few days more (Aug. 29.), Valenciennes, which had been taken with such difficulty, followed the example of the two former places, and submitted to its ancient masters; nor did Condé, the name of which was now exchanged for that of *Nord Libre*, exhibit the least inclination to resist, but (Aug. 30.) yielded also, without being able to obtain a capitulation. Under the walls of Condé were obtained one hundred and ninety waggons loaded with stores and ammunition; and in Valenciennes was found a rich booty of three millions of florins in specie. But although all the garrisons had infringed the terms of the sanguinary decree already alluded to, neither officers nor soldiers were treated with cruelty; the unhappy emigrants, however, were delivered up to the military tribunals, and most of them barbarously murdered. The forbearance exercised on this occasion towards the foreign troops, originated in the state of parties; for when the unrelenting character of Maximilian Robespierre and his accomplices is considered, there can be but little doubt that they would have strictly enforced their original threats, and thus devoted their names to new infamy; but the execution of this monster, whose exertions had of late been solely confined to the management of the guillotine, prevented the carnage they had meditated, and in some measure rescued France from fresh reproach.

In the mean time the armies, but little influenced by the convulsions that had taken place in the capital, were put in motion, and resumed the operations of the campaign, after a suspension of nearly two months, during which interval the four frontier garrisons had been subdued. Accordingly, while Pichegru prepared with one body of troops to attack Holland, another assembled in the neighbourhood of Brussels under Jourdan, and proceeded in pursuit of Clairfayt, who had succeeded the prince de Cobourg as commander in chief, and was the only general who now kept the field; for the duke of York had by this time withdrawn into Dutch Brabant, after a long and ineffectual struggle, and the hereditary prince of Orange was obliged to cross the Dyle to prevent his army from being surrounded.

(To be continued.)

* The intelligence was transmitted to Paris within the space of a single hour after the surrender, by means of thirteen distinct motions. When this instrument had attained a greater degree of perfection, the time occupied in making a similar communication between Lisle and the capital did not exceed two minutes.

Lives of the Great Captains of Modern History.

IT is our purpose under this head to execute a task very much wanted, that of giving a complete collection of THE LIVES OF THE GREAT CAPTAINS OF MODERN HISTORY. As far as respects France this has been already executed by Brantome, but we have no English Writer who has attempted it. The materials of these Lives will be as follows: 1. Where the subjects themselves have left their own Memoirs, they shall be given in full. 2. Where these Lives have been written by any author of authority, they will likewise be given in full,—such work being translated or reprinted. 3. In want of such materials, the best will be selected from the annals and memoirs of the age in which they lived.

THE LIFE OF JOHN DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,

BOOK V.

CONTAINING THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE YEAR 1703.

(Continued from our last.)

IN the mean time the troops continued to pass the bridges with great diligence. The Prussian horse formed themselves upon the right, in the same plain where our advanced guard was; and the rest of the horse, as they passed, followed the Prussians through the village of Heaurne into the plain. The foot, by reason of the length of the march, and that the horse had galloped a great part of the way, arrived later at their bridges, so that till five o'clock there was no foot, except the sixteen battalions.

My lord duke, with prince Eugene, being passed into the plain, to the head of the horse, where they were forming, and perceiving the great need there was of foot, sent orders to the foot that had been employed in the attack of the village, to leave their post there, and fling themselves into the hedges on the other side of the plain, towards which the enemy seemed to be marching with great diligence. There were then but two battalions of ours on that side of the plain, which were major-general Collier's and brigadier Grumchon's. They were attacked with great fury, but maintained their post with prodigious bravery till more foot came up to sustain them, long afterwards. The duke sent orders after orders to the foot to press their march, the French being then forming, and ready to attack the foot that was there with very unequal numbers. In this time the duke of Argyle arrived with twenty battalions: they were hardly posted when the French attacked them with great fury, driving some Prussian battalions from their post, which, notwithstanding the inequality of numbers, they retook again sword in hand. This happened about six o'clock in the evening. Count Lottum, by this time, was coming up with the rest of the foot of the right, to sustain this attack. His grace finding the great effort that was like to be made on the right, sent to the left for twenty battalions. The left wing, which had passed their horse through Oudenarde, and the foot over bridges below

the town made for that purpose, arriving some time later than the right, had formed themselves in two lines, with the village of Merghem behind them.

As soon as the foot arrived, they formed themselves in two lines before the horse, and then attacked, in very good order, the inclosures and villages in their front, wherein the French were posted. About seven o'clock the fire grew universal both on the right and left. In most places the French gave way ; but, being sustained with fresh troops, the action was maintained very obstinately a good while after. Before the left of the left wing there was a kind of opening, through which ran a road that led into the plain on the top of the hill. The prince of Friese, at the head of the Dutch foot, cleared this opening. In the instant in which this was performing, my lord Marlborough arrived at the left, prince Eugene taking care of the right. At the same time the fire was seen to go into the wood, the French seeming to yield almost every where.

My lord duke sent orders to M. d'Auverquerque and count Tilly, on the top of the hill, to press the French as much as they could on that side. Accordingly they passed the Danish horse through a narrow defile, into a field where all the French household were drawn up under the hedges. Round this great field, being possessed by the French, the prince of Friese brought in the foot ; and having formed them in two lines, he led them on with great resolution, the French every where giving way. The count d'Oxensteirne was along with this prince and the foot. This happened to be upon the flank of the French ; so that most of those that were retiring, being beaten from the right to the left, were forced back again into the inclosures in great disorder ; so that at last, when it was growing dark, many battalions, and more squadrons, flung themselves out in a desperate manner. Some of them, piercing through others, were cut to pieces ; some were forced back ; some passed through unperceived, and others asked to capitulate for their whole regiments.

The disorder was now so very great, and the fire directed so many different ways at once, that it was impossible to know friends from foes ; for which reason positive orders were given to fire no more till morning, and rather let the enemies escape, than for the victors to venture putting themselves in confusion.

During the greatest part of this action, M. d'Auverquerque was on horseback at the head of the troops, in the hottest of the fire ; count Tilly was at the head of the horse ; and the prince of Wirtemberg animated the troops every where by his own example, shewing himself in all places where the enemy appeared. A great many squadrons of the French household, which advanced to support their foot, were broke to pieces. Lieutenant-general Rantzau distinguished himself very much on this occasion.

On the right, while the duke of Marlborough was on the left, prince Eugene having made openings with the foot, sent in the horse to a little plain to attack the French cavalry ; which they did with very good suc-

cess : but pursuing too far, they suffered by the fire of the foot, and by fresh horse that came pouring down upon them. The Prussian Gendarms distinguished themselves very much, and lost very near the half of their number in this action. Lieutenant-general Watsmore, who shewed a great deal of valour in commanding that attack, was, at the head of those troops, wounded slightly above the eye.

Towards night, the French hardly made any more resistance any where, every thing seeming to be in the last disorder. Had there been two hours more of light, in all probability their whole body of foot, and their right wing of horse, had been entirely cut off; they being very near surrounded. As soon as it was dark, their troops retired by the road that goes through the village of Huysen, from Oudenarde to Ghent. Their artillery and baggage were not come up; so that, in all the action, they did not make use of above four pieces of cannon. As soon as it was light next morning, the troops that had lain upon their arms all night were ready; but the enemy was gone, leaving only some foot, and twenty-five squadrons for their rear-guard.

The duke of Marlborough ordered forty squadrons from the right, commanded by the lieutenant-generals Bulau and Lumley, with a considerable body of foot, to attack them; but the French having flung themselves into the highway that runs to Ghent, they were followed only by four battalions and forty squadrons. The grenadiers of the four battalions pushed twelve companies of the French grenadiers, who were posted along the highway, to secure their retreat. The head of the squadrons, falling into the fire of the French grenadiers, had several officers and soldiers killed and wounded; but the regiment of Pentz suffered most. Of the grenadiers commanded by major Erwing, several officers were killed and wounded on this occasion. Major-general Meredith was slightly wounded with a musket-shot, on the bone of the cheek.

On the enemies' side a great many were killed and taken. The regiment of Risbourg was entirely ruined, being the last regiment that stood. Two entire companies were taken. Brigadier Pourrienne, who commanded the last brigade, was taken, with many other officers. Their rearguard was pushed within less than two leagues of Ghent; but there being only one road, without any place to form in, and the foot being very much tired, it was not thought fit to pursue them any farther. What remained of their army retired under the cannon of Ghent.

The loss of the French, in this action, amounted to above 4000 left dead on the place; they carried off 5000 wounded, and had about 7000 made prisoners. On the side of the allies only 2000 were slain, and about the same number wounded. They took thirty-four standards, twenty-five colours, and four kettle-drums.

The remains of the French army marched through Ghent in great disorder, having about a hundred pieces of cannon with them, and encamped along the canal of Bruges, the duke of Brugundy taking his quarters at Bellem. They left twenty-two battalions for a garrison in

the former place, which suffered so very much in the battle, that they were reduced to a very few men. It was impossible to express the consternation of the French princes and generals; especially when they heard that the duke of Marlborough was marched towards Ipres, had forced the lines of Comines and made the necessary dispositions for cutting off the communication between France and the French army.

To confirm these accounts given by the allies, we need only to make some extracts from papers written by the French themselves. In one of them, dated from Paris, we are told, that when "the king received at Fontainebleau the first advice of the fatal battle fought near Oudenarde, he was so much concerned, that he could not forbear to utter these words: *Again without success! O Spain! what blood do you cost!*" And in another article from Ipres we have these words: "our loss in the battle near Oudenarde appears every day much greater than was reported: for besides 6000 men we lost upon the spot, the enemy took 600 officers, and 5000 men, prisoners." But the most remarkable piece is the extract of a letter from the same place, written by a French officer who was there prisoner.

"I can only send you an unwelcome relation of the particulars of the battle which happened yesterday about two in the afternoon near Oudenarde. It will prove a great blow to France; for without exaggerating the matter, we lost above 10,000 men, killed or wounded, or taken. The action was very ill managed on our side; for instead of attacking the enemy when they began to pass the Scheld near Oudenarde at eleven in the morning, we let them come over the river quietly, which they would not have adventured to do, had we in any tolerable manner offered to dispute their passage. At least forty of our best régiments are reduced to a wretched condition, the greatest part of them being killed or taken; so that it will be a long time before they can be re-established. Of four régiments of the king's household at least half are taken prisoners, and among them are several persons of note.

The duke of Marlborough, in a letter to queen Anne, dated July 23, has these expressions: "The circumstances in this last battle, I think, shew the hand of God: for we were obliged not only to march five leagues that morning, but to pass a river before the enemy, and to engage them before the whole army was passed; which was a visible mark of the favour of heaven to you and your arms."

It was observed that the duke of Burgundy, in his retreat, did not take the post of honour, but out of modesty resigned to the duke de Vendome the care of bringing up the rear, and arrived himself at five o'clock the next morning after the battle at Ghent, attended by the duke of Berry and the chevalier de St. George. A late author, who very much favours the French, and in particular the duke de Vendome, tells us, "that there was a secret force which drew the young prince towards that city, which made him contend with the duke de Vendome against giving battle till it was too late to avoid it, and till they could not fight but with disadvantage."—Vendome arrived there at nine o'clock,

and ordered the troops to march through Ghent, without making any halt, to Louendeghem, on the canal between that city and Ghent. Their retreat was very disorderly, at least amongst the foot; for the cavalry, having had but little share in the action, retired in better order. As they had left their cannon and light baggage at Gavre on the day of the fight, they had the good luck to save it, and afterwards planted it on the entrenchments they cast up along the canal. They had above one hundred field pieces, besides the cannon they found in Ghent. The hospitals and public places in Ghent being not able to receive the wounded, part of them were sent to Bruges.

The confederate troops being returned to their camp, which was the field of battle, they rested there the 12th and 13th, while prince Eugene, the duke of Marlborough, the deputies of the states, and M. d'Auverquerque, debated in a council of war what was to be done in the present conjuncture; and resolved that the army under the duke of Marlborough should immediately march towards Menin, pass the Lys, level the lines between Warneton and Ipres, and hinder any detachment from getting into Ipres, or the French army from retiring that way. Prince Eugene was to march at the same time towards Brussels, to assemble his forces, observe the motions of the duke of Berwick, and hinder the French from retiring into Brabant by the same way they came. According to these resolutions the count de Lottum, general of the Prussians, with the lieutenant-generals Fagel and Dopst, marched the 13th at night, with thirty battalions and forty squadrons, towards Old Helchin, and the next day advanced towards the French lines. The fort of the Red Bridge was abandoned without any resistance. Warneton, Comines, and Werwick surrendered the 15th in the afternoon, and they took in those posts five hundred prisoners. The same day the army, which had encamped between Bellegen and Hauterive, marched in two columns towards Menin, passed the Lys on two bridges near that place, and encamped between Werwick and Menin. While the lines between the Lys and Ipres were demolishing by a detachment of the army, other detachments were sent to raise contributions as far as Arras; and the deputies that came from that country, not having been able to agree, returned home. This obliged the generals to have recourse to military executions, and the parties set on fire two of the suburbs of Arras. Another party advanced to Lens to set it on fire; but the inhabitants gave hostages to pay what was demanded of them. The duke of Marlborough kept his troops under a strict discipline; so that the country people brought plenty of provisions to his camp. Prince Eugene lay encamped at Enguien with a detachment of the grand army, and the forces he brought from Germany, except the Palatine infantry, which encamped without Brussels, near the gates of Louvain, Namure, and Hall. That prince observed the duke of Berwick, whose forces were posted between Mons and Condé.

It is very remarkable, that before the battle of Oudenarde, when prince Eugene left his army, and came up alone to be present at the action, upon ordering the troops to advance towards the enemy, his grace told

his serene highness, that he was not without hopes of felicitating him with the sight of a victory at his arrival in Flanders, especially as the troops were animated with his highness's presence." His grace had indeed always a sort of noble confidence in his good fortune, which a long series of uninterrupted success could not but strengthen.

As the consternation was very great in the enemy's country, by reason of the late excursions therein, the duke of Marlborough resolved to detach a more considerable body into the French territories to extend the contributions, or proceed to military execution in case of refusal. The generals and the states deputies having taken into consideration, that as long as the enemy were posted between Ghent and Bruges, it was impossible for them to receive their heavy artillery for a siege, orders were sent to the governor of Sas-van-Ghent, to send the boats laden with it, which had been some time in that place, to Antwerp; from whence the train could be carried to Brussels by means of the canal. At the same time a new train of twenty battering-pieces was ordered from Maestricht to Brussels, and the country was to furnish a sufficient number of horse for that service. The hereditary prince of Hesse-Cassel, with the Saxon and Hessian cavalry, continued at Brussels, for securing the transport of this artillery: and while the allies were securing their own convoys, ten squadrons under brigadier Chanclos were detached towards Oudenarde, to hinder the enemy from receiving any convoys from Tournay, where there was advice, they had one preparing. Another detachment of five hundred horse, under the prince of Avergne and count Maurice de Nassau, was detached at the same time towards Rousselaer, to cut off the convoys of provisions the enemy might receive by the way of Ipres; and all possible precautions were taken to streighten them in their camp, where they continued to entrench themselves, and talked of insulting the frontiers of the states. But I must not mention every minute motion of either army.

On the 24th of July, advice came to the camp, that the duke of Berwick was marched from Doway with 23 squadrons, besides the cavalry of the garrison of Lisle, to Tournay, with a design to attack the baggage of the allies in their march from Aeth: whereupon the duke of Marlborough detached 6 squadrons from the right, under the command of major-general Baudits, to re-inforce lieutenant-general Dompere, who had been detached with 2000 horse; and so the baggage came safe into the camp, the enemy not thinking fit to attack it.

(To be continued.)

OFFICIAL NARRATIVES
OF THE
CAMPAIGNS OF BUONAPARTE,

BEING A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF THE WHOLE OF THE BULLETINS
PUBLISHED BY BUONAPARTE, FROM HIS FIRST CAMPAIGN AS GENERAL
IN CHIEF IN ITALY 1796, TO HIS ADDICATION.

IT is the well known opinion of some of our ablest Generals, that the French Bulletins of Buonaparte contain the most complete practical lessons of modern warfare, and with a due allowance for some exaggeration, include the fullest narrative of the most memorable campaigns on record. A wish, therefore, has often been expressed that they were all published in one form, so as to form a portable manual as well for future reference as for present study. It is our present purpose to effect this. In this, and in the following numbers of the Chronicle, we shall accordingly give a complete collection of the whole of the Bulletins published by Buonaparte. This collection was commenced in the first Number of this Second Series of the Military Chronicle; and these Bulletins are no where to be found but in the Moniteur and in the Military Chronicle. We conceive it unnecessary to point out the utility of having them thus complete, and in a form always accessible for history and reference.

CAMPAIGN IN RUSSIA IN 1812.

FIFTH BULLETIN (*continued.*)

WILNA, July 6th, 1812—THE third and fourth corps, and Russian Imperial Guards, retired from Wilna upon Nementschin, Swentziani, and Vidzoni. The King of Naples pressed them vigorously along the banks of the Wilia. The 10th regiment of Polish hussars, which was at the head of the column of the division of Count Sebastiani, came up near Lebowo, with a regiment of Cossacks of the party which covered the rear-guard, and charged at full gallop, killed nine, and made about a dozen prisoners. The Polish troops, which up to this moment have engaged in a charge, have shown rare resolution. They are animated by enthusiasm and passion.

On the 3d of July, the King of Naples marched upon Swentziani, and there overtook Baron de Tolly's rear-guard. He gave orders to General Monbrun to charge; but the Russians did not wait the attack, and retired with such precipitation, that a squadron of Huhfians, which was returning from a reconnaissance on the side of Mihailetki, fell in with our out-posts. It was charged by the 12th chasseurs, and the whole either taken or slain. Sixty men were taken with their horses. The Poles who are amongst these prisoners have applied to serve, and have been taken, full mounted, into the Polish troops.

On the 4th, at day-break, the King of Naples entered Swentziani, the Marshal Duke of Eichingen entered Maliatoni, and the Marshal Duke of Reggio, Avanta.

On the 30th of June, Marshal the Duke of Tarentum arrived at Russiena; he proceeded beyond that to Poneviev, Chawli, and Tesch.

The immense magazines which the Russians had in Samogitia have been burned by themselves, which has occasioned an enormous loss, not only to their finances, but still more to the subsistence of the people.

The corps of Doctorow, however, viz. the 6th corps, was, till the 27th of June, without any orders, and had made no movement. On the 28th it assembled, and put itself in motion, in order to proceed to the Dwina by marching on its flank. On the 30th, its advanced guard entered Soleinicki. It was charged by the light cavalry of General Baron Borde Sout, and driven out of the village. Doctorow, perceiving that he was anticipated, turned to the right, and made for Ochmiana. General Baron Pajol arrived at that place with his light cavalry, at the moment when Doctorow's vanguard entered it. General Pajol charged. The enemy was sabred and overthrown in the town; he lost 60 men killed, and 18 prisoners. General Pajol had five men killed, and some wounded. This charge was made by the 9th regiment of Polish lancers.

General Doctorow, seeing his route intercepted, fell back upon Olchanoni. Marshal the Prince of Eckmuhl, with a division of infantry, the cuirassiers of the division of Count Valence, and the second regiment of light cavalry of the guard, moved upon Ochmiani, in order to support General Pajol.

The corps of Doctorow, thus cut off and driven towards the south, continued to prosecute the movement on the right by forced marches, with the sacrifice of its baggage, upon Smoroghoni, Donowchew, and Robouilnicki, whence he made for the Dwina. This movement had been foreseen. General Nansouty, with a division of cuirassiers, the division of light cavalry of Count Bruyeres, and Count Morand's division of infantry, advanced to Mikailitchki, with a view to cut off this corps. He arrived on the 3d at Swin, at the time when it passed that place, and pushed it briskly. He took a large number of wag-gons, and obliged the enemy to abandon some hundreds of baggage carts.

The uncertainty, the anxiety, the marches and counter-marches which these troops had endured, the fatigues which they had undergone, must have made them suffer severely.

Torrents of rain fell during thirty-six hours, without intermission. The weather has suddenly changed from extreme heat to very severe cold. Several thousands of horses have perished by the effects of this sudden transition. Convoys of artillery have been stopped by the mud.

This terrible storm, which has fatigued both men and beasts, has unavoidably retarded our march; and the corps of Doctorow, which successively fell in with the columns of General Borde Sout, of General Pajol, and General Nansouty, has narrowly escaped destruction.

Prince Bagrathion, with the 5th corps stationed more in the rear, marches towards the Dwina. He set out, on the 30th of June, from Wolkowisk to Minsk.

The King of Westphalia entered Grodno the same day. The division Dombrowski passed it first. The Hetman Platoff was still at Grodno with his Cossacks. When charged by the light cavalry of Prince Poniatowski, the Cossacks were dispersed in every direction. Twenty were killed and sixty made prisoners. At Grodno were found materials for 100,000 rations of bread, and some remains of the magazine.

It had been foreseen, that Bagrathion would fall back upon the Dwina, by drawing as near as possible to Dunaburg; and the General of Division, Count Grouchy, had been sent to Bodganow. He was on the 3d at Trabmi. Marshal the Prince of Eckmuhl, reinforced by two divisions, was on the 4th at Witchnew. If Prince Poniatowski had vigorously pressed the rear-guard of the corps of Bagrathion, that corps would have been endangered.

All the enemy's corps are in a state of the greatest uncertainty. The Hetman Platoff was still ignorant on the 30th of June, that Wilna had been two days in the possession of the French. He took a direction towards that city, as far as Lida, at which place he changed his route, and moved towards the South.

The sun, during the whole of the 4th, re-established the roads. Every thing is now organising at Wilna. The suburbs have suffered by the vast crowds of people that rushed into them during the continuance of the tempest. There was a Russian apparatus there for 60,000 rations. Another has been established for an equal number of rations. Magazines are forming. The head of the convoys arrives at Kowno by the Niemen. Twenty thousand quintals of flour, and a million rations of biscuit, have just arrived here from Dantzic.

SIXTH BULLETIN.

WILNA, *July, 11, 1812.*—The King of Naples continued to follow the enemy's rear-guard. On the 5th, he met the enemy's cavalry in a position upon the Dziana. He caused it to be charged by the brigade of light cavalry commanded by General Baron Subervie. The Prussian regiments, the Wurtembergers and Poles, which form a part of this brigade, charged with the greatest intrepidity. They overturned a line of Russian dragoons and hussars, and took 200 prisoners, with their horses. When they arrived on the other side of the Dziana, they broke down the bridges, and shewed a disposition to defend the passage of the river. General Count Montbrun then brought up his five batteries of light artillery, which, during several hours, carried destruction into the ranks of the enemy. The loss of the Russians has been considerable.

General Count Sebastiani arrived on the same day at Vidzoni, whence the Emperor of Russia had departed on the preceding evening.

Our advanced guard is upon the Dwina.

General Count Nansouty was, on the 5th of July, at Postavonia. In order to pass the Dziana, he proceeded six miles farther on the right of the King of Naples. The General of Brigade Roussel, with the 9th regiment of Polish light cavalry, and the 2d regiment of Prussian hussars, passed the river, overthrew six Russian squadrons, sabred a great number, and took 45 prisoners, with several officers. General Nansouty praises the conduct of General Roussel; and mentions with commendation, Lieut. Borke, of the Prussian hussars, the sub-officer Kranse, and the hussar Lutze. His Majesty has granted the insignia of the Legion of Honour to General Roussel, and to the officers and sub-officers above-named.

General Nansouty took 130 Russian mounted hussars and dragoons prisoners.

On the 3d of July, the communication was opened between Grodno and Wilna, by Lida. The Hetman Platoff, with 6000 Cossacks, when driven out of Grodno, moved towards Lida, and found there the French posts. He descended to Ivie on the 5th.

General Count Grouchy occupied Witchnew, Traboni, and Soubolnicki. General Baron Pajol was at Perchia; General Baron Borde Soult was at Blakchtoni; Marshal the Prince of Eckmuhl was in advance of Bobrowski, pushing heads of columns in every direction.

Platoff retreated precipitately, on the 6th, to Nikolaew.

Prince Bagrathion, having set out in the beginning of July from Wolkowisk on his route for Wilna, was intercepted in his march. He turned back with a

view to reach Minsk: anticipated there by the Prince of Eckmuhl, he altered his direction, gave up his intention of proceeding towards the Dwina, and moved towards the Borysthènes, by Bobruisk, across the marshes of the Beresina.

Marshal the Prince of Eckmuhl entered Minsk on the 8th. He found there considerable magazines of flour, hay, clothing, &c. Bagrahion had already arrived at Novoi-Sworgiew: perceiving that he was anticipated, he sent orders to burn the magazines; but the Prince of Eckmuhl did not give time for effecting these orders.

The King of Westphalia was on the 9th at Novogrodek: General Reynier, at Konina: magazines, baggage-waggons, quantities of medicines, and straggling parties, fall into our hands every instant. The Russian divisions are straying in these countries without any previously arranged route, pursued on every side, losing their baggage, burning their magazines, destroying their artillery, and leaving their places without defence.

General Baron Colbert took, at Vileika, a magazine of 300 quintals of flour, an hundred thousand rations of bread, &c. He found also at Vileika a chest containing 200,000 francs, in copper money.

All these advantages have scarcely cost the French army a man. Since the opening of the campaign, there have been but about thirty killed in all the corps, about 100 wounded, and ten prisoners; whilst we have already taken from 2,000 to 2,500 Russians prisoners.

The Prince of Schwartzenberg passed the Bug at Droghitschin, pursued the enemy in different directions, and made himself master of many baggage-corts. The Prince of Schwartzenberg praises the reception he has met with from the inhabitants, and the spirit of patriotism which animates these countries.

Thus, ten days after opening the campaign, our advanced posts are upon the Dwina. Almost the whole of Lithuania, containing four millions of inhabitants has been conquered. The operations of the war commenced at the passage of the Vistula. The projects of the Emperor were from that time plainly unfolded, and he had no time to lose in carrying them into execution. Thus, the army has been making forced marches from the period of passing that river, in order to advance by means of manœuvres upon the Dwina; for the distance between the Vistula and the Dwina is greater than that between the Dwina and Mosiere, or Petersburg.

The Russians appear to be concentrating themselves upon Dunaburg; they give out that it is their intention to wait for us, and to give us battle before we enter their ancient provinces,—after having abandoned Poland without a contest, as if they were constrained by justice, and wished to restore a country badly acquired, inasmuch as it was not gained by treaties, or by the right of conquest.

The heat continues to be very violent.

The people of Poland are in motion on all sides. The White Eagle is hoisted every where. Priests, nobles, peasants, women, all call for the independence of their nation. The peasants are extremely jealous of the happiness of the peasants of the Grand Duchy, who are free; for, whatever may be said to the contrary, liberty is considered by the Lithuanians as the greatest blessing. The peasants express themselves with a vivacity of elocution, which would not seem to belong to the climates of the North; and all embrace with transport, the hope that the result of the struggle will be the re-establishment of their liberty. The peasants of the Grand Duchy have gained by their liberty:—not that they are richer, but that the proprietors are obliged to be moderate, just, and humane; because, otherwise, the peasants would quit their lands in order to seek better proprietors. Thus the noble loses nothing; he is only obliged to be just, and the peasant gains much. It must be an agreeable gratification for the heart of the Emperor, to witness, in crossing the Grand Duchy, the transports of joy and gratitude which the blessing of liberty, granted to four millions of men, has excited.

Six regiments of infantry are just ordered to be raised by a new levy in Lithuania; and four regiments of cavalry have been offered by the nobility.

(To be continued.)

CAMPAIGN
OF
Napoleon Buonaparte
IN ITALY, 1799.
BEING A CIRCUMSTANTIAL NARRATIVE
OF THE MEMORABLE
BATTLE OF MARENGO.

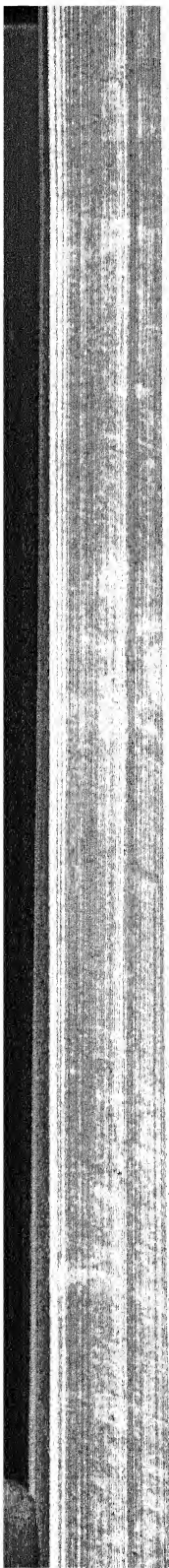
BY
C. PETIT,
ONE OF THE GUARDS OF BUONAPARTE IN THAT CAMPAIGN
AND BATTLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

*Being the Supplement to the Military Chronicle, for Volume IV.
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THE ROYAL MILITARY CHRONICLE.

SUPPLEMENT.] NEW SERIES, APRIL, 1816. [VOL. IV.

CAMPAIGN OF MARENGO, &c.

May 14th, 1800.—BUONAPARTE having arrived at Martigny, a village of the Upper-Valais, situated at six leagues distance from Mount St. Bernard, chose that place on account of its proximity to the mountains, as proper to prepare for, and superintend the astonishing passage which he had resolved to accomplish. He staid there three days in the House of Convalescence belonging to the Monks of Mount St. Bernard.

The van-guard, commanded by General Lannes, had already advanced as far as Saint Peter, a small village quite at the foot of the mountain. The troops found it entirely deserted; for the inhabitants, terrified at the distant view of so many soldiers approaching towards them, fled from their abodes and hid themselves among the rocks covered with snow and ice.

This corps was composed of the 6th Light Brigade, the 28th and 44th of the Line, the 11th and 12th of Hussars, and of the 21st of Chasseurs. They climbed up the mountain the 16th of May, and saw for the first time, at St. Remy, (a village six leagues distant from the convent) an enemy which they were never to lose sight of again till the moment after their triumph at Marengo.

The enemy, although greatly inferior in number, and who could be considered as in no danger of being cut off, owing to the whole country forming one entire scarp, so as to aid either their resistance or their retreat; defended themselves step by step, and never disappeared before us, till the moment they perceived another corps of the French army descending the Little St. Bernard, menacing their rear, and absolutely interrupting their retreat.

The first division of the army, commanded by General Watrin, followed the movement of the van guard.

Till this period of time, neither artillery nor ammunition had crossed either mountain; the whole was collected at St. Peter, where the park was established. To transport this heavy and embarrassing ordnance across the mountain, appeared impossible in the execution. However it was natural to consider the question,—what is an army in the present

day without artillery? Its necessity in this respect was imperious. In vain did infinite obstacles present themselves to frighten the most ardent imaginations; every thing was foreseen by the genius which conceived this daring enterprize, and which was to carry it into full execution.

The artillery corps immediately set about dismounting the cannons, caissons, forges, &c. piece-meal. Gassendi, Inspector of Ordnance, gave orders for hollowing a number of the trunks of trees after the nature of troughs, in which the pieces of cannon might safely slide, and to which five or six hundred men, according to the weight of metal, were appropriated in order to draw them up these almost inaccessible heights; the wheels were carried by hand upon *polés*; and sledges, made expressly for the purpose at Auxonne, conveyed the axle-trees and the empty caissons; lastly, mules were loaded with ammunition in boxes made of green fir. This is the way the Army of the French Hannibal began its march across the Alps!!

In order to encourage this very arduous labour; from 4 to 500 livres were offered for every cannon, with its ammunition, so conveyed. The exertion of a whole battalion was requisite for the conveyance of one field-piece with its necessary ammunition: one half of a regiment could only draw the load, while the other half was obliged to carry the knapsacks, firelocks, cartridge-boxes, canteens, kettles, and more especially, five days provisions, in bread, meat, salt, and biscuit. The whole of these accoutrements and necessities might make a weight of about sixty or seventy pounds.

The heavy baggage was sent back to Lausanne; the Consul himself only taking what might be deemed absolutely necessary. The main body of the army followed at no great distance from the van-guard: we were obliged to ascend one by one; nobody was prompted to endeavour to get before his comrade, an attempt which might have occasioned his being irrecoverably swallowed up in the snow. The head of our Indian file column, halted every now and then, of which opportunity was always taken, to allay our thirst by soaking our biscuits in the water of the melted snow; and who would believe, unless had he crossed the Alps with us, that these refreshments appeared delicious?

It took up five hours to climb up St. Peter as high as the Monastery; at that time every one of us was indulged with a glass of wine. The very liquor, though actually frozen, warmed us, and recruited our strength; no one, not even the most avaricious among us, would have exchanged that single draught for all the gold in Mexico.

We had still a journey of six leagues to make; but the rapidity of the descent rendered those eighteen miles truly terrible: at every step we met with deep crevices formed by the melting of the snow; and it was in vain we held our horses fast by the closed reins of their bridles, that care did not preserve them from dangerous and sometimes fatal slides; the men themselves, in spite of all their precautions, often fell; and if they were unable to recover themselves immediately, they ran the risk of

drawing their horses out of the path, and perishing with them in the most frightful abysses.

Buonaparte entered the monastery, accompanied by the Prior of the house of convalescence, who had followed us; but he staid there only an hour, when, on quitting it, he exhorted these respectable hermits to continue to deserve well of humanity.

The Consul's mules and horses were in our train; for his own part, being willing, no doubt, to rejoin us by the shortest road, he entered a path which some few infantry pursued. Towards the middle of this march the descent was so steep that he was obliged to slide down it upon his breech from a height of about 200 feet. The General's Aides-de-camp Duroc, Maroi, Merlin, and others, went before him, and, like ourselves, marched these six leagues on foot. The holes into which we fell every instant rendered this part of our journey down the mountains, more fatiguing than the ascending them. We commenced our march at midnight, and we did not arrive at the end of it, till nine o'clock in the evening next day; and it might be said that, for fourteen leagues we had scarcely eaten any food. Extreme fatigue and great want of sleep made us easily forget the badness of our supper.

The cold, upon this mountain, is excessive, even in the middle of summer; not a tree, or even a small shrub, is there seen to remind us of the empire of vegetation; no herb nor green leaf to offer a pleasing verdure; birds never haunt these regions, or even repose in them from weariness of flight. It has pleased nature to leave this spot wild and barren: a vast extent of snow on every side, yields a melancholy, and if one may be allowed the expression, monotonous prospect. Rocks of a greyish colour, great heaps of ice, an immense perspective of mountains in a chain, always white; and a frightful silence: from the contemplation of all which, the mind is never interrupted but by the sight of clouds which at one time appear to precipitate themselves at the foot of the mountain, at another entirely to surround the observer: such are the gloomy beauties which are to be seen in the face of nature, by the travellers in these elevated points of our hemisphere.

Who could believe that men would consent to associate in these high mountain tops, and make it their principal occupation to succour the unfortunate who are in danger of perishing, and who often do perish in these dangerous passes?

Upon the Great Mount St. Bernard is a Monastery of Bernardines, which very much resembles a large inn: there are two other smaller houses at no great distance, and which depend on, and belong to, the convent. Whilst these solitary and good men have a summer of three months, and only three hours of fine weather every day of this fleeting season, they esteem themselves happy.

Upon the left of the Monastery, at about a hundred paces from the path or road, is the mountain called Mont Veland, the highest of the chain. At the moment when I passed it, the sun shone full on its brow; when the snow, reflecting its rays, dazzled me in a surprising degree.

Sometimes there rolls down from it a block so stupendous as to be capable of burying more than two hundred persons. The height is about 11,000 feet above the level of the sea: it requires two days to climb up to the top of it, not because of its height, but on account of the ice which envelopes it.

The naturalists who travel among these mountains, furnish themselves with a long stick, a hatchet, and cramp-irons. The long stick or pole serves them to sound the depth of the holes, the hatchet to cut steps after the manner of stairs, and the cramp-irons to prevent the feet from sliding. It is not less necessary to be provided with food, and with guides.

In summer, as well as in winter, many people perish among these almost inaccessible rocks. At the time we crossed them, the chapel was filled with dead bodies, which the dogs had discovered under the snow.

With what emotions of pleasure did I caress these dogs so useful to travellers! how can one speak of them without being moved by their charitable instinct! Notwithstanding the paucity of our eatables, there was not a French soldier who did not manifest an eagerness to give them some bread, and even a share of his meat. Morning and evening these dogs go out on discovery; and if, in the midst of their wandering courses, the echo of some unfortunate creature ready to perish reaches their attentive ears, they run towards those who call out, express their joy, and seem to bid the sufferer take courage till they have been to seek assistance; in fact, they hasten back to the convent, and with an air of inquietude and sadness, announce in a very discernible manner what they have seen. In that case a small basket is fastened round the dog's neck filled with food proper for re-animating life almost exhausted; and thus, by some person following the *humane* messenger, an unhappy creature is snatched from impending destruction. But to return to the Great St. Bernard.

Whenever the winds, the rain, the hail, or the snow have, during winter, covered or spoiled the foot-path, the guides of the country come with their mules in order to discover its former traces; and then to restore it, they pass and repass over it with their implements, till it is again practicable. This operation continues sometimes four or five days: if it happens at that time, which is sometimes the case, that a frost sets in, as severe as it is often in Russia, that favourable moment is seized for provisioning the monastery.

During the summer, this passage is not much less difficult and dangerous. The rains penetrating into the mountains of snow, melt them in a manner scarcely discernible. Large cavities are, however, formed underneath, over which the traveller walks unawares, until, all on a sudden, a gulph opens beneath his steps, and he disappears in the twinkling of an eye. A hard frost is desirable, because we may then safely travel over the snow.

At two hundred paces below the convent is situated a lake, the depth of which is not known, and which is scarcely ever thawed. The snow

collects there in heaps, and covers in such a manner the frozen surface of these passages, that travellers often slide under it without being able to avoid it. This happened to the Consul more than once while he was coming to join us.

Such were the places on which, during the whole winter, a hundred and eighty French soldiers of the 18th demi-brigade of the line were posted, in order to guard the passes of the Great and Little Saint Bernard, the Simplon, Mount Genevre, Mount-Cenis, &c. The difficulty of such a service may be easily conceived, by considering the nature of the station.

On the following day (May 16th,) after a few hours sleep, which had refreshed the harassed body, our van-guard marched upon the town of Aosta, in Piedmont, the seat of numerous Roman antiquities, and whose ancient and hardy natives, the Selassii, a people of Celtic extraction, were first subdued by that power under its General, Terentius Varro. Its present inhabitants, the most simple people in Piedmont, are incapable of any exertion; we found however an Hungarian battalion who attempted to defend the entrance into the town, but it was obliged to retire with loss, and a deputation of the place waited upon the Consul with compliments of surrender.

Three leagues south-east of Aosta, is the town of Chatillon. General Lannes, in advancing towards it, was informed that the enemy was disposed to make a resistance on a draw bridge constructed on a precipice, over which, so as to avoid this pass, it was not possible for infantry to make their way. Without a moment's hesitation the Chef de Brigade, Fournier, sprang forwards, and with the 12th Hussars, attacked them in so brisk a manner, that in a short time the force which had advanced to defend the pass, was over-thrown or sabred, and the passage cleared of every one of the enemy, who lost forty of Ferdinand's Hussars prisoners, with two hundred infantry, and a three-pounder, which composed the whole of their artillery. The fugitives were pursued as far as Fort de Barre, having barely time to raise the draw-bridge after them. We followed them and soon found ourselves at the foot of a rock, which suddenly stopped our whole army. We were pent up as it were in a narrow neck, terminated by this rock, where four days would have been sufficient to exhaust the whole of our subsistence, and which the difficult and toilsome passage over Mount St. Bernard, had left to us no means of supplying. This alarming stoppage afforded General Melas time to arrive, and to oppose in person, our passage through the defile. At the same time our situation now unfolded to him our whole design, which before he had either doubted, or to his misfortune had despised. Nature, without any aid from art, had formed this rock of such materials, that it might truly be considered as impregnable. The road is at its foot, which is watered by the *Doria*, a deep, rapid, and dangerous river. The opposite bank is also formed of high rocks inaccessible to man, and which serve only for the habitation of marmots and screech-owls. To the left of the arch are seen other rocks, not less elevated than the former, but

less impracticable, being strewed here and there with vines, to which the sad inhabitants of this country have access by means of steps cut in the rocks.

There was but one of two courses to pursue, that of taking the fort by assault, or of seeking for another passage, which, by avoiding the fort, might enable us to pursue our route. Each of these measures appeared to bid equal defiance to force and ingenuity. But the genius of Buonaparte led us on; and it is on this occasion, more perhaps than on any other, that this great man proved, that *nothing is impossible to him who is resolved to effect his object*. Three companies of grenadiers possessed themselves of the suburbs of the place, and lodged themselves therein. During the day they hid themselves, that they might not be cannonaded by the guns of the fort. But, through the casements they shot all those of the enemy who shewed themselves at the embrasures of the wall, and in this way greatly disquieted the enemy. The artillery and garrison, however, rendered the fort very formidable, and the enemy seemed to have little apprehension, either that we should venture to assault them, or that our assault would have any success.

About eleven o'clock at night, by the light of the moon, the Chief of Brigade of the brave 56th, at the head of several companies of grenadiers, marched silently across the great blocks of stone and rock scattered here and there, reached the palisadoes, climbed over them amidst a shower of balls, and forced the enemy with the bayonet from work to work, till, full of terror, they retired in disorder within the castle. During all this time, the cannon was thundering, and the firing of the musketry incessant. Canister shot, grenades, and howitzers, for some time checked the impetuosity of the French. Immense stones from the parapet were thrown down with precipitancy upon the assailants, and crushed many to death on the spot. The Chief of Brigade himself was thus mortally wounded. In this situation a retreat was thought advisable: it was effected without confusion; but we had to regret the loss of a number of intrepid soldiers killed or badly wounded.

It was now deemed absolutely necessary to avoid the fort. By dint of perseverance in research, we found, after climbing from one flight of steps to another, that the rock called Albaredo was to be escaladed, whence we might, though with inconceivable difficulty, descend again, or rather roll down on the other side. Whilst we were ascending those steps, a battery played upon us unceasingly. We took the precaution, as fast as we got up, to incline ten or twelve paces on the left, where we were sheltered in some degree from the enemy's shot. Nor was this all our danger; for before we had ascended three parts of the way, we were openly exposed during the space of ten minutes. This inconvenience suggested the expediency of raising a light piece of four-pound ordnance to the spot; which, by incredible efforts, was accomplished, through a cleft in the rock, though the height was eight hundred yards. This single, but serviceable gun, fired incessantly upon the enemy's battery, which it successfully commanded. The advanced guard in this manner

ascended the rock, though not without extreme difficulty, since they were obliged to follow one by one. Here, as on mount St. Bernard, the troops were obliged to lie upon their arms. The cavalry were still more fatigued than the infantry, for the horses were obliged, like the native goats, to leap from stone to stone. Astonishing as it is to relate, it is not the less true, that, guided by a powerful and unerring instinct, they knew how to avoid the misfortune of rolling headlong down the dreadful precipices. We nevertheless lost in this way a number of these valuable creatures, as well as some mules.

But as the ascending place of the rock of Albaredo was less practicable than Mount St. Bernard, it was deemed indispensable to make use of the suburbs or *hasseville*, whatever might be the cost, with respect to the exposure. The most extraordinary precautions were taken for the marching through the streets. Haybands were twisted round the carriage wheels, and the paved road covered with dung, in order to deaden their sound as they proceeded. Thirty men were harnessed, one before another, to a piece of ordnance, or ammunition tumbril, ready to seize the moment when they might make the least noise possible. The enemy, however, were sometimes aware of what was doing, and would fire upon us; on which occasion we seldom failed to find some one among us killed or wounded. We posted a cannon in the belfry of the church in the suburbs, which was able to batter in breach, and effectually to demolish a tower above the gate of the castle. But the force which defended it, seeing themselves deprived of every help, and fearing an assault surrendered prisoners of war.

The First Consul went several times, accompanied by General Berthier, to view the works of the enemy. He ascended the mountain on foot, and continued several hours upon its summit, whence the eye could easily and fully survey the castle. Greatly fatigued by the laborious ascent, and rendered faint by the extreme heat of the weather, he laid himself down in the open air, and fell asleep. Each of us, as we filed before him, could not but contemplate his person with peculiar interest, and we took particular care not to interrupt that repose so necessary to his existence, but which had, as it were, been forced upon him.

Having surmounted these dangers and difficulties, we learnt that the enemy made a shew of force at St. Martin. But to attack and drive them to Ivrea required only the necessary time to run over the ground which separated us. In fact, a division under general Boudet entered this place on the 23d of May, by scaling the walls. The enemy had a garrison in the citadel, and seemed, at first, determined to defend the town, but they were too few in number to resist us. We found fourteen pieces of cannon in the place, with a proportionate quantity of ammunition, and made therein two hundred prisoners, besides taking twice that number in the pursuit towards Turin.

The Marquisate, in which Ivrea is situated, was founded by Charlemagne. It is situated partly in a plain and partly on a hill, and con-

tains about seven thousand inhabitants. There are still some remains of an ancient fortress, called *Il Castellazzo*, supposed to have been built by Ardouin, first Marquis of Ivrea. Its inhabitants are the descendants of a Roman colony, sent thither during the sixth consulship of Marius. It is about eight leagues north of Turin, and is a bishop's see. The main army having climbed over the mountain of Albaredo in the manner described, filed off by this town, which seasonably furnished the troops with bread, wine, meat, and rice; objects so indispensably necessary to their subsistence. No sooner had we been supplied with these articles, than our hearts were again elated with joy; and the present abundance effaced the remembrance of the cruel hardships and privations we endured. An incident here occurred, which will shew in a striking manner, how little the enemy seems to have been prepared for the disasters which were suspended over their heads.

Four or five thousand of the enemy, assembled in haste from Turin and the adjacent garrisons, united themselves to about two thousand we had driven before us the preceding day, and took up a position at Romagno, where they intrenched themselves. They were covered by a deep river, the bridge of which had been cut down, by reason as it is imagined of the contempt in which they held us, from their entire ignorance of our force, as well as of our designs. They said openly among themselves that the report of Buonaparte commanding this army in person was false; that it was an adventurer who resembled him, or it might be one of his brothers, who had put himself at the head of a collection of Italian refugees, without artillery and without cavalry; that we were only throwing ourselves away in this manner in order to divert their main operations from before Genoa. One part of them even boasted that they only feigned to retreat in order to draw us into more open ground, where they might cut us to pieces with ease. But the valour of Gen. Lannes, at the head of his advanced guard, put an end to their ridiculous stories and their vain hopes together. Romagno was carried by the bayonet; the bridge and the redoubts were soon cleared of the enemy. The dead and the wounded were left on the spot, and the fugitives were pursued as far as the road to Turin. This was a dear lesson of the bravery of those troops, whom they had so much despised. Their cavalry, indeed, taking advantage of an open space, and a favourable *terrein*, faced about and charged our infantry. From too much ardour in the pursuit our men had separated; but the 11th and 12th demi-brigades of the Hussars, being near at hand, were united in a moment to the 16th light, and to the 28th and 44th of the line. These troops again drove off the enemy and performed prodigies of valour.

On the following day, (May 26th,) Buonaparte, in order the better to conceal his designs, caused two divisions to menace Turin, whilst the advanced guard, under General Lannes, immediately proceeded to the Chiusella and the Po. The enemy were thus obliged to cross the latter where they took up a position on its right bank. While the attention

of the Austrians was occupied by the movements of these corps, the division of cavalry, under the orders of General Murat, took the route of Milan, and on the 27th of May entered Vercelli. On the same day the Italian Legion, commanded by Gen. Lecchi, came down the Sesia. The division of Gen. Turreau advanced by Mount Cenis, and took possession of Suza and the Brunette. A column of our troops penetrated from the Simplon, and, marching towards Domo d'Oscella, turned the Austrian position there, on the 28th of May. Gen. Moncey's division, after passing Mount St. Gothard on the 26th, pushed its advanced guard to Ariolo, driving the Austrian General Dadovich to the Lago Maggiore. In the meantime General Lannes' corps continued its march to the Po, which induced the Austrians to believe it was his intention to take up a position at Asti, in order to intercept the troops on their march from Nice to Turin. But our army, after a day's halt at Chivasso, suddenly on the night of the 30th passed the Doria; and, skirting the Po, joined General Murat at Vercelli.

The Staff of Ivrea, which was transferred to Vercelli, staid there but one night, removing next day to Novarro, which the enemy had evacuated that morning. We left this latter place at midnight; the Consular guard accompanied us. Already many divisions attended with the utmost impatience upon the banks of the Tessino, waiting for the signal to cross it in their turn. It was an interesting spectacle to see the generous disputes which now arose. Every one was eager to be one of the General's division. The rapidity of the river had destroyed the bridge of boats; and, to add to our misfortune, we found ourselves without the means of constructing another. These were obstacles sufficient to have stopped the progress of any other than a French army.—A few ruinous wherries or barges were collected, in which the soldiers embarked; and shovels served for oars. Some carabineers of the 6th Light darted forward, under the protection of a well-directed fire of musketry and a few pieces of cannon. The grenadiers of the 28th followed, and the opposite bank was presently cleared of the enemy. As they had less infantry than cavalry, they were obliged to quit the marshes, as also some osier fields, and a little wood, which had incommoded them more than it had protected them.

Buffarolo was the principal point against which the chief of our efforts was directed. The passage was effected a league lower on the Tessino. Our troops menaced the enemy with taking them in the rear. Finding themselves exposed to this danger they thought it prudent to retire; on which our grenadiers pursued them with eagerness into a village, the main street of which was sufficiently large to allow the cavalry to act with good effect. At this precise moment General Laudon had returned from Genoa; and whether he was apprised of our weakness, or that he was desirous of learning our strength, he led on, at full gallop, for more than six miles, two cavalry divisions of Bussy's legion, fell upon our grenadiers, repossessed himself of the village, and made about fifty or sixty prisoners. The remainder rallied without loss of time at the entrance of the marsh, and stopped their further progress. But the enemy went back as speedily

as they had come. By crossing over a hastily-constructed bridge of boats, and by the favour of a dark night, we had already such a force on the other side as the enemy would not venture to withstand.

These operations continued five days, during which we had approached Milan. Our entrance into Milan on the 2d of June was unexpectedly retarded some hours, by the indecision of the enemy. They hesitated whether they should shut themselves up in the citadel, or should have time to receive succours and provisions. Thus they greatly harassed our advanced guard; and in this state of the two parties, several of the inhabitants of the city fell victims to their desire to see and communicate with the French. Besides those who were killed, many were wounded by the cannon from the citadel. The Consular guards (of whom I was one) avoided the shot by taking a narrow bye-path across the gardens, which led us to the entrance called the Gate of Pavia. A most tremendous storm of rain now came on, which obliged the Consul, and the Chief Staff, to take refuge in a small farm near the road. Besides the inconvenience from the boisterous weather, we were not yet perfectly free from the danger of the enemy, who continued to rove about the country. The advanced guard was not wholly come up, before an order arrived to press forwards the march of the horse grenadiers.

Notwithstanding the mud and dirt with which the officers of the headquarters were covered, they were thought to make a figure sufficiently respectable and even brilliant, not only to be complimented by the Magistracy of Milan, but also by the elegant ladies of the city, who joined in the enthusiastic cry of *Vive Buonaparte ! vivent les Français !* The nearer we approached to the town, the greater was the crowd which accompanied us. At length we arrived within the gates of this distinguished capital of the Milanese. The windows lined with beautiful Italian women, the rich shops suffered to remain open, testified, in the strongest manner how great was the confidence of the people in the French army, however much they had suffered under the Russians commanded by Suwarrow. But the finest *coup-d'œil*—the moment the most flattering to us as spectators, was when we had reached the *Place du Dome*, and when the hero who led us on enjoyed the sublime trait which the gratitude of a numerous people exhibited. This vast space was made to ring with the reiterated shouts of *Vive Général Buonaparte ! vive l'Armée Française !* These acclamations penetrated our very souls, and inspired us with that modest pride which so well becomes conquerors.

General Murat arrived with his division of cavalry. The infantry of the advanced guard surrounded the citadel, in which four thousand of the enemy were found.

After these precautions, the Consul betook himself to the palace of the Archduke, in the great square; which, to our surprise, was found so destitute as not to afford a single faggot of wood to dry his clothes.

Every where the French national cockade had been substituted for the Austrian. We found three thousand sick and wounded in the hos-

pitals, among whom were several Frenchmen. A great number of Cisalpine refugees entered with us, who had been told a fortnight before of the certainty of this happy event. But a circumstance, which peaceful Science itself will rejoice to learn, is, that our victorious entry into Milan gave liberty to the great Fontana, who had long groaned under a weight of chains for having been guilty of the crime of filling a place in the Republic.

The chief strength of this celebrated city, built by the Gauls in the three hundred and ninety-fifth year of Rome, is a wall and rampart, as also a citadel, consisting of six bastions. It has been besieged forty times, taken twenty, and four times almost totally demolished; and yet, notwithstanding these and other calamities, it survives and flourishes! There is a little hill near the town, called *the Bochetta*, which commands every part of the surrounding country, and the greatest part of the interior and exterior works. This place is not commanded on any side; it is well fortified, and well kept up. For all this, however, it cannot stand above eight days of open trenches, because it is closely shut up, and nothing prevents the trenches from being opened by an enemy, so as to batter in breach with advantage. The town is beautiful and large, being nearly ten miles in circumference, and the Italians have a proverb, "*Milan the Great.*" The streets are wide; its churches, and above all its cathedral, may be said to deserve the highest admiration. The palace, the park, the play-houses, all serve to embellish this capital. The chief theatre is of such magnitude as to admit four hundred performers to appear at once, besides forty horses, who sometimes go through the most surprising evolutions. The immense number of spectators it will contain, may therefore be conceived, by the above facts. The shops are decorated nearly after the manner of the French; nor are the dresses of the inhabitants very different from our own. Every thing we see in Milan, gives us a vast idea of its splendour. I imagined that the scourge of war had made much deeper wounds in this place than turned out to be the case. The Milanese, at least those of the city, are very sociable, and even friendly to the French. They have fewer faults than may be charged upon the Italians in general, or even upon the inhabitants of the environs. The free exercise of religion, which we openly professed; the respect we shewed for their customs on that head, astonished them, after the abuse which had been circulated concerning us as atheists, &c. Among the riches which ornamented the cathedral, may be seen several lamps of pure gold and silver, as also two pulpits of massy silver. Behind the choir is a statue as large as life, representing the martyrdom of Saint Bartholomew. Strangers never fail to examine this exquisite figure of the Saint, stript of his skin, which he carries on his left arm, and which exposes to view, as in a body after dissection, all the muscles and fibres that compose the human frame. The church, the metropolitan of Milan, is one of the most celebrated in all Italy, after St. Peter's of Rome. This edifice of gothic architecture astonishes at once, by the vastness of the undertaking, and the immensity of labour expended in it. The

choir is five hundred French feet long (nearly five hundred and fifty English,) and two hundred broad. It is supported by two hundred columns of marble, and divided into three large naves, besides the aisles. But that which surprises the most, is the work of the outside; the quantity of niches, and the countless number of marble statues of every size, with which the walls are charged from the bottom to the tops. One may consider the design of this church as the height of folly in gothic architecture; and, perhaps, there exists no where else in the world a building so loaded with useless ornament.

The Ambrosian Library is the most striking object in Milan, after the cathedral. The buildings which are appropriated to it, having nothing very magnificent about them; but the room of the library, which is an oblong square, sixty feet by twenty-four and thirty-six in height, is a very fine one. A winding gallery affords the greatest facility of reaching the books which are in the shelves above. There were formerly reckoned to be forty thousand volumes of printed books and fifteen thousand manuscripts in the library: but of late the number has considerably diminished. Among the manuscripts were some uncommonly beautiful; and in these were several precious ones of the Greek poets, such as *Hesiod, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Pindar, Lycophron, Moschus, Aristophanes, Theocritus, &c.* The dome can only be compared to the French Pantheon, for its size and architecture. Underneath the gallery is placed the famous Madonna.

How shall I express the satisfaction I experienced at the view of the immense space which presented itself to my enchanted eyes! Thence I could contemplate the Alps, which are discoverable through their whole extent; among which we easily distinguish the col-di-Tende, Mount-Blanc (whose majestic summit seems to sustain the sky), Mount Cenis, Mount Genievre, the Simplon, St Gothard (crossed by Suwarrow), and the Great Saint Bernard, which has borne on its lofty front an Annibal and a Buonaparte.

The Grisons are next beheld; and we only see as through a thick cloud, the defiles of the Tyrol. Nearer to my place of observation, I discovered, without difficulty, the Cisalpine Republic, Piedmont, and a large part of Liguria. What cities, what towns, what villages, what scattered habitations did I not view, which brought to my mind the recollection of great events! a multitude of battles won and lost! a long list of both virtuous and atrocious characters, of whom this beautiful and unhappy country, for more than thirty centuries, has been the theatre and the tomb!

We staid seven days in Milan, where pleasures of every kind were within the reach of all those who had the means of purchasing them, and thereby indemnifying themselves for their past interruptions. There was no fear of Milan becoming a *Capua* to the French soldiers, under the command of General Buonaparte. The distribution of the rations were good and regular, and we could not have wished for better quarters. We were contented with what fell to our lot, being more covetous of

glory than pleasure, without being envious of those better able to procure it.

Whilst the division of Loison took the road to Lodi, the Cisalpine Legion marched upon Brescia, to have an eye upon that charming country, which had changed its masters seven times in twenty-eight years. Gen. Lannes, always in the advanced guard, took possession of *Pavia* on the 5th of June, where he found considerable magazines of provisions, near one hundred thousand weight of powder, five hundred pieces of cannon on carriages, and an equal proportion of ball; besides the powder magazines, and eight hundred sick and wounded Austrians.

The City of *Pavia*, once the capital of Lombardy, was founded by our brave ancestors, the Gauls, but was afterwards taken by the Romans, who, in their turn, were driven out by the Goths in the 5th century. It fell into the hands of the Lombards in 568, and in 774 into those of Charlemagne, who founded its university. About 1477, the town, being little better than a mass of ruins, was rebuilt, when it changed its name of *Tesinum* for that of *Pavia*. It was here that Francis I. while besieging it, in 1525, was taken prisoner by the Imperialists. *Pavia* has never recovered itself since it was sacked by the French General Lautreck, in 1527.

With respect to the Austrian force, we learnt that, all this while General Melas was at *Turin*, but that the greatest part of his army was still concentrated before *Genoa*. Perhaps he still despised our force; or, what is equally probable, he was only executing the orders of the Cabinet of *Vienna*, which might have resolved on possessing that city, at whatever rate it was to be obtained. He detached General O'Reilly to *Placentia*, and General Otto upon the *Tessino*; and lastly, he was desirous of operating a powerful diversion in detaching six thousand men to *Chivosso*, on the side of the *Po*. This party pushed their patrols as far *Vercelli*, where they set at liberty three hundred Austrian prisoners taken by the French.

Without being a profound politician, every soldier must now have seen the necessity of a battle, which however desirable to one and the other army, would of course decide the fate of *Italy*. It was necessary to be Frenchmen, and to be full of a well-merited confidence, to shut our eyes upon the dangers which might now surround us on all points. But *Murat* beat Gen. O'Reilly at *Placentia*; possessed himself of the city, and blockaded the citadel. O'Reilly, seeing by this disaster the possible danger of his retreat towards *Tuscany*, fell back upon General Otto, at *Stradello* and *Montebello*.

At this time the advanced guard, and all the rest of the army, had taken position on the *Po*, in the place where, by the junction with the *Tessino*, it is as deep as the *Rhine*. We were no longer to fight with scattered troops assembled in haste as before, but with the advanced guard of the Austrian army, from fifteen to eighteen thousand men, chosen troops, to whom we had been represented as mere recruits, and who, enflamed by their late success under *Scherer*, waited for us with a firm foot on the bank of the river. In short, every thing that had taken

place hitherto, might be considered as play in comparison with what was about to happen.

Our army now augmented every day. A strong division of the army of the Rhine, from which it had separated under the walls of Ulm, after having traversed the Grisons and crossed Mount St. Gothard, and having as well as ourselves, had obstacles to overcome, and the threat of famine to struggle with on their passage, arrived just in time to share our dangers and our triumphs. But they had been compelled to leave their artillery on the other side of the mountain for the sake of expedition.

The grenadiers and carabineers contended with impatience for the honour of passing the river the first: the battalions were also as eager to come to blows. The enemy appeared to despise their hardihood, by allowing them leisure to disembark. But as two flying bridges were established across the river, our numbers that landed increased every moment, and this raised their intrepidity higher and higher. No sooner had all the advanced guard crossed, than we attacked the Austrians with a kind of fury: nevertheless they stood the shock with firmness.

At length Lannes ordered *the charge*; his *sang-froid* redoubled our efforts. The 6th Light, the 28th of the Line, and 44th, precipitated on the enemy with advanced bayonets, driving them into the swamps, and following them as far as Stradella, upon the road from Placentia to Tortona. Prudence restrained their impetuous valour from further pursuit. Night came on, and every one of us passed it, in hopes of finishing the work next day.

The sun had scarcely risen above the horizon when the advanced posts began to be in motion. The enemy's cannon played, and the several battalions took their respective directions. Our light artillery, and that of the Consular guard, returned their fire. Montebello, which gave name to this sanguinary combat, was both taken and retaken, and the eagerness was as great on one side as on the other; but the numbers were very unequal.

Our advanced guard, about six thousand infantry and four hundred cavalry, alone sustained the brunt of the action for some time; but the division of Watrin was approaching, having effected its passage. During this interval six of the enemies battalions, and several squadrons of fresh troops, bore hard upon our advanced guard. Their numerous cavalry too, profiting by the advantages of an open meadow, charged the 11th and 12th Hussars. This onset was terrible, and the carnage frightful; the enemy had the advantage for two hours. At length General Watrin came up, and in an instant changed the face of things. All the different corps received the same impulsion, as it were simultaneously, and rushed on the enemy, who hesitated, staggered, and soon after retired as if swept away by an overwhelming torrent.

The standing corn, and especially the rye, with its lofty straw, hindered the respective armies from distinguishing each other clearly. They ran upon one another, without knowing what force they were contending with: the bayonets crossed each other, dealing out certain death on

all sides. An impetuous courage prevailed, and the Austrians gave way, making precipitately for Voguera. Six thousand prisoners, and twelve pieces of cannon, were the reward of this victory. Several Generals, and officers of distinction, in the Austrian army, were among the killed and wounded; and the ground covered with the slain and the dying, proved to Gen. Melas what were the soldiers he had to do with.

We learnt by the prisoners the fate of Genoa, and its honourable capitulation. This unfortunate intelligence made a lively sensation on our minds; yet the success we had just obtained^a tempered, in a great degree, the pain it occasioned. But that which for the moment appeared a real calamity to our eyes, seemed two days after only to increase our fame, as we had the glory to combat with all the Austrian forces united, and to gain an ever memorable victory.

The day after the battle of Montebello, our head-quarters were removed to Voguera. The army filed through this town on its march to Tortona. On passing under the window at which was the Consul, we there saw General Desaix, and an emigrant officer, who had come to parley with him. Upon this we endeavoured to shew in our countenances and our gestures the joy which reigned in our hearts. The cries of *Vive Buonaparte!* with our music playing the burlesque air, answering to the words "*Nous lui percerons le flanc,*" we observed to darken the aspect of that officer.

To take Milan—to operate a junction with General Moncey, who had come from the Rhine with two divisions—to cut off the rear of the enemy at Brescia, Orzi-Novì, Marcaria, and Placentia—to take their magazines—possess ourselves of their depôts, their sick, and their parks of guns, were the orders given to the parties for their movements, while the main army was to watch that of the enemy, beat up the Po, and effect the passage of that river before Stradella. The activity of all these movements gave to the French army what may be properly considered the *initiative*, which the genius of Buonaparte knew how to profit by.

The army came to its position before Tortona in columns, by divisions. The advanced guard quietly surrounded the town. The day passed without any remarkable occurrence. We only learnt, that for certainty the enemy's army had arrived from Genoa, and that its head-quarters were at Alexandria.

On the morning of the 13th of June the army quitted its position in the camp of Tortona, and marched towards Alexandria. The advanced guard halted at San Julianò*, for the coming up of the army. As soon as it had arrived, the whole moved on into the plain, in order of battle. All the cavalry marched in a body. We found the enemy at the bridge of the Bormido, whence a feeble attempt was made to dislodge him. Our

* A hamlet of three farms, a league from Tortona, and situated at the entrance of the plain of *Marengo*. The Consul, and the thousand men of the guard, the General Staff of the army, and its enormous suit, were heaped together in this place, which, the day after, served as the place of ambulance.

dispositions sufficiently shewed that we intended to offer him battle; but whether from an irresolution in Melas, whether all his forces were not arrived from Genoa, or that he was not sufficiently satisfied as to our strength and means, he refused the challenge.

The Consul, with his horse guards, and pieces of light artillery, skirted Marengo. We saw him almost the whole time, at a distance from us, traversing the plain, examining the ground with attention, by turns profoundly meditating, and giving orders.

The day began to close in, and we had been on horseback from the moment it broke. We had also been soaked to the skin, for none of us, the Consul not excepted, had put on a cloak. We were often obliged to set foot to the ground to stretch and revive our limbs, which had been benumbed by the wet and the uncommon cold.

We were joined by several deserters, and some scattered prisoners which had been taken; among others, an officer of Bussy's legion, wearing the cross of St. Louis. The General questioned them with considerable earnestness. All the prisoners were astonished, when informed that the person they had just been speaking with, was Buonaparte.

We passed the night at San Julianò, without disquieting ourselves concerning the morrow.

BATTLE OF MARENGO.

The 14th of June commenced, and some discharges of cannon by the advanced guard soon drove away our sleep. All was in readiness presently, and our breakfast was concluded as speedily as had been our supper the over night. My post was very near the consul, which highly gratified my desire to see and learn.

At eight o'clock in the morning, the enemy had manifested much vigour of preparation. He touched upon a few weak points, and made certain dispositions in consequence; but his intentions were not fully known at head-quarters till towards the latter part of the morning. Berthier was the first upon the field of battle. Till this time the various Aides-de-camp had relieved each other in apprising the Consul of the enemies' steps. Numerous wounded soldiers arriving, acquainted us that the Austrians were in force.

Upon these tidings, the Consul mounted his favourite charger at eleven o'clock, and made great haste to the field of battle. Both cannon and musketry, on certain points, began now to be heard, and to approach nearer and nearer to us. We were sorry to see so many, both of cavalry and infantry, retire into the rear, wounded by the fire of the onset. The enemy's line was extended to the space of two leagues: for, it is necessary to remark, that the Bormida, although generally rapid and deep, was nevertheless fordable at several places. The enemy was particularly tenacious of its position near the bridge; but the principal point of action was at San Stefano. From this point the enemy might gain Voguera before we could, and thereby cut off our retreat. They therefore

incessantly directed their attention to this weak point. By twelve o'clock we were well convinced we had the whole Austrian force against us, and that they now, in good earnest, accepted the challenge which they had the day before declined.

Our General was now satisfied of the measures he had to pursue. Orders were given to the disposable troops in the rear to come forward; but the corps, under the command of Desaix was still at a considerable distance. The left wing under the orders of Victor began to give way; and we perceived several corps of infantry retire in disorder, as well as platoons of cavalry pushed back. The firing drew nearer; in the centre a dreadful discharge was heard, and ceased all at once on the Bormida. I felt an inexpressible anxiety, yet still I ventured to flatter myself that our troops advanced; on the contrary, however, I saw them in a few minutes after returning with but too much haste, carrying the wounded on their shoulders. On the part of the right wing also, I beheld with concern, that the enemy gained insensibly upon us.

Buonaparte advanced in front, and exhorted to courage and firmness all the corps he met with; it was visible that his presence re-animated them. Several soldiers were observed to prefer absolute death in sustaining the retreat, to the displeasure they might give him in his being a witness of their flight. From this moment his horse guards no longer continued as before, near his person; but without being at any great distance from him, took an active part in the battle.

A cloud of Austrian cavalry debouched rapidly in the plain, and formed themselves before us in battle array, masking several pieces of light artillery, which did not long delay playing, to the destruction of our ranks. General Berthier, who, at no great distance, had his eye upon the movement of this column, was briskly charged by a part of it, and was forced to retire upon us. Murat, at the head of the dragoons, took them in flank, protected the retreat of our infantry, and preserved the right flank of Victor.

The foot grenadiers of the Consular guard now came up, in the same state they have always been beheld on the parade. They formed up in the most orderly manner, in subdivisions, and advanced against the enemy, which they met with not a hundred paces from our front. Without artillery, without cavalry, to the number of five hundred only, they had to endure the brunt of a victorious army. But, without considering the smallness of their numbers, they kept advancing, and forced every thing to give way in their passage. The lofty eagle, nevertheless, hovered every where around them, and threatened to tear them to pieces. The very first bullet which struck them laid three grenadiers and a *fourrier* dead on the ground, being in close order. Charged three times by the cavalry, fusilladed by the infantry within fifty paces, they surrounded their colours and their wounded, and, in a hollow square, exhausted all their rounds of cartridges; and then, with slow and regular steps, fell back and joined our astonished rear guard.

Notwithstanding this, our army fought, retreating in all parts; the centre gave way, and the enemy outstretched us, and turned our right wing. On the right especially, it was obvious they had the superiority in an eminent degree. On the left they might have reached our headquarters before we could. The garrison of Tortona, discovering the almost routed condition of our army, made a sortie; and thus we were nearly surrounded on every part.

The Consul, who was all the while in the centre, encouraged the remains of the gallant corps which defended the road, and the defile which it crossed, shut up on one side by a wood, and on the other by some bushy vine-yards of lofty growth. The village of Marengo flanked this cruelly memorable spot to the left.

What torrents of blood were shed in that place! what numbers of brave men perished there! An invincible courage had unceasingly to struggle against numbers of the obstinate foe, perpetually increasing. Our artillery, in part dismounted or taken, had but little ammunition. Thirty pieces of cannon, actively served by the enemy, cut in two both men and trees, the branches of which, in their fall, further crushed to death those who were before wounded, and who had sought an insecure refuge under them.

In short, at four o'clock in the afternoon, I have no hesitation in saying, that in a line of five miles or more, there did not stand six thousand infantry to their colours, and only six pieces of cannon could be made any use of. Let me not be accused of exaggeration in painting this prodigious falling-off; the causes of which are very easily to be made known. A third of the army was actually put *hors de combat*: the deficiency of carriages for removing the sick and wounded, occasioned the necessity for more than another third to be occupied in this painful service; not to speak of the plausible pretext this circumstance afforded to certain individuals (of which an army always contains more or less) to absent themselves at so unseasonable a conjuncture from their respective corps. Hunger, thirst, and fatigue, had imperiously forced a great number of officers to withdraw also; and every one knows what effect the absence of officers occasions. The *tirailleurs* also had, for the most part, lost the direction of their corps: in short, what remained of the army, occupied in vigorously defending the defile already mentioned, knew nothing of what passed behind them. But let us return to the sanguinary picture.

In this awful moment, when the dead and the dying covered almost the whole field, the Consul seemed to brave death, and to be near it; for the bullets were seen more than once to drive up the ground between his horse's legs. In the midst of warriors, who fell on every side of him, he was noted to be giving his orders with his accustomed *sang-froid*: he saw the approaching tempest without testifying any fear of it. All those who perceived him, forgetting the perils which they had to encounter, exclaimed—*S'il alloit être tué? pourquoi ne se retire-t-il pas?* signifying their unwillingness that he should so endanger his person. It is said,

too, that Berthier addressed him to the same effect. I had the curiosity to listen attentively to his voice, and to examine the traits of his countenance. The most courageous man, the man loving glory as he does, might very well be moved, without any imputation of a crime. But no; the Buonaparte of Arcola and of Aboukir discovered no change in those moments of doubtful fortune.

Any one who, in those circumstances, so terrible to the French army, might have said, that in two hours from that time we should gain the battle, take 10,000 prisoners, many general officers, five stand of colours, forty pieces of artillery; have eleven strong places delivered into our hands by the enemy, in fact, all the finest parts of Italy: that in two days that enemy would, in a humiliated condition, file off through our ranks:—that an armistice would suspend the scourge of war: and, perhaps, finally bring about peace and safety to our country:—such a man, I repeat, would have appeared, by such silly hopes and predictions, as if only desirous to insult our desperate condition. How, then, were such wonders brought about? But we will follow the course of our narrative.

The enemy, not being able to force the defile upon which the greatest part of our fighting troops had doubled, began to re-establish a most formidable line of artillery, under protection of which they threw their infantry into the vineyards and into the woods. The cavalry, drawn up in the rear, only waited the moment of our being driven out of the defile, to fall upon our dispersed ranks and hack them to pieces. Had this last misfortune happened to us, all had been irretrievably lost; the Consul must have been taken or killed; we would all have preferred to die rather than survive. But Victory was not far distant. Faithful to Buonaparte, she came at length to abide with us, and to be our guide. Already had the divisions of Monnier and Desaix begun to shew themselves. Notwithstanding a forced march of ten leagues, they arrived on a full gallop; they forgot their wants, and only thirsted to avenge their fallen comrades. The crowd of wounded and runaways might well enough have damped their courage; but, with eyes fixed on Desaix, his soldiers only thought of sharing his dangers, and flying to glory. Alas! they were far from thinking that, in an hour, they would cease to be commanded by this brave General! The foot grenadiers appeared again, covered with renown, and menacing, with their terrible bayonets, those who, a short time past, had bargained for their caps* beforehand.

I come now to take notice of a fault of General Melas. On discovering, from the most distant point, these reinforcements, hope and joy entered our hearts; whilst the enemy, harassed and fatigued with his own success, which had however cost him very dear, was always stopped by our brave troops; by those who, without knowing of the succours

* The soldiers of the legion of Bussy had collected the caps of the grenadiers killed or wounded, and exhibited them to us by twirling them round on their sabres.

which were about to arrive, were resolved to perish in this new Thermopylæ, rather than make a retrograde step.

General Melas, then finding too many obstacles in the centre, thought that, by extending his wings, he might surround us, and thereby entirely cut us off. He therefore directed great part of his force to these points, imagining he had sufficiently concealed his movements, and that he should be quite able to check us by his artillery. Thus, not being able to discover what passed with us, and ignorant of these reinforcements which had just arrived, he laid the foundation of his own disaster. In fact, Buonaparte, always placed in the post of honour, and to whose perspicacious eye nothing escaped, seized this favourable opportunity : his orders flew every where in a moment.

As soon as the first battalion of the division of Desaix had reached the heights, that General formed it in close column. Every one kept his prescribed distance, each received particular instructions. The Consul, the General in Chief (Berthier), the Generals, the Officers of the Staff, ran through the ranks, and every where inspired that confidence which precedes and creates great successes. This work took up an hour, which was a terrible one to pass ; for the Austrian artillery was bearing cruelly upon us. Every discharge mowed down whole ranks. Their ricochet bullets carried away with them both men and horses. The troops received death amidst them in this manner, without moving a step, except to close their ranks over the dead bodies of their comrades. This thundering artillery reached even the cavalry who rallied in the rear of us, as well as a great number of foot-soldiers of different corps, who, encouraged by Desaix's division, which they had seen pass, came anew to the field of honour. What was now to happen had been foreseen—was calculated upon : the battalions burnt with impatience ; the drummer's eye fixed upon the drum-major's cane, waits for the signal—; the trumpeter, with his arm raised up, prepares his breath.—The signal is given ; the terrible *pas de charge* is heard. All the corps are put in motion at once ; the mettlesome fire of the French, like a torrent, carries every thing away with it that opposes its passage, and in a few minutes the defile is freed from the enemy, who is every where thrown down ; the fallen, the wounded, the dying, and the dead, are all trodden under foot.

Every Chief of a battalion, as he reached the back of the defile, drew up his corps in battle order : and now our line presented a formidable front. As fast as the pieces of cannon could be brought up, they were employed in battery, and made great havoc by their point-blank shot, among the affrighted enemy. These now fell back in their turn, their immense cavalry however charged in a body with fury : but the musketry, —the bayonet stopped them suddenly—and one of their powder waggons blowing up, their alarm redoubled : the rising disorder being hidden in the smoke, the exclamations of the conquerors add to the terror of the vanquished : in short, all are in a fright—all give way—all fly.

The French cavalry then rushed into the plain, and by its daring conduct concealed its smallness of number. It advanced towards the ene-

my without the least fear of being broken into. On the right, Desaix clears hedges and ditches, throws down, and tramples on every thing he meets with. To the left, Victor, his rival in swiftness, carries Marengo, and flies towards the Bormida.

The centre with less force, and the cavalry under the orders of Murat, advance majestically into the plain, always within half-cannon's length. Murat greatly annoyed the centre of the enemy, and by watching and following its movements, kept an enormous body of cavalry in check, which could only manœuvre under the fire of three eight-pounders and a howitzer. Our infantry was ready to turn them, having a shorter space to run over, in order to reach the bridge, and thus cut off, in our turn, the principal point of their retreat. The intrepid Desaix, having obliqued to the right upon San-Stefano, cut off the Austrians' left wing entirely; and in the same moment the younger Kellerman, with eight hundred horse, collected from various regiments, made six thousand Hungarian grenadiers prisoners. General Zach, the head of their Staff, was made prisoner by a horseman of the 12th regiment.

It was then, in the very moment of his triumph, that, after having saved the army, and perhaps his country, the friend and the model of brave men, received a mortal wound! But let us suspend our affliction till after having finished our recital, when we will return and drop our tears on the ensanguined remains of this precious hero.

Night was coming on; the troops of the enemy in disorder: cavalry, infantry, artillery, were heaped one upon another towards the centre; in the throng, many of their own men were thrown off the bridge into the river. The artillery, which they had drawn back at the commencement of our good fortune, for fear that by its being taken it might be turned against themselves, was, in the present circumstances, of more injury than use to them, as it intercepted their passage. Murat, seeing the importance of precipitating their retreat, and increasing their confusion, made us advance on a full trot, when we in a short time, got before a part of their infantry, which had no resource but to be made prisoners, or to be cut to pieces. The horse grenadiers, and the chasseurs of the guard, kept the right of the road, to the number of 200; four or five hundred men of the 1st, 6th, 8th, dragoons, and 20th, of cavalry, occupied the left: Murat flew from one side to the other. The decisive moment was come: the chief of brigade Bessiere, filled with the same ardour which inspired us all, and excited a desire in each corps to distinguish itself, gave orders for the trumpet to sound a charge, that we might fall upon the enemy's infantry, already out of breath.

The Austrian cavalry, resolving to save the infantry, came up to us in column, and their rapid pace obliged us to give loose to the reins. We inclined to the left, by obliquing on them. At the distance of about thirty paces was a ditch, which again separated us. The crossing it, forming up sword in hand, surrounding the two first platoons, all was but a work of five minutes. Stunned by this proceeding, and probably intimidated by the height of the men, whose hairy caps seemed to add to

their natural stature, they but ill defended themselves, and were therefore cut down or thrown into disorder. We made no prisoners, nor did we take any horses. While all this was doing, the dragoons took the same column in flank, and added to the general carnage. They pursued them as far as the ravine, where they made a great many prisoners.

The paucity of our numbers, the unfavourableness of the ground, the night setting in, the extreme fatigue of our horses, weakened by hunger, and more especially as this action took place under the eyes of a numerous cavalry who might take their revenge, the prudent Murat did not think it proper to let us expose ourselves further, to increase the fruits of so successful a day's work: besides which, our infantry, who arrived almost as soon as our tirailleurs, might not perhaps have had time to rally, in case we had made a half-turn.

Thus ended this memorable day. The darkness deprived us of the means of succouring all the wounded; a great number were left upon the field of battle. The Austrians and the French, now becoming brethren from sad necessity, drew nearer to each other, by crawling, as well as they could, and offering or seeking mutual aid.

Every one had lain where he was found, with his knapsack on his back, and his firelock between his limbs; horsemen holding, as long as they could, their bridles in their hands, and sleeping, both horses and riders without any thing to eat or drink.

The clock at Marengo struck ten, when we were returning slowly towards San-Juliano. Numbers, harassed with fatigue, but more for want of sleep, dozed upon their horses' backs, but were every instant roused by the painful cries of those who were borne across firelocks or temporary hand-barrows; or of those who, abandoned and scattered in the fields, implored our aid. Thus every humane and sensitive heart was penetrated with that melancholy to which the true soldier is no stranger, and which does him so much honor. Horses, limping here and there upon three legs, calling to our own by their instinctive neighings; at every step too it was necessary to turn out of our way, so as to avoid treading upon the wounded. The ditches and the road often presented the scene of caissons, and other carriages, as well as cannon, overturned. Further off we beheld houses devoured by the flames, and tumbling upon the heads of the wretched owners, half dead by the fears which had driven them to the expedient of hiding themselves in the cellars and other subterraneous places. The total darkness which surrounded us, made the picture additionally frightful. Prisoners, not knowing where to go, but with the hope of escaping, wandered at random. If they were met with by French soldiers, bending under the weight of their comrades, they were forced to turn back, and bear on their shoulders those respectable burdens.

At length arrived at head-quarters, which served as the ambulance to the army, every one stowed himself, as he could, among the dying and the dead, the piercing cries of the former being unable any longer to surmount the violent tendency to sleep. The next morning, hunger taking its turn to prevail, I, in a melancholy condition, entered the great

court, to seek something for myself and horse to eat. I was there struck with so horrible a sight, that I shuddered all over. More than three thousand Frenchmen and Austrians, heaped one upon another in the yard, in the granaries, in the stables and out-houses, even to the very cellars and vaults, were uttering the most lamentable cries, blended with the severest curses against the surgeons, there being too few to dress all the wounded at once. Every where I heard the languishing voices of comrades, or of my particular friends, who begged something to eat or drink. All that I could do was to fetch them a little water. In truth, forgetting my own wants and those of my horse, I staid more than two hours, running backwards and forwards, performing, by turns, the part of a surgeon and an hospital attendant.

Prisoners were brought in from every quarter, which increased the number of the famished. In short, this was a day of apparent insupportable length to all of us. However, an event which gave birth to a great many conjectures, moderated, in some degree, our endless inquietudes. An Austrian officer came to parley, and a French aid-de-camp set out immediately to Alessandria. No one knew any thing of this business, and yet every one made a gazette of it, after his own manner. Berthier went off to that place about noon, leaving us all in the greatest expectation, for no one dared to hope for that which we learnt the next day to have been obtained. We were early in the morning informed of the news of the armistice, which filled the French army with a joy never before experienced; whilst that of the Austrian, storming with rage, filed off the next and succeeding days before us, on the field of battle, still reeking with their and our blood, and where the dead carcasses began to taint the air with putrid exhalations.

And now a supply of subsistence and other necessities began to arrive, as well as carriages for the conveyance of the sick. A fraternal partition of these comforts was made among all the victims of that bloody day. Without any inquietude or jealousy, the Austrian and Frenchman were observed together, who, two days before, would have cut one another's throats. They were seen to receive from the same hands, under the same roof, in the same chamber, the required help and the urgent care of succouring humanity.

On the 16th of June the prisoners made from us, were restored, and the Consul set out for Milan in haste, escorted by a party of Chasseurs. The rumour of our being defeated, having ran through that city, had distressed the friends of liberty, and filled their hearts with chagrin and horror: but the contrary news of the great events which had just taken place,—the publication of our exploits,—still more the presence of Buonaparte, changed their sad uncertainty into real enthusiasm. The national guard, and the provisional government, were directly organized. The Consul, General Berthier and all his chief Staff were present, with an immense number of people, at a *Te-Deum* which was sung in gratitude for our triumphs.

The citadel of Milan agreeing to surrender, the garrison to the number of 4000, marched out with the honours of war, the half of which deserted immediately after. A Piedmontese battalion came over to us with arms and baggage, and colours flying; all the French soldiers of Bussy's and Rohan's entered our ranks also; none but the officers remaining, and I am sure that in eight days not less than fifteen thousand men deserted, almost all Frenchmen, taken during the retreat of Scherer. There were found in the hospital also, near fifteen thousand sick and wounded; the number of dead had been pretty nearly as many, making the whole loss of the enemy (including those taken prisoners since our descent from Mount St. Bernard) in the course of this rapid campaign, sixty-five thousand men; a loss which, however enormous it may appear, is nevertheless not exaggerated.

I have need of indulgence from the reader, no doubt, for several digressions with which I have interrupted the course of my recital; but I have endeavoured not to abuse it; and this it is which has engaged me to reserve for the end of my book, certain characteristic traits and interesting notes, nearly connected with the conquerors of Marengo and the events of that day; rather than pass them over in silence. Lastly, our enterprise cannot better terminate than by strewing a few flowers over the grave of the inestimable Desaix.

It has been shewn in the course of this recital, with what humanity, and even with what fraternity, we have treated the Austrians. We nevertheless had many complaints to make against them; and it may be said that in the whole course of this long and terrible war against liberty, but especially in the day of the battle of Marengo and those which preceded it, they did not shew that regard for the French, which a generous enemy always feels for a valiant though conquered foe. During twelve hours they had the upper hand of us, could it be believed that they made only eleven hundred prisoners, of which twenty-five were of the consular guard! They must necessarily have had many more; but, inflated with their success (as they always are), they did not imagine that we should ever be able to bring back victory to our standards; they therefore treated us without mercy.

The priests of Alessandria manifested a baseness and cruelty towards us, for which it may be proper to mark their forehead with the seal of ignominy. In the beginning of the action some French prisoners were conducted to Alessandria. The priests announced their entry by ringing the bells: cries of victory, and enthusiasm of joy, assailed the prisoners. As far as that, however, it might be thought lawful, since they may be allowed to prefer the Austrian to the Frenchman; but they dared to revile us with foul names, and even to strike the unfortunate, who had not the means of self-defence! nay, they even exhibited poinards to them! But mark—these same men, two hours after, (events had changed the face of things) dared to offer to shake hands with us!—Nothing is more shocking than the eagerness with which the Austrian strips off the spoils of his prisoner; not one among us preserved his sack,

his hat, his cravat, or his shoes. They snatched from many Frenchmen the rings out of their ears, without giving them the time to unlock them. We are positively assured also (how revolting !) that they sabred several of our comrades three or four hours after they had been taken ; and it is added, that this is no uncommon case among them. It will be readily admitted, that after such information given to us, it was well for them that they were exchanged the next day. How ought they to blush, in seeing with what lenity and good-nature we conducted them to Milan. Not one was struck or insulted ; all preserved their little effects, and they followed the route as they pleased, attended quietly by only a handful of Frenchmen.

But let us console ourselves for those acts of barbarism we have mentioned, by the recital of a trait of generous humanity. A chasseur on foot, belonging to the consular guard, full of wounds, lay almost dead on the field of battle, at the moment of our retreat. Some soldiers of Bussy's Legion surrounded him, and disputed among themselves for his spoils. Nothing was left disposed of but his coat, which they had already stripped him of, when an Austrian colonel by chance came up, and driving away these inhuman fellows with his cane, whom he at first took for an officer, asked him to what corps he belonged ?—I belong to the guard of the Consul, whom you see before you, replied the chasseur. After paying a compliment to that body of men, he ordered his surgeon to be called, and the wounded prisoner was dressed in his presence, and then carried to the *ambulance*. Some hours after, when the Austrians fell back in their turn, this well-behaved officer came again to offer him his service to carry him to Alexandria : the chasseur, who saw his deliverance near, thanked him for his generous care and concern, but he represented that his wounds were too serious to allow him to bear the motion of the conveyance. In a short time after, he found himself in the midst of his comrades.

In a moment when our weapons were about to clash with those of the enemy, an Austrian horseman, thrown down, lifted up his arms towards us, and begged us not to trample him to death with our horses. Bessieres, chief of brigade, perceived him : " My friends," said he to us, " open your ranks ; let us spare this unfortunate man." How many similar traits, so familiar to Frenchmen, are forgotten !

It may be said that Marengo is the glorious patrimony of all who fought there. There is no one corps, scarce a single soldier who has not there gathered some laurels. But as I consider myself engaged to recount all I have seen and been satisfactorily informed of, I shall just touch on two or three occurrences which could not well enter into the body of my narrative. The modesty of the General in Chief has made him silent, in his report, concerning the danger which he ran, such as that he had his clothes pierced through, and that he more than once saw death advancing on every side of him. If we call to mind at the same time, that his adversary, General Melas, had a contusion in his arm, and two horses killed under him, we may thence easily judge what efforts the two

armies made, when the chiefs thus exposed themselves in their country's cause and their own glory.

The brother of General Watrin was killed ; the Generals Chamberlain and Marmont were wounded.

Who does not regret that he had not to fight in the 96th demi-brigade ? Who would not willingly have been in the rank with the formidable grenadiers, who acted like the Greeks when they sustained the efforts of the whole Persian army at the Straits of Thermopylæ—with the 6th light, the 28th of the line, the 40th, the 44th, 50th, &c. &c. who can enumerate almost as many battles they have fought as they have been days in Italy ?

What charges were made and withstood by our cavalry ! What boldness and what consentaneousness of action in the 20th regiment of cavalry, which concealed and made up for the weakness of its numbers ! What intrepidity in the eight hundred cavaliers of the 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, 21st, and 23d regiments, conducted by the younger Kellerman, who made 6000 grenadiers, chosen troops of the enemy, lay down their arms, and by whose success a wavering victory was secured. Our artillery was spread in very small numbers, and still less provided for ; but how many of these inconveniences owing to circumstances were ably repaired by the manner in which they were served, by the prodigies they performed, in order, as it were, to multiply themselves ! In every place where necessity called them—always in battery at forty paces in front, they braved the fire of triple, nay quadruple, the weight of their own metal, and were levelled and fired with coolness, justness and promptitude. But it was Marmont who had the direction of them !

The loss of the consular guard was considerable only in infantry. In five hundred men, there were two hundred and fifty-eight killed or put *hors de combat*. The cavalry, out of two hundred, had a tenth of that number in killed and wounded ; and about as many horses were disabled. The light artillery was almost all dismounted, and the train horses killed ; but by an unexampled good fortune, only one man was absolutely killed, and but a very few wounded.

After a slight examination, the best I was enabled to make of our respective forces, I judge the French army at the moment the battle commenced, to have been composed of from forty to forty-five thousand men, of which three thousand were cavalry ; that it had from twenty-five to thirty pieces of cannon, in which were two companies of light artillery.

The Austrian army, according to the accounts of the best informed persons, contained, in spite of the loss in their preceding battles, and those garrisons which we made to surrender, as well as those which kept the places still in their power—their army, I say, after all these deductions might still contain from fifty-five to sixty thousand men, including the reinforcements which had just arrived from Genoa. From fifteen to eighteen thousand of these were cavalry ; and they had more than fourscore pieces of cannon, two hundred ammunition-waggons well pro-

vided, besides an immense train of army implements and equipage. It is well known that we were not much encumbered with these last mentioned articles, and that, for want of caissons, we were obliged to put our ammunition upon tumbrils drawn by oxen, and that the little we brought into action in this manner was soon exhausted !

It is not to be concealed that this victory cost the Republic dear, by the loss of a great number of its brave defenders, and one of its ablest Generals ; but let it be considered, that it was necessary it should be obtained, to save the south from a certain invasion, and France perhaps from a frightful devastation. We now see Italy secured, and an armistice concluded which perhaps is about to end in a much desired and glorious peace. We shall then have the most powerful reasons for calming our present reasonable regrets.

Convention between the French and Imperial Armies in Italy.

THE morning after the memorable battle, the generals entered into the treaty of which the following are the articles.

ART. I. There shall be an armistice and suspension of hostilities between the armies of His Imperial Majesty and that of the French Republic in Italy, until an answer is received from the Court of Vienna.

ART. II. The army of His Imperial Majesty shall occupy all the country comprised between the Mincio and Fossa-Maestra, and the Po ; that is to say, Peschiera, Mantua, Borgoforte, and thence the whole left bank of the Po : and on the right bank, the city and the citadel of Ferrara.

ART. III. The army of His Imperial Majesty shall also occupy Tuscany and Ancona.

ART. IV. The French army shall occupy the country comprised between the Chiesa, the Oglio, and the Po.

ART. V. The country between the Chiesa and the Mincio shall not be occupied by either of the two armies. The army of His Imperial Majesty may draw subsistence for his troops from those parts of this country which made part of the Duchy of Mantua. The French army shall draw subsistence from those countries which made a part of the Province of Brescia.

ART. VI. The castles of Tortono, of Alessandria, of Milan, of Turin, of Pizzighitone, of Arona, and of Placentia, shall be put into the hands of the French army, between the 16th and the 20th of June.

ART. VII. The place of Cony, the castles of Ceva, Savonna, and the city of Genoa, shall also be put into the hands of the French army, between the 16th and 24th of June.

ART. VIII. The fort Urbino shall be put into their hands the 26th of June.

ART. IX. The artillery of the places shall be classed in the following manner :—First, All the artillery of the Austrian calibre and founderies shall belong to the Austrian army. 2dly, That of the Italian, Piedmontese, and French calibre and foundery, shall belong to the French army.

3dly, The provisions and forage shall be shared between them ; the one half at the disposal of the directing Commissary of the French army, the other half at the disposal of the directing Commissary of the Austrian army.

ART. X. The garrisons shall march out with military honours, and repair with arms and baggage, by the shortest route, to Mantua.

ART. XI. The Austrian army shall repair to Mantua, by Placentia, in three columns ; the first between the 16th and the 20th of June ; the second between the 20th and the 24th of June ; the third between the 24th and the 26th of June.

ART. XII. The Generals St.-Julien of Schevertinch, of the Artillery ; Brun, of the Engineers ; Telsiege, Commissary of Provisions ; and the Citizens Dejean, Counsellor of State, and Daru, Inspector of Revenues ; Adjutant-General Leopold Stabenzath, and the Chief of Brigade of Artillery, Mosset, are named Commissaries for carrying the present convention into effect, whether in relation to the forming of inventories, providing subsistence or conveyances for the troops, or for any other object.

ART. XIII. No individual shall be ill-treated on account of any service rendered the Austrian army, or for any political opinions. The Austrian General engages to release all persons in the strong places under his command, who may have been taken up in the Cisalpine Republic for political opinions.

ART. XIV. Whatever may be the answer from Vienna, neither of the two armies shall attack the other till after giving ten days previous notice.

ART. XV. During the suspension of arms, neither of the armies shall send detachments into Germany.

Alessandria, 15th of June, 1800.

(Signed) L. S. ALEXANDER BERTHIER.

L. S. MELAS, General of Cavalry.

While these articles were signing, Buonaparte prepared to return to Milan, in order to re-organize the Cisalpine Republic. Before he set off, he made General Melas a present of a Turkish sabre, brought from Egypt. The latter said to Lacuée, Buonaparte's Aid-de-Camp, who delivered it to him : " I am sorry peace is so long delayed ; I shall contribute my efforts to obtain it, that I may go and see Buonaparte at Paris ; I would even go to see him in Egypt."

Death and Character of General Desaix.—How noble, how amiable, how laudable are the regrets of the conquerors of Marengo, while they reflect on the loss they have had of a friend, of a model, in the person of General Desaix ! I shall remember as long as I live the sad impression made on my mind the day after the battle, when I went to head-quarters, and beheld the carriage which conveyed the corpse of the General wrapped in a cloth and covered with his cloak. It was on its way to Milan. It was in vain I figured to myself, that a few hours before he commanded the incomparable 9th demi-brigade, he who made so many

fine manœuvres, under a terrible fire and in the most imminent danger. Every eye was moistened with tears, while looking on the inanimate blood-stained corpse.

Desaix was born in the month of August, 1768, in the department of *Puy-de-Dome*, at a little distance from Riom. His parents were of noble birth and devoted for several generations to military service. His cradle was consequently surrounded by all those prejudices, and ideas of superiority, with which pride and flattery always seek to intoxicate the minds of children of the privileged classes; but reason, and his own good understanding, put him at length out of reach of the seductions of vanity. He was brought up at the Military School of *Eflat*, where the amiable qualities by which he was distinguished, gained him the friendship of his school-fellows. They passed a simple, but from the mouth of children, an expressive eulogium on him, when they said, "*C'est un bon camarade*:" like that which since, the soldiers under his command were accustomed to do in speaking of him with an effusion of sentiment, "*C'est un brave homme*."

He had a soul too elevated to follow the ordinary routine in which fortune had placed him. Excited by that species of instinct which gives to genius its wonted activity for unfolding itself, he experienced a passion for instruction in every thing, before he was able to calculate its advantages. Desaix soon knew how to turn the lessons of his masters to profit, and to cultivate the happy disposition of his mind, at a time when instruction was almost as rare as useless, among men of his class, because therein birth and riches took place of every thing.

Although he gave himself up to every kind of study, which might enable him to distinguish himself in the military art, to which he was destined; there was nothing however which attracted him so much as the history of the republics of Greece and Rome. His imagination was lighted up by reading the exalted acts, and the traits of virtue, which illustrated so many great men in whom those republics prided themselves.

Equally penetrated with admiration for the conqueror of Annibal and the conqueror of the Persians at Marathon, he rather formed the wish than flattered himself he should one day be able to tread in their steps. His soul cherished the equally noble desire of imitating the virtues of Aristides, and the courageous devotion of Leonidas. And as if he had felt at that time the sorrowful presentiment which has since been realised, he was moved with pity at the premature death of *Epaminondas*, to whose sad but glorious destiny he has recalled our remembrance.

Such was the disposition of mind and heart in Desaix, while a sub-lieutenant, in the infantry regiment *de Bretagne*, when the moment of liberty was announced to the French which opened the career of glory to all whose virtues and talents gave them a right or pretence to be employed. The revolution offered him too many ways of realizing the liberal ideas he had entertained, for him not to become its partisan; and he had too good an understanding, and too much philosophy, not to

adopt its principles. He therefore resisted all the seductions, all the menaces, and even the insulting raileries which were employed to make him desert his country.

He fought solely for the glory of the French name. He was even ignorant of the denomination of those too-multiplied epochs of the revolution, and of which each party prided itself; in amends for which, he knew all the fields of battle, every approved manœuvre, all the acts of heroism which threw a lustre over the first year of the republic.

He went into camp with his regiment in 1792. His zeal and activity soon distinguished him to the Generals; Victor Broglie and Custines, who successively employed him as an Aid-de-camp and Captain adjoint to the Chief Staff. But he manifested so much talent and bravery in several unfortunate circumstances, where his presence of mind and advice stopped the course of the ill success the army experienced, especially at the taking the lines of Wessemburgh, that the deputies on mission did not hesitate to confer the title of General of Brigade upon him. He fully justified their choice; for, on every occasion where he was entrusted to direct an attack or to defend a post, he had the advantage over the enemy. His successes first began to raise up, or rather repair the morals of the soldiers, after the defeats they had met with in the departments of the Rhine. He more especially set them an example of constancy and bravery. Wounded at the affair of Latterburgh, by a musket ball which passed through both cheeks, he did not quit the field of battle, and would not admit of his wounds being dressed, till after he had rallied the battalions which were in disorder. On this account it was, that the French and Austrian soldiers gave him the surname of *Guerrier sans peur et sans reproche* (warrior without fear and without reproach.)

But notwithstanding his virtues and his successes, in the revolutionary delirium the Committee of Public Safety twice ordered him to be dismissed. The General in Chief who commanded the army of the Rhine, constantly refused to dismiss him; and Desaix remained ignorant of such order till the very moment when, covered with laurels which he had gathered at the raising the blockade of Landau, he had the satisfaction to see the whole army oppose itself to the execution of a third order for his dismission, brought by a deputy of the convention, a man who had the good sense to concede to the wish of the soldiers openly expressed, viz. that they might be allowed to retain their General, who led them always to victory.

The motives of his devotion were too pure to allow this injustice, any more than the bad treatment he experienced in the person of his tender mother (whose liberty he in vain demanded) to diminish his zeal for his country's service, and the honour of the French name. He had always the principal share in the brilliant actions which distinguished the arms of the republic in the second and third year.

He was at length named General of Division; and, though he so well mented it, he owed it chiefly to Moreau, the just appreciator of military

merit, who, having taken the chief command of the Rhine and the Moselle, gave him the command of the left wing.

History will record the glorious march of the army during the brilliant campaign of the fourth year: That army invaded the Brisgaw, Suabia, and Bavaria; when, forced by circumstances with which he had nothing to do, to fall back from the banks of the Danube to the banks of the Rhine, the army did it with so much wisdom, order, and courage, as made its retreat still more honourable than its triumphs. Desaix had a large share in these victories, and in this skilful military operation which was reckoned one of the most brilliant and most difficult that had ever taken place.

Moreau could not console himself for the loss of the campaign, but in facilitating, at least, the brilliant exploits of the army of Italy. He confided the defence of Khell to General Desaix, the taking of which was so much the wish of Prince Charles. Thus whilst he kept engaged before this place the numerous army of the Archduke, Buonaparte gained over Field-Marshal Alvinzý, the famous battle of Areola, which decided the fate of Italy, and prepared the reduction of Mantua, which was soon followed by the signing of preliminaries at Leoben. But before this treaty suspended the exploits of our warriors, the army of the Rhine and Moselle, under the conduct of Desaix, effected the famous passage of the Rhine, the boldest and most dangerous ever executed.

It was after having so gloriously terminated this epoch of the war, and after recovering of the wounds he had received in the last battle, that Desaix profited by the suspension of arms, to visit Italy, to which the campaigns of Buonaparte had given a new lustre, and again to see this extraordinary man, as yet unconquered by the greatest Generals of Europe. The reception he met with, was worthy of two such heroes. Immediately on his arrival, Buonaparte, in the orders of the army, expressed his esteem for General Desaix, in the following terms:

“The General in Chief informs the Army of Italy, that General Desaix is arrived from the Army of the Rhine, and that he is going to take a position where the French have immortalized themselves.”

This honourable suffrage was followed by a still greater mark of confidence. Buonaparte desired to share his glory with that of General Desaix, when he undertook to carry the honour of the French name into Egypt. At the taking of Malta, at the battle of Chebreriss, and at that of the Pyramids, Desaix displayed such admirable talents, so determined a bravery, that the General in Chief, being desirous of giving him some lasting memorial of regard, presented him with a poniard of exquisite workmanship, enriched with diamonds, and upon which was engraven, “*Prise de Malthe; bataille de Chebreriss: bataille des Pyramides.*” (i. e. Taking of Malta; battle of Chebreriss; battle of the Pyramids.)

Seconded by the Generals Friand, Davoust, and Beliard, he received orders to go and make a conquest of Upper Egypt, whither Murad Bey had retired with the rest of the Mamelucks; he fought battles at Sonaguy,

at Thebes, Sienna, at Gosseyr, and in twenty other places. Every where he caused the arms of the Republic to triumph. This was not all ; for he had the address to gain the hearts of the inhabitants of the country, which he had subdued ; and this amiable quality obtained him the flattering title of the "JUST SULTAN."

But it was not merely on this occasion, however interesting, that his claim to the admiration of good men was founded. He did all he could to aid the progress and welfare of the arts and sciences, in obtaining for the learned men, charged with surveying the country, not only every thing which depended upon his authority to render their voyage as safe and commodious as possible, but also every information he could obtain, by seeking for it himself like a well-informed man, among the remaining ruins and interesting monuments.

Such were the claims of General Desaix to immortality and the gratitude of Frenchmen, when, called from Upper Egypt by General Kleber, he signed, by that officer's orders, a treaty with the Turks and English, in virtue of which he embarked on his return to Europe. Scarcely had our warrior welcomed the land which gave him birth, than he evinced an impatience to join the Conqueror of Egypt. How many affecting recollections must necessarily have attached them to each other ! They set foot on, and entered together that island, before which the forces of the Crescent had been foiled for near three centuries. They landed together on the banks of the Nile, and in company conquered Alexandria and Cairo. In taking leave of Egypt, to re-enter our country, where our happiness and his glorious destiny led him, Buonaparte reposed in the hands of Kleber and Desaix the care of preserving to France the inheritance of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies.

His hopes were not deceived ; his confidence was not in vain. It was to no purpose that the most formidable of the Beys survived his defeat : it was useless that he collected together again the fugitive Mamelukes : our hero gave him no time to breathe ; he encountered the tropical heats, and pursued Murad beyond the cataracts, which no army had approached during twelve centuries. But new dangers still threatened him.

Desaix embarked in a neutral ship, in virtue of a solemn capitulation, and set sail for France. He carried with him a passport of the Grand Vizir, and of an English General ; and even a British officer accompanied him in the voyage, in order to insure respect for the treaty. Notwithstanding this, he had scarcely arrived at Leghorn, before the English Admiral, Lord Keith, declared him to be his prisoner, ordered the ship to be dismantled, and its rudder taken away ; thus exposing it to be run aground.

The Admiral, after sending the General to the Lazaretto, added an affront to the violation of the rights of nations ; he sent to him to propose allowing him twenty sous a-day, the same as to all the other French soldiers, prisoners along with him, observing that "*the equality proclaimed in France did not admit of his being better treated than they.*"

The General, in his reply to this note, concluded as follows :—" I have treated with the Mamelucks, the Turks, the Andaliens, the Arabs of the great desert, the Ethiopians, the Tartars, the dark inhabitants of Darfour : all paid respect to the promises they made ; and they did not insult men under misfortune !" The time of his quarantine ran too slowly for his wishes ; at its expiration, he overcame the obstacles to his journey. He had no sooner landed, than he learnt that Buonaparte had crossed the Alps : he forgot his own fatigues ; and though he had been absent so long, he denied himself the pleasure of spending a short time with his family. He mounted on horseback, and posted away to St. Germain, between Ivree and Verceil, where he was attacked by some Piedmontese robbers. One of his suite was killed, several were wounded while attempting to defend him, among whom was an Ethiopian who had accompanied him from Egypt. But the Genius of France, who watched over his glory, reserved him for a death less dreadful, and more useful to his country. He received from the hand of the Consul himself the order to join that army destined to perform such wonders. He arrived at Milan the 22d Prairial. The victory at Montebello had already been obtained, and he regretted he had not shared in it. However the moment was approaching, which was to decide the fate of Italy ; and as the talents of Desaix were too precious not to be made the most of, in an event of so much importance, he had the command of one of the divisions entrusted to him. It has already been shewn with what obstinacy both armies fought. Four times were the French driven back, four times did they advance again to the enemy. At the very instant when the Consul, surrounded by hostile shot, was reanimating his almost exhausted troops, Desaix darted with impetuosity amidst the Austrian battalions, when the deadly bullet stopped the earthly career of the hero, though it did not prevent him from tasting of victory with his dying gasp. This soldier, whose exploits both Africa and Europe celebrate, had only time to utter the following words to the son of the Consul Lebrun, in whose arms he expired :—" Go and tell the First Consul, that I die with regret in having not done enough to live in the memory of posterity." Desaix preserved, to the hour of his death, a great simplicity of exterior and manners, which were united to an uncommon courage. His physiognomy was pensive, his visage pale, his looks ardent : his unchangeable *sang froid* inspired all those who attracted his notice, with that respect which ever surrounds great men. He was clothed entirely in blue, without any gold lace or embroidery : he wore a hat with no feathers or lace, and made use of easy turn-down boots. Such was his costume.

To his natural and modest simplicity, Desaix united a great firmness of soul. The distinctness of his orders and words of command, in moments of the greatest peril, has always been a subject of panegyric, and highly admired among his comrades and followers. He was killed upon a horse which was lent him by Bessieres, Chief of Brigade. Before the Consul left Milan for the last time, he gave orders that the corpse of

Desaix should be conveyed to the Monastery of St. Bernard, and a mausoleum erected to his memory; that the names of the demi-brigade, the regiments of cavalry, of artillery, as well as those of the Generals and Chiefs of Brigades, should be engraved on a marble tablet, and placed opposite the monument. May the laurels with which a grateful country entwines thy cypress, gladden thy shade!

End of the Campaign of Marengo.

DIALOGUE OF THE TUILLERIES;

BEING

A Representative Memoir

To serve the future Historian for the Civil and Military Life of Napoleon.

BY GENERAL SARRAZIN.

I have been frequently requested to give a Life of Napoleon, whom no one had a better opportunity of knowing, and whom no one more fully observed than myself. I have not leisure for such a life; but in the following Dialogue, or representative Memoir, the reader will find the acts, sentiments, and character of this man, whom history will be embarrassed duly to classify. This may assist them.

SARRAZIN.

DIALOGUE OF THE TUILLERIES.

Buonaparte and his Confessor.

Buonaparte.—THIS day (August 15th, 1810), my dear Cardinal, I enter into my forty-second year. I am resolved to celebrate it by an act of penitence and confession; and therefore send for you to acknowledge my crimes, and to intreat your absolution and prayers.

Cardinal.—I rejoice to find your Majesty in this mind; but may I be acquainted with the causes of this happy change? for happy will your Majesty find it, if it be sincere.

Buonaparte.—As my Confessor, you have right to ask. Attend then. I need not remind you of the night of the first or second of July. The apartment of the Prince of Schwartzemberg, in one moment so brilliantly decorated, and in the next a prey to the flames from a single candle, which set fire to it, struck me as a fearful symbol and omen of my own fate and empire. My wife, too, Maria Louisa, suddenly caught me in her arms at night, exclaiming, "My dear husband, your atheism will be your ruin. It is not enough to protect religion: you must believe and practice it."

Cardinal.—Be pleased, Sire, to begin your confession; and adhere to truth. Your candour and contrition will procure you a pardon for all your offences;

Buonaparte.—From my most tender age, I have made myself remarkable. I was surly, obstinate, and arrogant. I was indeed altogether so unsupportable, that my relatives were delighted, when, at the age of nine years, I was placed in the military college of Brienne.

Cardinal.—Your stay at Brienne must have corrected you.

Buonaparte.—No, I gave rein to my propensities, and should have been expelled, had it not been for a very singular event. I found in one corner of the library a history of Cromwell; it was mouldy and worm-eaten. I learned from it that the favourite maxim of the protector was, *Con arte e con inganno si vive mezzo l'anno, con inganno e con arte si vive l'altra parte* [By cunning and deceit one gets through half the year, and by deceit and cunning the other part.] I was struck with astonishment at the wonderful success of this celebrated man, who made this principle the rule of his conduct. I studied him, I fathomed his character as far as my age would permit, and I determined to make him my model in all my actions. From that time I dissimulated upon principle, and I thus became in due time a finished master of cunning, deceit and falsehood. The most criminal lictentiousness reigned in our college; not only was it tolerated, but was even encouraged by the example of the masters. This example had its due effect upon me, and the manners I gained at Brienne I carried with me, when I was admitted to the military college of Paris, where, indeed, I found the same habits and practices prevail. I was vexed to the heart that destiny should have given me so mean a fortune. I was poor, my companions were rich, and I thought myself the most unfortunate of human beings. Employed in the first regiment of foot artillery, I put to profit the dissimulation which I had resolved to make my rule of conduct. I punctually executed the orders of my commanding officers, the greater part of whom were raw and ignorant men. I occupied myself with instructing my company. I would not associate with the other officers, in order that I might not be drawn into expences above my means. I never liked to run in debt. Debts degrade an officer, by forcing him to attentions to miserable creditors below his dignity. I passed my time in useful occupations with the serjeant-major of my company, who was extremely well versed in the exercises of his profession. He is now a colonel of artillery, charged with the direction of the army of Anvers; I do not know a more worthy man. I was reproached with my partiality to solitude; I alledged in excuse my desire to instruct myself, and my quackery already procured me dupes and profit.

Cardinal.—I see nothing to blame in such a line of conduct. Your delicacy in not running into debt would be a good model to all young officers. But be pleased, Sire, to proceed.

Buonaparte.—I come now to the time when I first became notorious in the world. It was at the siege of Toulon. I was the instrument of Barras and Freron. I carried my vengeance too far against the miserable inhabitants of that city, after it had been evacuated by the English. I spared no one whom they required as a victim.

Cardinal.—Proceed, Sire.

Buonaparte.—I was next employed as an officer in the army of Italy, where I passed my censures on all the generals. One I made out a coward, another was unskilful, another thought only of pillaging, and another was inactive. I represented the commander in chief as an aristocrat, and, as to myself, I affected to be an extravagant jacobin. I already coveted absolute command. My ambition caused me to be suspected of treason; I was arrested, my papers were examined, were found to be in good order, and favourable to me. I was set at liberty. They did not fail, however, to mark me as a meddling, insubordinate fellow, always raising divisions and disorders. Aubri, in his superintendence of the *etats-majors*, dismissed me, on the ground of my quarrelsome, turbulent temper. This injustice stung me to the quick. I went to Paris to claim what was due to me, for the activity of my service. I was unsuccessful; they turned their backs upon me. My half-pay was not enough for my subsistence, and I was miserable. I owe much to the aid afforded me by the family of M. Monvoisin; who, being my aide-de-camp, partook of my disgrace. But I was ungrateful to him. He saw my conduct on the 13th Vendemiaire, he disapproved of it, and he ceased to be my aide-de-camp. I have given orders that all those who take upon themselves to write my history, should not begin the detail of my actions previously to the date 1796, the epoch of my first campaign in Italy. As they are obliged to speak of the 13th Vendemiaire, since to this event I owe all my greatness, the minister of police has it in charge to see it given out, *that, without me, the slaughter of the Parisians would have been much greater than it was*, though I must confess to you, that not only I encouraged the troops, but, still more, I preached to them by example, by throwing myself, with the rest of the staff, among the crowds of fugitives whom we had butchered with our swords. Barras was a *distant spectator*. He had judged me worthy of being his second, and I wished to justify his confidence.

Cardinal.—Proceed, Sire,—it belongs to me to attend.

Buonaparte.—Not wishing to invert the order of my sins, I must also confess to you my ingratitude towards Bénézech. Barras, notwithstanding my *distinguished* conduct in the Toulon massacres, had received me pretty coolly, and he did not think fit to change his behaviour towards me, till he found I might be of service to him in bringing the Parisians to reason. It was to Bénézech I was indebted for my reinstatement on full pay. He used his utmost efforts with the government, and succeeded. How did I reward him? Why, I sent him to Domingo to get rid of his presence. He there caught the pestilence, and died. I did not perhaps intend this; but I intended to banish him.

Cardinal.—You have certainly much to repent.—Proceed, Sire.

Buonaparte.—I have, as I have already stated to you, completed my forty-first year, and I do not remember that I have ever yet shed a tear. I have even seen blood flow in torrents; I have galloped over fields of battle covered with thousands of dead bodies, friends and enemies; *my*

eye remained as dry as tinder, and my heart felt no other sentiment than the satisfaction of having conquered. The tragedy of the 13th Vendémiaire brought me the command of Paris, and of the 17th military division. This post continually wounded my self-love, and was in the way of my ambition. Every day I received a great number anonymous notes, which told me terrible truths, and the capital was far from offering me a prospect of glory such as an army would have assured me. I solicited Barras, now become a director, for a more important command. He yielded to my entreaties, on condition that, to guarantee my fidelity to France, I would marry the widow of General Beauharnois, his friend. I was not long in making my decision, when I reflected that her hand procured me the generalship of the Army of Italy. My stay at Paris had given me a thorough knowledge of the character of Frenchmen. I saw, that to gain my ends of them, I must drive them with a *rod of iron*. I cannot give you an adequate idea of the haughtiness with which I treated those same men of the Army of Italy, who, two years before, had nearly overwhelmed me with their repulsive pride. How despicable did their eager cringing, in order to make me forget the past, appear to me. Massena was entitled to my praises. I knew him for a sure man, and distinguished him accordingly from the crowd of flatterers. After having made several preliminary arrangements in the army, I went to the attack of the Austrians, when I learned with joy that they had repulsed my advanced posts. I shall not speak to you of my military operations. You have no doubt read them a long time ago in the reports made to the Directory. I exaggerated the loss of the enemy, and took care to diminish that of the French by at least three-fourths. I often gave myself the victory, although I had been beaten. I sought the best expressions in the quiet of my closet, and reported them as if I had used them in the midst of the hottest fire. I winked at pillage, and shut my eyes to the rapine of my generals. From among forty thousand guilty I selected one, taken in the hindmost ranks, and I made the most of this severity, in order to deceive the inhabitants, and to make them believe I sought to correct the abuses from which I drew myself the greatest profit. Berthier dispatched trusty commanders to every place. *They had received their instructions from the hands of the chief*. Their cares were liberally rewarded. Independently of general contributions, particular ones were imposed for exemptions from quartering soldiers. I drew immense sums from this source. At the peace of Campo Formio I was the richest private man in Europe.

Cardinal.—May I request your Majesty to speak in more detail. Your victories were striking; did you owe them to proper means.

Buonaparte.—It is to Cæsar I am indebted for all my success. That great commander says: "Have soldiers and you will have money; have money, and you will have soldiers". Virgil had moreover taught me, that gold was the key to all hearts." *Auri sacra fames, quid non mortalia pectora cogis?*—This maxim, joined to the adage of Cromwell, opportunely employed, necessarily made me superior to all the generals who

have shone since the days of Charlemagne. As soon as I was master of Milan, I gave Massena an opportunity of enriching himself, by suffering him to enter first into the rich capital of Lombardy. The presents that were made me I distributed to the generals and colonels. I kept only a very small part. I knew the rapacity of Augereau. I glutted him with gold. I made promotions. I showered praises in profusion, and obtained the most astonishing results. I had not neglected a point so essential as that of having good spies. I was yet among the Alps, when I dispatched an intelligent emissary to the Austro-Sardinian Army, with orders to sow dissension between Beaulieu and Colli; to discover the designs of the latter in case of ill success, and to point out to him a better prospect in the French, than in the Austrian army. An agent was also placed in the staff of Beaulieu, and some Milanese patriots were at work in disposing people's minds for the reception of the French. During my first stay at Milan, I succeeded, by means of gold, in procuring a confidential man, even in the office of the Austrian minister Thugut. He served me with a precious fidelity, till the signing of the preliminaries at Leoben. The fear of being discovered determined him to take refuge, first at Constantinople, and afterwards in the states of Barbary. I had only forty thousand francs yearly as general in chief, and I gave him a hundred thousand per month. When I knew him to be in safety, the curiosity of the fact, and my self-love, made me communicate it to more than fifty generals and officers, assembled at my head-quarters, at Passeriano, in October, 1797. As to the military system, which every body pretends I have created, I assure you it is all a chimera. I make war as it has been made at all times by chiefs possessed of common sense. I owe all my victories to numbers and to temerity. The French army of Italy, at the time I took the command, was without instruction. There was not a single battalion that could file off in companies, according to military principles. My battles of Montenotte, Millesimo, the Bridge of Lodi, Castiglione, Arcole, and Rivoli, were fought *à la Turque*, and when victory smiled on me, my thanks were returned, as they were due, to the number and temerity of my troops, as well as to the weakness of the enemy's generals. They had excellent soldiers. They might often have supplied their want of numbers by the advantages of situation, or by fortifying themselves. But the superannuation of some, and the jealousy or corruption of others were wonderfully in my favour. I should have been inevitably undone, if Alvinzy had known how to avail himself of the discouragement of my troops, after the battle of Arcole. Let it not be supposed I am superior to Turenne, or the Great Condé, or Prince Eugene. My practice in war has been a wrestling match, in which the strong overcomes the weak. Genius is a fine imaginary beauty in the art of war, but audacity is its reality. Denied by nature the intrepidity of Lannes, the native intelligence of Kleber, and the uncommon talents of Moreau, I employed myself, on a day of battle, to turn to account the qualities of all the generals under my orders. For a long time had I duly appreciated that profound maxim

of Montaigne—"The people is a beast, every one rides in turn." I also knew that the audacious were the favourites of fortune: *Audaces fortuna juvat, timidosque repellit*. I felt the necessity of preaching by example, and notwithstanding my dislike to face fire, I appeared several times at the head of my light companies. Such a mode of conduct had all its effect. I electrified the cowardly, while the brave out-did each other, and wrought prodigies. At the attack of the fortress of Cossaria, about eight hundred brave men were lost through my fault. All the swaggering of Angereau was unable to intimidate the courageous Provera, and he was deaf to the propositions made to him after my manner. If the Austrian army had possessed many men of that stamp, I should at this day have been nothing. At the battle of Arcole I lost four thousand men by a ridiculous piece of obstinacy. Instead of being dragged out of a mud-pond which I fell into, I deserved to be thrust into it, and drowned. Be assured, now you have heard the causes, that my campaigns in Italy, in 1796 and 1797, were rather the result of chance, than of what my partisans are pleased to style my extraordinary genius. I was guilty of a great error after the passage of the Bridge of Lodi, in giving Beaulieu eighteen days to recover himself. He profited of this delay to throw provisions into Mantua. My enemies pretend that my conduct on this occasion was dexterously contrived to prolong the war, and acquire celebrity. And in fact, if I had pursued the Austrians, the hereditary provinces would have been occupied without difficulty. The immense armies of Jourdan and Moreau would have obliged the Emperor to conclude at that time the peace which, owing to my errors rather than to my contrivances, did not take place till the year after. I employed to obtain it flatteries, menaces, and promises. I met the plenipotentiaries, who appeared to idolize me. According to one, I was the first general of ancient or modern times; another told me he had never met with so finished a diplomatist. Co-bentzel thought me worthy of an imperial crown, and Gallo compared me to a God. I was a Cræsus, and I scattered gold in profusion. I laid the foundation of my present greatness. I went to Rastadt. I assumed the tone of a master, and was applauded. Being arrived at Paris, I humbled myself in order that I might be exalted. I knew that the members of the Directory were as poor in wit and money, as they were rich in pride and jealousy. I made magnificent presents, I affected great simplicity of manners, and I lived in a retired manner. I proposed an expedition to Egypt, and promised to bear the costs.

Cardinal.—No one can censure you for this prudence.

Buonaparte.—I selected those regiments for the expedition to Egypt, the officers of which were known to be demagogues; and as my favourites, I fixed upon generals whose audacity would be of service to me.

Cardinal.—Before we pass into Africa, I think it proper to call your attention to some facts, of which you ought to have spoken. The carnage at Milan and Pavia, the sacking of this last city, the pillage and burning of all the neighbouring villages, and the sacrilegious thefts from the church, the produce of which, it is said, you appropriated to yourself; the mur-

ders at Lugo and Verona, the underhanded seizure of Livourna and Ancona, and all the disasters which you heaped upon the whole of Italy, but especially upon the states of Venice.

Buonaparte.—What would you have me say? I am guilty, very guilty. I thought my troops not sufficient to overawe the inhabitants; and I conceived it proper to strike them with terror. In occasioning the revolt at Pavia, I only anticipated this event a few weeks. I gave orders to kill, pillage, ravish, and burn. That city will remember it for these hundred years. The complaints on the carrying away the treasure of the church of Loretto were occasioned by the stupidity of Victor. I had ordered him to possess himself only of things of great value. He took every thing, even the silver plated copper. I obliged him to make restitution of those which were worth little. My conduct to the States of Venice was certainly hypocritical. When I was sure of a peace with Austria, I fomented discontents in all the continental possessions belonging to the Republic of Venice, and I promised mountains and marvels to the senate and people of that rich city. I levied enormous contributions. I caused every one to be shot who was suspected of enmity to the French. I quartered all my army on the inhabitants. I made a solemn proclamation of republican principles; and I finished by selling this nation to a prince acknowledged the most despotic of Europe. As to morals, I confess myself in that respect extremely criminal. But let me now pass to the thread of my history.

Cardinal.—I attend your Majesty's will.

Buonaparte.—I was in want of money, and the Romans had plenty. I required great great sums, which were of the greatest service to me. The five millions of diamonds which were given me in consequence of the treaty of Tolentino, and which the Directory were good natured enough to make me a present of, did me incalculable services. It gave me the greatest pain to extort so much from the venerable head of the church; but necessity has no law. A few of those diamonds, distributed with judgment, made me in two days master of Malta, which had for two years resisted the sea and land forces of the English. Being arrived at Cairo, I thought it would be of service to the army to proclaim myself *sent by the prophet Mahomet* to deliver Egypt from the tyranny and vexations of the Beys and Mamelukes. I professed myself a Mussulman, and a declared enemy of the Pope; I boasted of having driven from Malta those valorous knights, who, on their admission to the order, swore to pursue every Mussulman to death. I more than doubled in these once flourishing countries the horrible outrages I had committed in Italy. When I wanted money, I contrived a revolt. I got some Frenchmen, murdered, and I levied millions. I was thus the cause of the murder of the fanatic Dupuy, the old colonel of the brave 32d demi-brigade, and the Robespierre of Toulouse. He was one of those jacobins that sought the extermination of kings, and resembled Duphot, who was dealt with by the myrmidons of the Pope. Dupuy had the command of the station of Cairo. He thought he should be able, with a few

dragoons, to disperse a very considerable insurrection; he received a mortal wound, and sighed out his last breath in vows for the constant duration of his beloved republic. Several officers shared the fate of Dupuy. I appeared terrible. My columns destined for the attack, and my formidable artillery, marched forward; and the wretched Turks were butchered in the most terrible manner. They were treated as the Parisians on the 13th Vendemiaire. I was not satisfied with the shedding of blood; I had another end in view. The city was not pardoned till an immense weight of gold was obtained; they then succeeded in pacifying me, and tranquillity was again restored to Cairo. Such a monotony was opposite to my inclinations and my projects. The Mamelukes had disappeared;—the Arabs were terrified, and had ceased from their murders. The army was in perfect health. I found myself reduced to the sad situation of a pacha of Egypt, unless I could contrive some means of weakening the army, in order that there might appear a necessity for my absence, to go and solicit reinforcements from the Directory. I set out for Syria with fifteen thousand chosen men. At Jaffa, which was taken almost by assault, I put the garrison to the sword, although it had surrendered at discretion. It had in it four thousand Mahometans. I arrived at St. John of Acre. What a horrid retrospect does that name bring before me!! I regret not my having lost four thousand men; I had led them thither with the express intention;—but what I shall never forgive myself for, what I shall never cease to regret, is having seen my most resolute and daring attacks completely defeated, and my best generals, my bravest soldiers, perish before my eyes. The English admiral, Sir Sydney Smith, and a French engineer, rendered all my efforts unavailing. Having resolved to raise the siege, I wanted to amuse my troops, by attacking some wandering hordes, and burning a few villages. I furnished matter for the relations of Berthier, and justified, by the pretended victories of Mount Tabor, of Fouli, and the Jordan, the most absurd expedition that the annals of war and politics can produce. I regretted that Kleber had escaped, without a scratch, the great dangers to which I had so often exposed him. He had fallen under my heaviest displeasure at the beginning of the siege. He wanted to make it appear that he knew more than I. I never pardon such pretensions. The sequel will prove to you that this general lost nothing by the delay. Before we repassed the deserts, I gave secret orders to poison about five hundred men, who were sick of the plague, or other illnesses, and whom it was dangerous, and even impossible to transport with the rest of the army. The physicians looked upon them as dead men. It was only anticipating their last moments by a day or two. I have been frequently reproached with this measure, which nevertheless was dictated to me by reason. It is well known with what horrid brutality the Turks treat their prisoners before they put them to death. It has been pretended that I might have put them under the protection of Sir Sydney Smith, who, in pity to the situation of these unfortunates, would have saved them from the vengeance of the Mussulmen. I agree that it would

have been preferable if I had thought of it: but in my critical situation I had so many things to distract my brains, that I think my forgetfulness in this respect far less blameable than my senseless assaults of Saint John of Acre. It is impossible to give you an adequate idea of my anxieties during the passage of the desert. The discontent of the army was at its height. Generals, officers, and soldiers, all cursed me for my ambition. Several men killed themselves; a grenadier blew his brains out a few steps from me, after having uttered in my face the most horrid imprecations. Kleber himself had the hardihood to come and give vent to his bile, by threatening me with a revolt, if I did not make a speedy change in my primitive dispositions. I dissipated all these storms, as much by my presence of mind as by my firmness. I appeared to compassionate the woes of the soldiery; I encouraged them with promises, and I flattered their self-love by praising their constancy in supporting fatigues and privations, and their heroism in battle. I silenced Kleber, by threatening to have him shot at the head of his troops, if he did not punctually execute all my orders. Returned to Cairo, I made proclamations, full of boasts of what I had done in Syria, and giving the greatest honour to all who had contributed towards it. My plan was as yet executed only in part. If I had made myself master of Acre, I should have left in it a strong garrison, under the command of Regnier. I should have sent back Kleber to Egypt across the desert with his division, and, under pretext of returning to Cairo by sea, I should have set off from St. John of Acre to France. But fate ordered it otherwise; my purposes were completely answered by the debarkation of the Turks at Aboukir. I beat them completely. This success produced a momentary forgetfulness of my ill success in Syria. Those who had been the loudest in their complaints were silenced, and extolled my military talents. I profited of this calm to prepare for my departure. I knew of every thing that was passing in France. Lucien and Joseph, in concert with the Abbé Sieyes, took care to make me acquainted with every event. There was not a moment to be lost in order to get there in time. The Directory was itself conscious of its insignificance, and its insufficiency to do any good. I did not long balance. You will learn from this history the secret of my voyage, which has given occasion for numerous conjectures. I was agreeably surprised, when I reached Paris, to learn from Sieyes that he had dispatched to me, after the death of Joubert, two neutral vessels, to engage me to return to France, my presence being judged necessary to repair the military and political disasters, occasioned by the stupidity of the generals, and the folly and jealousy of the Members of the two legislative bodies and the Directory.

Cardinal.—You have said, Sire, in your Report, that you lost only four thousand men in Syria, but I know from creditable authority that it was at least eight thousand, and that you returned to Cairo with only seven of the fifteen thousand with which you set out from Egypt. When you diminish your loss by a half, I must ask for an explanation.

Buonaparte.—I believe, indeed, the total loss might well be reckoned at about eight thousand who fell by the sword, by strangling, decapitation, empaling alive, by being drowned in sacks, after they were made prisoners, or by the plague and other diseases. I have contracted such a habit of lying, in order to diminish my losses, that I beg you beforehand always to take me much above what I actually avow in my confessions. I generally double the amount of the killed and wounded of the enemy. In my dispatches I never confess to more than the tenth part of my killed and the fifth of my wounded. I never suffer it to be said that any of my men have been made prisoners from the ranks, except now and then, by mere accident, some distinguished officer. These lies hurt no one, afford me relief, and encourage my army. Berthier perfectly understands my arithmetic, and I seldom have occasion to revise his calculations.

Cardinal.—Permit me here to state to your Majesty some reports which have reached me, and of which I ask you the truth. It is said that at Leoben you got acquainted with the projects of Pichegru in favour of the Bourbons; that you appeared willing to co-operate with him in procuring their re-establishment; that you went in consequence to Milan, where you caused the secretary of the Russian legation at Venice to be arrested, on his passage to Trieste, where General Bernadotte then was, while you were engaging General Desaix to come to you, under the pretence of visiting the positions of the campaigns of the Army of Italy; that you suffered the Russian secretary to escape, after you had procured from him some informations of consequence, and promises of still greater moment to your future designs; that you succeeded in duping Cobentzel, theameleon of diplomacy; that you got notice of the arrival of the Russians, whose success it was easy to foresee; that it was agreed upon to draw your prodigious expedition from the harbours of Toulon, Civita Vecchia, and Malta, in order to send it to Egypt in as great an *incognito* as a privateer sails from Boulogne in a foggy night, and crosses the straits of Calais to capture merchant vessels, under the very cannons of Dover; that you were to return, just at the fit moment, to put yourself at the head of the government; and that, at length, after you should have succeeded in re-establishing monarchy, you were to restore to France its legitimate sovereign, contenting yourself with the rank of grand constable, or generalissimo of the armies. You deceived, it is said, the hopes of all the cabinets of Europe, without excepting even that of St. James's.

Buonaparte.—Frenchmen are naturally great prattlers, and although you were born a subject of the Pope, in the country of Avignon, you partake of this defect. I know that every one relates my history after his own way. But people often deceive themselves; frequently they do but guess, and they are always supposing wrongs against me. *Charity begins at home. The first king was a fortunate soldier.* I have always acted according to these two principles. Do you really think I should have exposed myself to assassination in my *coup de main* of Saint Cloud,

against the advice of the Council of Five Hundred, to put the crown on the head of a man, who, if not wholly unknown to me, is at least no countryman of mine. I was born a Corsican, subject to the state of Genoa. When I came into the world, I breathed nothing but hatred to the French. My country was tyrannised over. They murdered the Corsicans like so many sheep. They hunted them in the woods as wild beasts. I sucked with my mother's milk the contempt which the harlequinism of the French nation always inspires, and I never let slip an occasion of taking vengeance for the atrocities of which Corsica was the theatre, in 1769, the year of my birth. Such a desire will, no doubt, appear culpable to you; but it is graven on my heart in characters that can never be effaced. I should have made a secret of it; but truth drew it from my breast. A learned geographer knew our nation well when he said, *that the Corsicans were naturally jealous, vindictive, and cruel.*

Cardinal.—I am obliged to your Majesty for this explanation.

Buonaparte.—Let us return to my appointment of Consul. During my absence, my friends had disposed every thing to cause a general wish for a change in the government. They had flattered all parties; loyalists, moderatists, and jacobins, all thought me on their side. I endeavoured to confirm them in the good opinion they had formed of me. I spoke of the restoration of the finances, and I gave hopes of new victories, by bringing into action my talents and my means. The jacobins were the first to mistrust me; the moderatists declared themselves my partisans; the royalists kept aloof. They were expecting, behind the curtain, the issue of the contest, in the hope of profiting by the success of either. I sowed dissention among the republicans, by sending in among them some *false brethren*, who played their parts excellently. Notwithstanding all my precautions, had it not been for my brother Lucien, I believe the hot-headed terrorists of the Council of Five Hundred would have paralyzed my hopes. Their furious sentiments prevented me from making them listen to reason. The recollection of the manner of Cæsar's death in the senate-house, put the finishing stroke to my dread. I could scarcely stand on my legs; I trembled in every limb, and I knew it was with fear; but I gave it out that it was with anger. Generals Lefevre, Leclerc, and Murat, were as much discontented as myself. Nobody was able to speak to the troops except Lucien, who harangued the grenadiers as if he had passed his life in camps. He spoke to them of discipline, and asked them if they did not despise those of their comrades who refused obedience to their captain. They answered in the affirmative. He represented to them, that as President of the Council of Five Hundred, he regarded as rebels all those deputies who did not unite themselves to the man that they had chosen for their chief. This mode of argument appeared just to the grenadiers, who applauded the eloquent Lucien. Leclerc, who possessed sufficient address, availed himself of this moment of enthusiasm, and entered the Hall of Five Hundred at the charge of the bayonet. The deputies saved themselves by the windows, and the battle was gained. Berna-

dotte, who the night before wanted to fight a duel with me, when I had communicated my projects to him, staid at Paris. *Goody Jourdan* did not think proper to go to St. Cloud. *This machine* would have endangered all my projects. It had been hinted to him that it would be advisable not to yield to the decree of the Council of St. Cloud. On the 11th November, 1799, I played the part of King of France. I assembled all the first authorities of the state. I assumed the tone of a master, and I saw, with joy, that the charm was completed. I ordered the transportation of some desperate jacobins, and granted protection to such as appeared to renounce their errors. I gave money to Lefevre, the Commander of Paris. I procured an understanding with Bernadotte, whom I knew to be a favourite of the troops; and I promised on my part honours and riches. *He loves the agreeable and the useful.* I was obliged to humour him, because he was the brother-in-law of Joseph, having married his sister-in-law. In this manner I consulted only the interests of the moment, and I resolved to profit of the first moment to exile him, at any price. General Moreau had been useful to me at the Luxemburgh. I was desirous of testifying my satisfaction, by giving him the hand of my sister Caroline. I had an article inserted to this effect in the public journals, on the eve of the day on which I had appointed him to meet me, to concert the plan of operations in Germany. After they had brought in the gazettes, I gave one to Moreau, and I took up another with apparent indifference. Having glanced over it, I said to him, smiling, *These Parisians have a wonderful itch for talking.* I read him the article. He eluded the proposal, and I spoke to him of troops and positions. His character for quiet, and his great military reputation assured me a tranquil reign, and the attachment of the army. Had I succeeded in making Moreau my brother-in-law, I would have caused myself to be proclaimed Emperor immediately after the battle of Marengo.

Cardinal.—Your Majesty occupies my attention so entirely, that I must intreat you to be pleased to excuse me from any observation,

Buonaparte.—I wished to give the public a favourable idea of my situation and my intentions. Although I had no need of money, I assembled the bankers of Paris. I treated them kindly. I promised them my protection, and gave them hopes of better prospects. They came to me trembling with the fear that I was going to demand new exactions. I knew better than to be guilty of such a foolish trick. I spoke as a man who possessed millions. They returned to their counting-houses loading me with benedictions. I gave them expectations of peace even with England; and in fact I did write a letter to George the III^d. They soon perceived at London that my letter contained nothing but holy water from my new court. They gave an evasive answer, and they would have had reason to applaud themselves for taking this course, had they known what instructions I left to General Kleber when I set out from Egypt. I advised him to negotiate with the Turks and English in order to gain time. The dispatches intercepted, and published by

the English, proved that Kleber was not only discontented with my departure, out, what was more, he bestowed the epithet of disastrous upon my expedition to Egypt. I have already told you I never pardoned the impudence of any one who pretended to know better than myself. I was exasperated at the tone which Kleber assumed. But I was released from him. The brave Kleber fell a victim to the dagger of a vile Osmanly. Kleber was the first general of the eighteenth century; Moreau the second, and I the third. Soult did not shew himself till the battle of Austerlitz. His debut was a brilliant one. He possesses genius. He has wit enough to tremble when he hears my name pronounced, or that my arrival is announced to him. Were it not for this peculiarity, he would have disappeared long since. I am indebted to him for my battles of Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau, Heilsberg, Ocana, and the important passage of the Sierra Morena.

Cardinal.—In what rank do you place Desaix, to whom you were so much indebted in your victory of Marengo.

Buonaparte.—Desaix was modest, good tempered, well instructed, and a good general. I place him, however, only in the second rank, with the Archduke Charles, Saint Cyr, Lord Wellington, Bernadotte, Macdonald, Massena, &c. People never spoke of this officer but as the conqueror of Marengo, and this on purpose to mortify me. My enemies think I have the weakness to attach great merit to a victory. I appeared much greater the 22d May, 1809, at Essling, than on the 14th October, 1806, at Jena. Nevertheless my successes over the Prussians, on that occasion, were complete, while I was nearly crushed to pieces on the shores of the Danube. Let any military man compare these two positions, and pronounce with impartiality. I had two hundred thousand French, seasoned to war, to oppose to a hundred and twenty thousand Prussians, who had not fought for twelve years; while at Essling, the 22d, at noon, I had only twenty thousand men, the remnant of a hundred thousand, against sixty thousand victorious Austrians. You get before hand with events by your ill-placed questions. La Vendée excited all my interest. I wished to re-establish tranquillity in the interior of France; nor was I difficult in choosing the means. Money was promised. A few chiefs were drawn in, whose lassitude made them confident. Crimes were imputed to them by my direction, and I ordered them to be shot. They were brave, intelligent men, and therefore dangerous, from their attachment to the Bourbons. Frotté, a royalist general, was among the number of my dupes. He was a man of true merit, and he shewed the greatest firmness in his last moments. Chambarlhac had him shot, after having assured him of pardon, according to my original orders.—I went to Italy with sixty thousand men. I turned the right of Mâlas, and marched upon Milan. History will inform you how I beat the Austrians at Montebello and Marengo. What a happy thing it was to have to fight against generals seventy years old!! My return to Paris was a triumph. At Lyons I was received with extraordinary honours, I promised much, and performed little. It is a melancholy thing for a

prince of my stamp to be reduced to the sad part of a mountebank. My faithful subjects of my good city of Lyons must have had but an indifferent opinion of me. I was not more delighted with the enthusiasm of the provinces, than I was mortified at the Parisian apathy, which made me forget the brilliant reception of the rest of France. After having reflected for a long time on the means to be taken to interest them in my favour, I determined to hatch up a conspiracy against my person. Fouché, who was grieved to the heart at the useless efforts of his agents to get me applauded when I appeared in public, was delighted at the singularity of my invention. He assured me of the happiest result, promising me, at the same time, to fulfil punctually all my intentions. I have held conferences with this minister at Malmaison for four hours at a time, and always with new pleasure. He has a prodigious memory, and yields in cunning only to myself. I was of opinion that the royalists should conspire first, and then the jacobins. He proved to me mathematically the irregularity of this course. The jacobins being the greatest enemies of the 18th Brumaire, it was necessary they should begin by poniarding. The infernal machine was to be looked upon as the work of the royalists, set in motion by England. This power was to be represented as an enemy to the re-establishment of order, because it favoured the assassins of the First Consul. I have then to reproach myself with the death of those unfortunate men, to whom the agents of Fouché gave the first idea of a conspiracy, as well for the burning of the opera-house, as for the infernal machine of the 18th Nivose. I received the congratulations of all France. Even Paris appeared to start from sleep. The success of my stratagem intoxicated me with joy; but the illusion was of short duration. Three days after the first of the two events, in which I appeared to have been in such danger, they began again to play off their songs and epigrams upon me. They were insensible to my victories in Italy and Germany, and to the advantageous treaty of Luneville. They wanted a maritime peace, they sighed for the English guineas. I complied with the general wish, and not without finding my account in the step. I had perceived there existed a number of persons ill to be depended upon, who obeyed me at the moment, because they were carried along with the torrent, but from whom, in the course of time, I should have every thing to fear. It was necessary to exile them in an honourable manner. You will hardly believe that my brother-in-law, Leclerc, was among the number. This ambitious ape took it in his head to come across my way. His relationship to me made him insolent. He often shrewed himself restive under his wrongs. I dissimulated, but placed him on my black list. I gave him the chief command of the expedition to St. Domingo, well knowing this to be, as it were, *a commission for the other world*. Displeased with the conduct of my sister Pauline, his wife, I commanded her to follow her husband. It was in vain for her to alledge pretexts for remaining in France; I left her no alternative, but to go by force, or of her own accord. Dagua's babbling tongue procured him a similar commission. Richepanse, Salu-

guet, Hardy, Vatin, Debelle, Humbert, &c. were also put on the ranks, with the intention of getting rid for ever of the republicanism of the one, the ambition of another, the discontent of this one, the stupidity of that, &c., and of the ridiculous pretensions of all. I ordered for embarkation all the regiments whose officers and soldiers were hot-headed patriots; those who had been engaged in smuggling, and, finally, those who had made themselves merry at the expence of the bishops, at the time of their installation.

Cardinal.—Your Majesty's narrative becomes more interesting as you proceed.

Buonaparte.—While my proclamations and those of Leclerc were assuring to the blacks and mulattoes, of St. Domingo, the preservation of their liberty, orders were given for the re-establishment of slavery. The obstinacy of Leclerc spoiled all my plans. I had enjoined him, as soon as he had obtained a shadow of peace, to get together all the chiefs, and poison or drown them; or if these two expedients were not practicable without inconvenience, to send them to France, in the splendour of which they would soon be overwhelmed. But poor Leclerc, though he did not want brains, could never believe that *honour in a government consists only in doing every thing to strengthen or increase its authority*. He was melted by the good nature of Toussaint, the loyalty of Christophe, and the frankness which he thought he saw in the other chiefs. He loaded with praises those very men whom a few days before he would have shot; and who, in the sequel, were destined to cut the throats of his army, and of the inhabitants. I would not thwart him; on the contrary, I suffered him to do as he pleased, except in regard to Toussaint. He had tasted of sovereignty, and was not likely to remain a faithful subject. I gave orders to have him arrested and sent to the metropolis. For the sake of form, it was necessary to impute the design of a revolt to him. The bad address of Leclerc in managing intrigues of this sort occasioned a general insurrection. Almost all the army perished through sickness and want. I sent reinforcements, which underwent the same fate. I dispatched one from Toulon, consisting of four thousand men, at the time the garrison of Gibraltar was in insurrection. They might easily have surprised that place. Gantheaume, to whom I had hinted the matter by means of Lauriston, who had come to Toulon in search of Leclerc's widow, did not speak of it to any one but the commandant of marine; and this man's insinuations appeared ridiculous to the general of the land forces belonging to the expedition. Since I have found that important plans very frequently fail of being put into execution, from the equivocal manner of intimating them, I always give literal orders, and I almost always succeed. I should have been at this day master of the world, if I had sent to England the expedition of St. Domingo, under orders of a man with a *good head-piece*, to seize upon the government. I could have furnished him with fifty thousand chosen men, and good generals. But I was blinded with the vengeance I was so intent to wreak upon the jacobins, and I felt a certain pride in seeing

myself acknowledged the head of the French, by an illustrious family, and by a nation, which next to my empire, is undoubtedly of the first rank, by the extent of its power, the wisdom of its laws, and the immensity of its riches. I had at that time a fleet, which I have since lost, as much through the ignorance of my admirals as by the fatality of events. My ambassador at London gave me to understand, that, even from his first arrival in the capital, every thing seemed verging to war. I made him comprehend, that his *business was to gain time, and to make that use of it which we had previously agreed upon*. All my agents are spies : and all my missions extraordinary are confided to generals of superior intelligence. They should be regarded as military rewards. A headache, which an excursion may remove, is made a pretence for visiting fortifications, positions, &c. A well organised and well paid police is carefully maintained. This is not enough ; it is watched over by trusty retainers, who are paid still better. Notwithstanding all my underhanded doings, the bomb exploded sooner than I expected. Commerce experienced the heaviest losses. People murmured. I appeared to compassionate the merchants. The most unfortunate were assisted by my orders ; and others were promised indemnities. I did not fail to cast upon the English the odium of commencing hostilities.—General Toussaint was sent to me, and dispatched to the castle of Joux, near Besançon. I had been told he had buried about fifty millions in gold, in the middle of a forest of St. Domingo. He alone was able to point out the spot where it was deposited ; for after he had effected it, he caused his guards to kill the men whom he had employed to conduct the mules, and dig the ditches into which he had cast it. He was promised the rank of general, and the fourth part of his riches. He contented himself with answering, *that the Consul had deceived him once, but he never should a second time*. When his obstinacy had thwarted all my attempts, I gave orders to shut him up in a dungeon, dug in a rock, and not to allow him more nourishment than might be just sufficient to keep him alive. His stubbornness was proof even against this rough trial. He never opened his mouth but to load me with curses—at length I had him poisoned. The governor of that castle is an old man, interesting for his discretion, and his *sang-froid*. He always finds means to account for deaths of this sort, and the justice of peace consigns his report immediately to the procès verbal. It was said of Toussaint, *that he died of grief*. When the arrival of General la Plume was announced, as this negro had always shown himself my partisan, I ordered him to be dispatched with the honours of war.

Cardinal.—And what might be your motive, Sire, for this murder—for such I must call it.

Buonaparte.—I had him destroyed, only because I did not choose to see, in France, a general's uniform on the back of a negro. When I found the impossibility of making a descent upon England, I calculated the means of forcing her to an adjustment, by excluding her commerce from the continental markets. It was necessary to reduce Prussia, ter-

rify Austria, overcome Russia, and invade Spain and Portugal. I was to give proof to France that I was not by any means disposed to give up my place to Louis the XVIIIth. This prince had rejected, with disdain, the offers I had made him to yield me his rights to the crown of his ancestors. At London I had an enemy in Pichegru, who though only of the second order, was dangerous for his talents and reputation. George had a great influence in the Western Provinces. Moreau caused me much uneasiness. His wife, and more particularly his mother-in-law, had exasperated him against me to such a degree, that he would not see me. He turned my campaigns, and my political institutions, into ridicule. This man, who, previous to my return from Egypt, had refused the offer of being placed in the first rank, now repented of his moderation. I saw that a grand sweep was necessary, and determined to join all these heads into a single hydra, that I might cut them off at a blow. The enterprise was not an easy one. I planned a conspiracy. Although Fouché was no longer minister of police, he continued to possess my full confidence. He alone could give the proper direction to every branch of my vast plan. Founding our measures on the precise intelligence which Andreossy had collected respecting the *coteries* of London, we set on foot the assassination of the First Consul. Moreau was indignant at my insulting haughtiness. Pichegru could not forgive me the arbitrary prolongation of his unwarrantable exile. The known rashness of George gave ground to believe in the possibility of his attempting my life. The devotion of the Duke D'Enghien to the honour of his illustrious family, determined him to come to the right bank of the Rhine. The minutest details were communicated to me with a degree of precision that thunderstruck even myself. Every proposition of my agents was accepted with an eagerness that can be accounted for only by the hatred of the conspirators, by their desire to restore the Bourbons, and by the dexterity of my spies. My confidant, General Savary, took care to be on the coast, near Fécamp, with six gens-d'arms, at the moment when Pichegru and his band were disembarking. They followed them every stage of their progress. They might have arrested them the very day of their arrival in France, but it was necessary to draw in Moreau, by making him communicate with the conspirators. As soon as this important point was gained, the alarm was sounded. All Paris was on foot. The most distinguished functionaries, although very well known, were frequently arrested by the gens-d'armes, and conducted before competent authorities, in order to be confronted with the descriptions of the principal conspirators. This farce lasted several days. Meanwhile Caulincourt and Ordener were on their way to arrest the Duke D'Enghien, who instead of entering France in triumph, as he had been flattered, was led prisoner to the castle of Vincennes: it would have been easy to have given it out that he had killed himself, but that would not have satisfied my ambition. I had him conducted before a council of war, the president of which, Hullin, had received his instructions from me. The forms prescribed by the law were observed. He was condemned to death, al-

though he was innocent, since he had been arrested on neutral ground, and was shot in the moat of the castle of Vincennes, where he was buried. I have been told that his talents and virtues rendered him an interesting personage. A victim of this house I had long desired, to prove to France, and all Europe, that it had ceased to reign, and that it was succeeded by the dynasty of Buonaparte. Several persons of rank were officious enough to interest themselves to obtain a pardon for him. I evaded their solicitations during the evening, till five minutes after the hour fixed for his execution, and then laughed in their faces, in announcing the *consummatum est*. I acknowledge myself guilty of this useless atrocity.

Cardinal.—I think that an energetic proclamation would have fully answered your purpose, which should have assured all your subjects, and all the courts, of your fixed determination to maintain yourself on the throne of France. The prince was not in your dominions; you have violated all laws, divine and human. It is confidently repeated, that owing to the observations of foreign ambassadors at your court, and the solicitations of Cambacérés and Madame Buonaparte, you had a moment of indecision, and that the furious clamours of Murat brought you back to the violent resolve of shooting the duke.

Buonaparte.—People deceive themselves greatly. Neither Murat nor Berthier, though they appear sufficiently intimate with me, ever dare to proffer the last remark. If they are preferred to others, it is because they are constantly seeking occasions to flatter me, and are the most prompt to obey. For these fourteen years, I have had no other guide than my own will. By receiving advice from any one, I should have allowed claims of superiority, which would have humiliated me. I have conducted myself in such a manner to make it believed I am necessary to all, and independent of all. I have affected the greatest contempt for good living, and have pretended to be above the sense of danger, although I am quite as much of a glutton, and quite as subject to fear, as other men, from the very nature of circumstances. The fidelity of Murat being guaranteed to me by alliance, and by many years experience, I ordered him to stay at Vincennes, to see that my intentions were executed, and that he should come and give me an account as soon as all was over. Savary had it in charge to strangle Pichegru, and he acquitted himself of this commission with much dexterity. I was obliged to have recourse to this violent expedient, because Pichegru was possessed of an effrontery, that would have intimidated the judges. I even doubted whether the soldiers could have been brought to fire at him. To have had him guillotined, would have raised too great an out-cry in the public. Besides, this mode of punishment I reserved for Moreau, and you know that one ought to use, and not abuse the means which the law puts into one's hands. You cannot conceive the rage that took possession of me when I was told it was dangerous to sacrifice Moreau. I loaded Regnier with the grossest abuse; but it was well deserved, since only two days before he had assured me it was entirely agreed upon to condemn to death the man whom, ever since his victory at Hohenlinden, I had detested more

than any one on earth. I regretted that I had not managed the matter promptly and secretly in one of my bastiles, this mode having succeeded so well with the Duke d'Enghien. I shall ever reproach myself with having consented to change his punishment into perpetual exile. This piece of weakness will sooner or later cost me dear; as I am persuaded Moreau will some day or other play me an ugly trick. He is the rallying point of the discontented, who live in hope they shall one day have him for their leader. Had he perished some time ago, the fickleness of the French would soon have forgotten both his death and his service. It is lucky for me that he is attached to his wife and children. Had he commanded against me at Eylau, at Essling, or at Austerlitz, I should have been undone. I attribute his fondness for retreat, in a great measure, to the grief which must have seized him at the astonishing indifference which all the Frenchmen, present at his trial, heard the public accuser sum up the evidence, which was to determine his death. Citizens, magistrates, and soldiers, looked on with the same concern as if they had been at an opera. This has been told me since, but the knowledge came too late. I had been assailed by functionaries whom I imagined to be possessed of energy, and I was duped by the treachery of some, and the fears of others. My own contempt for the French is not light; but were I in the place of Moreau, I would provoke their tyrant to heap his atrocities four fold, upon those vile, cringing, cowardly, and ungrateful beings, than whom the slaves of Darius and Xerxes, were not half so well calculated to bow under the degrading yoke of despotism.

Cardinal.—Be not surprised at this general apathy which reigns throughout France. We have had so many recent examples of jacobinism, that every one thinks himself happy enough to find a corner where he may be sheltered from the revolutionary fury, the bare idea of which strikes every man with horror, who has had the good fortune to escape the wreck. Moreau you have cause to dread.

Buonaparte.—My precautions are well taken, and Moreau, although in the United States, is watched almost as closely as when he was at Paris. I shrug up my shoulders with pity when I see a Lecourbe, hardly known in the world from a few slight successes, which the bravery of his troops, rather than his talents procured him,—when I see him, poor man, affect sentimental feelings, and complain of Moreau's banishment, crying, that I am a *despot*, a *tyrant*, &c. I did not think it worth while to bestow on him in return for his silliness any thing more than the most profound contempt, and I suffered him to spend in tranquillity, at his seat at Choisy, near Corbeil, his income of fifty thousand crowns, which he had stolen in his campaign in Switzerland and Germany. I have followed the same proceeding toward many other of my servants, whose insignificancy disarmed my vengeance. George having avowed that he came hither to assassinate me, underwent the rigour of the law, as well as almost all his associates. I consider myself to be guilty of their death, because they were my agents who suggested the conspiracy to them. Numerous arrests were made by my orders through the empire. The pri-

sons were soon filled with the too ardent defenders of Pichegru, Moreau, and the Bourbons. It is from this epocha that the system of terror, with which I have struck the minds of my subjects, begins its date. I made preparations to spread it throughout the continent, in order to put in full force my severe measures against the British commerce. I knew that Austria and Russia were disposed to attack me, but I appeared to be ignorant of it. I collected on my coast all my chosen troops, under pretence of menacing England. It is well remarked, that fear hinders people from seeing clearly. The cabinet of St. James's had the goodness to take me upon my word. Preparations were made at a most enormous expense to repel an attack which I never seriously intended, being sensible of its impossibility, from my not having possession of the seas. How could they believe I should ever put into execution a project which presented such great impediments to a disembarkation, and which had so many difficulties to prevent an advantage being drawn from early success? The favourable moment was gone by. The time of peace offered chances which the resumption of hostilities destroyed. The mischiefs of the last wars, the discontent of the Irish, my reiterated offers of an immediate and favourable peace, and the political moderation which till that time had appeared to guide me, would, perhaps, have crowned a sudden invasion with complete success; and the odium of violating the preliminaries might have been forgotten:—the treaty of Amiens was yet unsigned. While the English were making extraordinary levies, and fortifying their principal points, I was manœuvring columns, which were destined to fight the Austrians and Russians in Suabia, Bavaria, and Moravia. I did not show myself the aggressor. My intrigues at Vienna were not a little successful. General Mack was gained. He was a prisoner at Dijon when I returned from Egypt. After the 18th Brumaire, I had him sent for to Paris. The bargain was concluded with gold, and a principality *in partibus, when my father-in-law, Francis, shall be re-placed by one of my minions.* My success was easy and brilliant, through the complaisance of my associate Mack. The taking of Ulm determined the campaign in my favour. At Iller, I gained the battle of Austerlitz, and dictated the peace of Presburg. I profited of my stay in the capital of Austria, to organize a police, which has well repaired my care.—People suspected me of having procured the assassination of Admiral Villeneuve at Rennes. The report was false. I have to blame myself for having sent him an imperative order to attack the English. This officer observed to me, in reply to my first order, that the fitting out of the combined fleet gave no hopes of success against Nelson, who had a picked force, as well in respect to men as ships. I insisted, warning him, that if he persisted in his refusal, he should be re-placed in his command. He obeyed. The disaster of Trafalgar must be laid to my account. The English were indebted for this victory only to the intrepidity of their admiral, who payed for his triumph with his life. I despised Villeneuve too much to make him a victim; and would never have employed him if I had had a better sea officer. I have to

reproach myself with having caused the death of Palm, at Nuremberg. I wished to silence a crowd of scribblers, who were spiriting up Germany, and alienating from me the attachment of my army by their incendiary pamphlets. Yet, I must say, I left in Berthier's hands sufficient discretion to save the bookseller. Circumstances, and above all, his zeal for my service determined the general to have him executed. I caused a bookseller of Vienna to be comprehended in the judgment of Palm.

Cardinal.—Why did your Majesty suffer your fleet to be ruined. It was not the first time; you remember how Nelson annihilated the fleet of Brueis in the roads of Aboukir, 1798.

Buonaparte.—I am more sensible to the cutting truths of a journalist than to the loss of a battle. My imperial presses assure me immortal laurels. Nothing wounds so much as those dreadful libels where they lay me bare; where the impartial details furnish posterity with what will enable them to appreciate me justly. Those worms on the other side of the channel gnaw my heart to that degree, that if my brother George would establish in London the same laws that I have established in France relative to the press, I would not only consent to acknowledge his maritime supremacy, but would even make restitution of Hanover, and of other convenient places on the continent. I am afraid I shall be stung to death by those busy enraged islanders, if I do not quickly succeed in overcoming them by famine, or the destruction of their commerce.—In one day I overturned the work of the great Frederic. What blasphemies did I not utter against Providence, on the day of the bloody battle of Eylau. Despair made me sacrifice the flower of my guard. Had I been calmer, I might have waited the co-operation of my two wings, on a respectable defensive. I commanded to make charges of the cavalry and infantry as senseless as they were murderous, and I took care, nevertheless, to boast of them, by making a most brilliant eulogium on the troops who had executed, and the officers who had directed them. I saw with grief that the Russians were braver than the French. The question which had been left undecided at the battle of Austerlitz, on account of the co-operations of the Austrians, was clearly decided at the battle of Eylau. I was beaten. Beningsen, or rather the immovable intrepidity of the Russian army, gained a defensive battle over the fury of the French of the grand army, and over the Italian cunning of Buonaparte. I made dispositions to finish, as soon as possible, with such formidable enemies. After having displayed my forces at Heilsberg and at Friedland I hastened to sign the peace of Tilsit, in order to accomplish my views on other points of the continent, the occupation of which were to precede my march upon Petersburg. I had accomplished my provisional end in the north, by obliging Russia to declare war against England, and to shut up her ports against the trade of this power. I had equally taken care to require the expelling of Louis XVIII. king of France, from Russia, to revenge myself of the refusal of this prince to give up to me his rights to the French crown.

Cardinal.—You here failed in generosity.

Buonaparte.—The extinction of the family of the Bourbons would have been a much better security for the future, than the most absolute renunciation of Louis XVIII. My hatred against every part of that house, and the desire of crowning my brothers, made me project the conquest of Spain. My intrigues sowed dissention among the royal family. I proposed a meditation. I obliged them to accept it, by the presence of an army of brothers and friends. I went to Bayonne where I forced Charles and his family to comply with my wishes. The remembrance of the Duke d'Enghien's fate, which I took care to recal, dissipated all idea of resistance to my sovereign will. I imposed silence upon the president of the Junta, who had the hardihood to tell me, seated in full audience on my throne, that "if I persisted in my projects on Spain, instead of having subjects, towns, and cultivated lands, my brother Joseph would reign over nothing but deserts, tombs, and dead bodies". This plain truth, which experience has shewn to be too well founded, did not deter me. I gave orders to obtain, by force of arms, a consent to what they appeared to refuse my paternal propositions. The massacres of Madrid ought to be imputed to me. I had charged Murat to strike a great blow, which might frighten the ill-disposed of the capital, and keep in awe the discontented of the provinces. The cruelty of my lieutenant served only to irritate the Spanish pride. The insurrection became general. After several events, which belong to history, my troops were forced to fall back upon the Pyrenees. I obtained a conference with the Emperor Alexander at Erfurth. I swore constant friendship to him, by all that was most sacred. But the oath came only from my lips, since I had yet to revenge myself for my defeat at Eylau, and for the mortifying refusal his sister had given to my offers of alliance. His neutrality, and even his participation were absolutely necessary to me, in case of a rupture with Austria. He promised me every thing; he resolved to attack the Turks, to effect an aggrandisement, as impolitic for the two nations concerned, as it was advantageous to me, since it operated to destroy the forces of two enemies, as powerful as they are dangerous. After having lessoned Alexander, promised much to Frederic, and temporised with Francis, I set off for Spain. I ordered that every body taken with arms in hand should be shot; that all the villages and towns which made resistance should be burned, and that men, women, and children, should be indiscriminately slaughtered. My intentions were executed in the most barbarous manner, and from that time the peninsula has been a vast theatre of pillage, robbery, burning and murder.

Cardinal.—Your conduct towards Spain and Portugal was indeed atrocious. You deceived your most faithful and most useful ally. The court of Portugal had done nothing to provoke you. For these four years past have these two kingdoms been a prey to all the horrors of the most unjust and cruel war, that the annals of the world can produce. The truths which the president of the Junta of Bayonne had the courage to tell you, should excite all your solicitude.

You see how much this mad undertaking has already cost you. The peninsula has been the grave of three hundred thousand Frenchmen, and foreigners employed in your service. You have caused to be slaughtered at least a million of Spaniards and Portuguese of every age and sex, and your influence over Spain is now much less powerful than it was before your foolish business at Bayonne, and the murderous doings of Murat at Madrid. Restore to Spain and Portugal their legitimate sovereigns. It should be enough for you to make them provide you with money, and you have it always in your power to control and to punish them.

Buonaparte.—I will fight for thirty years; I will sacrifice three millions of soldiers, rather than renounce the conquest of the Peninsula. I have destroyed Prussia, crushed Austria, and terrified Russia. I have another reason more important to my own safety, and the tranquillity of France. Supposing I should evacuate Spain and Portugal, what must become of that army, which for these three years has been familiarising itself to all sorts of crimes. You have heard me blamed for my severity towards Dupont and Marescot, on account of the capitulation of Baylen. I was justified, and even applauded, when I published that these two generals *were ignorant and cowardly*. Some persons, who knew them, and were capable of appreciating their merit, disbelieved me, and despised me as a vile imposter. General Dupont is a very brave and skilful officer. He frequently gained my praises in the campaigns of 1800, in Italy; 1805, in Austria; 1807, in Prussia. Marescot is one of the first engineers in Europe, and every body knows it is impossible to be an officer of parts and talents, without being both brave and intelligent. As the greater part of France, and almost the whole of Europe, regard my calumnies as infallible oracles, I must confess myself guilty of the political death of these two men, who are really possessed of superior talents. I wished to prove to my generals, that it was dangerous for them to outlive a defeat, and that they ought to adopt for their device, *conquer or die*. My intention was, to have had Dupont and Marescot shot: that would have taken place, had I been present with the army. But the *air of Paris has the virtue of softening me*. I yielded to the intreaties of some officers of high rank, who protected them, and who represented to me, that *the remedy would be worse than the disease*. It is superfluous to tell you, that all my successes in Spain are owing as much to my means of seduction as to the power of my arms. Men like Morla, easy to be daunted if not corrupted, opposed a very feeble resistance to me, as the reduction of Madrid can testify. The heroic defence of Palafox at Saragossa attests his courage as well as his probity. Though my prisoner, this brave man preserves all his independence. His return to Spain would be dangerous, he shall perish in obscurity. I have determined the destruction of all those chiefs, who, for these three years, have fought against *Don Joseph Napoleon, their only legitimate king*. Many have made a formal assurance that they will lay down their arms as soon as the English army has been

forced to evacuate Portugal. But they will not on this account be less exposed to my vengeance.

Cardinal.—Permit me to lament, that your Majesty is thus inflexible.

Buonaparte.—Permit me to inform your Eminence, that tyranny is indispenibly necessary to the happiness of society. What good did the French derive from their liberty of 1789? They killed one another like wild beasts. I return from Egypt; I drive before me with the bayonet those five hundred raggamuffins, who were better fitted to murder passengers on the highway, than to be legislators; I give laws; people stare with wonder; they obey, and are happy, or at least *they appear to be so*. If the anarchy had lasted one year longer, France would have been divided among all the powers of Europe. Now, on the contrary, its sovereigns and their subjects are my slaves. My *victories* of 1809, over Austria, made me master of the continent, and procured me the hand of an archduchess. I can say more—by this alliance I am made arbiter of the destinies of the globe. Supposing the English keep possession of Portugal, that the resistance of the Spaniards is prolonged, and that I get tired of seeing so many French fall in the Peninsula, I can dispatch thither an army of one hundred thousand Austrians. If England refuses to make peace, I will send to the Indies an army of a hundred thousand Russians. This power being deprived of the principal basis of its riches, it will no longer be able to preserve its maritime superiority. I will make those islanders pay mountains of gold, and tears of blood, for their tyranny of the seas, their *liberty of the press*, and the misery which the stagnation of commerce occasions my people. The English merchants are by no means situated as those of the continent. Ours are made bankrupts, have not even the means of subsistence, and yet they dare not utter the least complaint. Such an imprudence would be considered rebellion. Death, or perpetual imprisonment, would soon deliver the state from their clamours, and would strike with terror all those who endeavoured to propagate them. This absolute submission is assured to me by my forces of land and sea, by thirty thousand *gens-d'armes*, eighty thousand priests, a hundred thousand excisemen, a hundred and fifty thousand custom-house officers, and by two hundred thousand spies attached to my police. Alexander, Francis, and Frederic, pursue the same course at Petersburg, Vienna, and Berlin, that my brother Jerome, my brother-in-law Murat, and my cousin, the Duke of Placentia, pursue at Cassel, at Naples, and at Amsterdam. My orders are every where obeyed with the like punctuality. But at London, at every bankruptcy, they cry out vengeance against the ministers; they break the windows of their houses, and vehemently call out for peace. The English people are persuaded I am sincere, and are far from thinking how eagerly I desire a favourable occasion to pillage London, oppress all England, and reduce the three kingdoms into French provinces, the inhabitants of which I would take care should be more wretched than any people of the continent are at present. If peace were to take place, my favorite project would be accomplished in three years. *I would hug*

VOL. IV. SUPPLEMENT. H

the English till I stifled them. I would grant them the most favourable conditions. I would cover the pit with flowers. If, by being forewarned of my secret machinations, these haughty islanders refuse all adjustment, I will realize my designs against their possessions in the Indies; and in twelve years time my vows will be accomplished. Then shall all the ancient families of Europe, from the Emperor of Russia to the confederate Duke of Nassau Weilbourg, be erased from the list of sovereigns. I am not ignorant how people amuse themselves at the courts, both high and low, on the subject of my ancestors. They rest their surmises on the authority of Muratori, and on some discoveries of the Abbé Fassadoni, of Treviso. It is said, "that in the sixteenth century, the Buonapartes, employed at that time in the service of the Bishop of Treviso, forgot themselves so far as to rob and murder travellers on the highway; that the bishop was proceeding to arrest them, in order to have them hanged, when they fled from his power, and took refuge in Corsica." Supposing this to be all true, am I the cause of my ancestors' crimes? I know what a prince of much wit has said of me before a numerous and brilliant assembly, by saying, after he had heard these details of my family—"I am tempted to believe, from the conduct of Buonaparte, *de race le chien chasse (a hound of unmixed breed.)*" The joy of a moment shall be paid for by the total ruin of the family of this indiscreet banterer, who already exists no longer. In all respects I will have the upper hand. My dethroned pensioners shall have honourable settlements provided for them, but they shall be obliged to reside in France. Their presence in their former dominions would disturb the order and tranquillity which I wish their successors to enjoy. Generals, not the most celebrated, but the most devoted to my family, shall receive crowns, less in recompence of their fidelity, than for the securing and consolidating my dynasty. I desire to live only twenty years longer, and I shall have surpassed all the great men of antiquity.

Cardinal.—I cannot help entertaining many opposite opinions. Russia is untouched, and her army is formidable. Austria will imitate you, and forget the ties of alliance. The Hungarian grenadiers will give you not a little employment. The forces of the Ottoman empire, being well directed, will make a powerful diversion on the side of Italy, in favour of the northern courts of Europe; and the more unfortunate the condition of the King of Prussia, the stronger is the attachment of his subjects. *The phoenix rises from his ashes to a new existence.* Germany and Italy execrate the French for the miseries which the war has brought upon them. The countries united to France, Holland, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden, desire their ancient sovereigns. As to the English, my opinion respecting them differs widely from yours. I beg you now to give me some accounts of your being made perpetual Consul, your nomination to an imperial throne, your coronation by the Pope, your divorce from Josephine, your marriage with Maria-Louisa, and of the state of your morals from the year 1796.

Buonaparte.—The tribunes gave me the perpetual consulship, and my army procured me the empire. My partizans had their instructions. The operations of these two parties were well combined. I took care to appear indifferent to the thanks that I had myself contrived to be heaped upon me. My answers gave reason to think I regarded all the honours they did me as painful burdens, while I felt an inward satisfaction beyond expression. On the 18th of Brumaire, I had passed the Rubicon. I was astonished at nothing so much as my own moderation. Do not believe it was the Pope who crowned me. I placed the crown on my own head, and I crowned Josephine. But Josephine was not suited to me, because she was out of the condition to perpetuate my race. My catastrophe at Essling, and the reverses which Lord Wellington occasioned my generals in Spain, made me renounce my intended design of dethroning Francis. I knew he had a marriageable daughter. The affair of Chasteller brought on explanations which ended in an adjustment. I felt that as I was not the strongest, it was necessary to be the most cunning. They suffered me to pass the Danube without the least resistance. We fought merely for form sake. A young prince, delighted, no doubt, with the honour of becoming my uncle, stayed at Presbourg with his army. He easily forget the gross insults I had heaped upon him in my official bulletins. Prince Charles, whose right had defeated and put to flight my left commanded by Massena, wished to take the route of Bohemia. We duped the English. When the Austrians had got possession of their guineas, they signed the peace which had been agreed upon ever since the month of June. I had succeeded in loading the confidants of Francis with presents and caresses, to make him believe I was sincerely his friend. But I cannot yet conceive how he was persuaded to give me his daughter, after he had learned, *very officially*, my will that he should be dethroned, and my solemn invitation to the Hungarians to choose another king. I hoped that my alliance with one of the first houses of Europe, would engage the English to more pacific dispositions.

Cardinal.—It was hoped that this marriage would have softened your majesty's propensities, and introduced more regularity into your life.

Buonaparte.—I am very well satisfied with my alliance with my present empress; but I sometimes regret the freedom I enjoyed formerly: and I confess to you that I have already felt many desires to be unfaithful to my new engagements. Occasion alone has been wanting. I accuse myself of having dishonoured at least a hundred respectable families, through the complaisance of the governess of a celebrated school, the pupils of which have been regarded by the public, for these ten years, as forming part of my seraglio. Some of them received from me rich presents, others I rewarded by giving advantageous situations to their relations, and all my favourites I took care to provide with indulgent husbands. It is supposed I have been intimate with several ladies of my court. It is false. I do not like to disturb the conjugal happiness of others, without absolute necessity. When I was in Egypt, I was obliged

to conform to circumstances. Throughout the army there was but one pretty woman, and she was married to a captain of a company of horse. Junot was charged to procure her for me. She and her husband were invited to dinner. A suttling woman, a provisional wife of my aide-de-camp, did the honours of the house. At the desert, the mistress of the mansion left the table, with the captain's wife, who was already the general's lady in *petto*, because I had found her very agreeable at dinner. I was not long before I followed the two ladies. While Junot, and other officers of the staff were swallowing Bourdeaux with the husband, I was making arrangements with his wife. She yielded to my intreaties with regret. My promises at length determined her to stay with me, and it was agreed upon, that the captain should be ejected. The next day he had dispatches given him to take them to France. As the English cruizers opposed the departure of the vessel which was to carry him, he asked permission to return to Cairo, which was refused him; he then wrote to his wife to come and join him at Alexandria. His letter remained without answer, and to this day nothing more has been heard of him. At my return from Egypt, I placed this mistress in the faux-bourg of la Vilette, and before I left her, I assured her a pension of a hundred Louis per annum. You have doubtless heard that all the actresses who have taken my fancy, have been sharers of my bed. I gave up to a young prince the handsome George, who was silly enough to think me in love with her. That you may be the better able to form your opinion of me with respect to morals, I must inform you, that from the age of fifteen years I have been as great a libertine, and quite as corrupt as Cæsar, whom Soutonius justly calls *omnium mulierum virum*, while he repudiated his wife Pompeia on a simple suspicion, saying *quoniam meos tam suspicione, quam crimine judico carere oportere*. I accuse myself of having capriciously humiliated my first wife, Josephine.

Cardinal.—Permit me to request of your majesty, that you should give me some details respecting the interior administration of France. Reports fly about, that every year you commit the most grievous acts of injustice in the conscriptions, in levying the contributions, and in all other branches of the public service.

Buonaparte.—The conscription is the nursery of the army. The ability of the minister Lacuée, the devoted attachment of the prefects, the indefatigable zeal of the officers, both superior and subaltern, in raising recruits, have made the levying of conscripts answerable to the highest expectations. The minister requires, for the exemptions authorised by law, conditions which are seldom fulfilled, on account of the distance of the regiments, and the concerted negligence of the colonels. Supposing the documents arrive at the appointed time, the prefects find the conditions defective. The *gens-d'armes* arrest the refractory conscripts the number of whom, though sometimes very considerable, is never taken into account, in order to be deducted from the contingency required from the department. In the route, the officers and subalterns give cause of discontent to the young conscripts to make them desert.

All these underhanded manœuvres augment my army. The desertion of a single man procures me two others, without excepting even himself. Any conscript, who deserts before he arrives at his regiment, is immediately advertised by the conducting officer, and notice is given to the prefect. The prefect immediately demands the number to be completed, which was originally required from the district of the deserter. The *gens-d'armes* are quickly sent in quest of him, and it is not long before he is taken. He is hand-cuffed, bound with cords, and conducted from prison to prison, till he reaches the place of his first destination. If he has been condemned as refractory, he is put to labour at the public works, from which he is not released but to be incorporated with regiments of the line. His brother, who, the following year, would have been exempt, derives no advantage from his forced service, and is obliged to leave his home, if fate has not been particularly favourable to him. By these means the fault of one soldier, or rather the dexterous management of an agent, procures me three. The prefects have long understood my instructions : they are now perfect in their duty. I have taken care to supply, by men worthy of me, those whose extreme sensibility made them regard the complaints of old men, the tears of widows, and the cries of orphans. I must thank you for having brought me to speak on this point. How many families do I ruin by taking away from them the only man capable of supporting an helpless mother, and several young children. But to all this I am constrained, in order to keep up my military superiority. The law, strictly observed, would not procure me more than a single man out of five hundred, while the abuse of it gets me double the number, and sometimes more. In one of the departments of ancient Belgium, the lists of all the districts were composed entirely of deserters, and yet all these conscripts become, sooner or later, my soldiers. I am not ignorant of the bitter complaints that are made. Many good people often say, "the emperor is ignorant of all these instances of injustice, otherwise he would put an end to them ; and that it is a great pity there should be so many petty tyrants acting under him."

Cardinal. But why these abuses ? Why do you not require two men instead of one ? Why leave to the arbitrary will, and above all, to the rapacity of subaltern agents, the fate of several thousand individuals ?

Buonaparte.—I regret that my officers are not equally vigorous in procuring the payment of the contributions. My coffers, which the public believe to be filled with gold, are absolutely empty. Without the resources which Italy, Germany, and Holland are yet able to afford me, I should have been troubled, these last six months, to pay the two millions of people, who received pay from me, from Cambacérés to the mere custom-house officer. The lottery and the post-office have been of no value for these two years. The expences absorb the receipts, and even the thefts. Lavalette, to his great regret, is no longer able to shower supplies into my secret chest. The stamp and registering duties are not a quarter so valuable as in 1803. There is no longer any trade ; no transfers of property. The customs, so productive in 1802 and 1803,

are now almost good for nothing. The taxes occasion altogether the most arbitrary vexations. From one end of my empire to the other, complaints are general. The collecting of these very burdensome imposts absorbs all the profits. The conquered countries will soon cease to pay in their contributions. I can now depend on nothing but the territorial impost, on my good city of Paris, and on the extortions of my prefects. Some men, who would be thought knowing of these matters, pretend that these functionaries cannot be accused of depredation. They are doubtlessly ignorant that their rapine, varied in twenty different ways, is entirely my profit, with the exception of a very small part allowed to the instruments of my rapacity. Whoever knows the resources of France, and can skilfully work this mine of treasure, which, till this day, has been inexhaustible, will no longer be astonished that I am able to face the enormous expences of my empire. I learn from all parts that confidence is disappearing, that circulation is becoming stagnant, and I must no longer count on more than the fourth of my secret revenues. I am overcome with despair when I see myself deprived of the great advantages, which I had promised myself from my system of universal corruption. From myself to the sexton of a parish, every body is included in the organization of the finances. If I allow a hundred millions for the expences of the marine department, the minister, eager to secure my good graces, hastens to bring the tenth part to my treasures. A slight smile at his first visit amply rewards him. When his accounts are made out, these ten millions not only appear carried to the expences for which they were intended, but the minister takes great care in the remainder of the year to realise other economical savings; of these he renders me a faithful account, which secures him the continuance of my imperial favour.

Cardinal.—This conduct is assuredly very criminal.

Buonaparte.—Under my government, an out-law, or an assassin, if he possess money, has never to complain of the severity of justice. A financier was threatened with the gallows by a minister, who was reproaching him with his peculations. He was answered, “they do not hang men of fifty thousand a year.” I am much of the same opinion. Out of those robbers and brigands who are covered with crimes, but who possess fifteen thousand a year, I make my counts; and those who possess a third of the sum, I call barons. I beg you will never speak to me concerning the rapine of my generals and colonels. Know that heads covered with the laurels of victory, are sheltered from all censure but mine. It is they that have made me what I am, and I feel pleasure in being able to think myself the author of what they are. I have taken care to lop off whatever was not of my own creation, and which therefore yielded with regret to the new order of things. My colonels have only six thousand francs per annum. It is natural for them to look upon their regiments as farms, which I confide to their care, in order that they may make the best of them. Colonel Coutard, when he took the command of the 65th regiment, found it a hundred thousand francs in

debt. Three years after, he had not only liquidated this debt, but had economised a hundred thousand francs, which were found in the chest at the review of the inspector-general. I confess myself culpable in suffering my officers to steal from my soldiers; but it is an evil which produces a much greater good. The men get excellent bands of music, and good clothing; the serjeants who are promoted to the rank of officers are assisted; and the soldier does not perceive the injustice of his colonel, who cannot save a hundred thousand francs, without stealing from those who are under him. The institution of reviewing inspectors has set a boundary to the thefts they made from government. The accounts of the troops are kept in the greatest perfection. They say also in works published abroad, that "*the administration of the districts is in disorder.*" It is a gross error. Independently of the mayors and their colleagues, always chosen from among the ancient nobility, or rich and well instructed commoners, secretaries have been appointed, men of abilities and intelligence, who keep the registers in the most exact order. How could they advance an assertion which, if well founded, would suppose a confusion throughout the whole of my system of administration, which has been regarded by all intelligent politicians as a model of wisdom and ability? In the department of the Rhine and in Flanders, no secretary is ever employed, who is not acquainted with both languages, the French, and that of the country where he is employed. These situations of secretary are very lucrative, and their value varies in proportion to the importance of the district. The receivers for life of the contributions are well paid. The *gardes champêtres*, or the spies in the employs of the prefects, rival the *gens-d'armes* in arresting and bringing to the tribunal deserters and refractory conscripts. The undertakers of the public works are chosen by the prefects, who never fail to make them pay for their protection, by large sums of gold. It is also said, that the mayors are obliged to serve the state with their purses. It would prove great ignorance of the French character to suppose them capable of so much liberality. However small a jurisdiction may be, it has revenues which are raised in a manner similar to the contributions. The budget answers all expenses, and the surplus falls to government. All the intermediate authorities, without excepting even the attorneys-general, the prefects and the ministers, are only machines, whom I keep in motion. My proclamations, ever since I have been absolute master, breathe the most impartial justice. But my secret instructions imperatively prescribe those abuses which are advantageous to me in every department of the public service. My director of the conscription, my minister of the interior, and of the police, have succeeded in surpassing what I have told you respecting the finances, religious rites, the marine, and even war. I am little satisfied with my chief judge, who is, notwithstanding, the least bad of any of his kind. I am myself the director of foreign affairs. My lies have often enough produced me the good effect I expected from them.—You have now heard pretty exactly whatever may be found re-

prehensible in my conduct, from my entrance into the world up to this day. I must observe to you that the injustices of which I have been speaking, are necessary, in order to maintain my empire in the flourishing state of prosperity which it at present enjoys.

Cardinal.—May I request that your Majesty will give me some detail, respecting public education, in which it is said you have introduced very great abuses; and also of those bastiles, in which it is said you have left thousands of innocent people to perish by inches. It is reported, moreover, that you have arrested diplomatists, and have even contrived in some secret dungeons, their disappearance at different times, even in countries not your own.

Buonaparte.—When I resolved upon measures, which made the perpetrators resemble highwaymen, it was to get at the secrets of foreign courts, in order that I might have time to make my dispositions. I had no other way of resisting their attacks, and causing the woes which were preparing for France to fall upon the heads of their authors. Independently of these acts of downright violence, I have to accuse myself of keeping agents in cities of any importance, who have orders to intercept letters which are presumed of consequence; and having read them, either to send me extracts or the whole, according to what may appear of interest. From the 18th Brumaire, this precaution has been regularly observed throughout France, and all the countries under my dominion. I find it necessary to be beforehand with all that relates to the safety of the state, in order to defeat the plots of the evil disposed. The principal end of public education is, as you may well conceive, to inspire young people with an attachment to me, to give them a taste for the profession of arms, and to persuade them of the superiority of an Emperor over a Pope. I allow that many abuses have crept into the public education during the troubles of the revolution. But far from being the author, I do my utmost endeavour to destroy them. I have almost succeeded, by the establishment of a University. Time alone can give perfection to my work. My most bitter enemies shall at length allow, that the youth under my empire are much more carefully educated than during the most prosperous times of the ancient dynasty. I am very much displeased with the national guard. It required all my address in 1809, to get any thing useful from this shadow, when the English were making their expedition to the Scheldt. The French cannot endure my being emperor. They witness my troubles and labours to cover them with glory, and they repay me with the blackest ingratitude. I assure you, that if the English were to land in Normandy or Picardy, I would leave them for a few days to do as they pleased with the people, in order that they might become my revengers for the shameful indifference which these two provinces have shown for the defence of the coasts. An English army, at Rouen or Amiens for a month or two, would teach the inhabitants of these two provinces not to desert any more, as they have done, in the most cowardly manner, from the camp of Boulogne. I condemned several of them to four years imprisonment, in order to terrify

the others. This severity, instead of making themselves more tractable, exasperated them to such a degree that the camps were abandoned, and the batteries, and even the magazines were left without any guard. It answered no purpose to arrest the fathers and mothers of the deserters, and put them in prison; it availed nothing to oblige those families who were in easy circumstances to pay a fine of fifteen hundred francs: the soldiers hid themselves, and the officers formally refused to obey the prefects, who commanded them to return to their posts: they gave very plausible reasons for their disobedience. They said, "that they had served their three months according as the law prescribes, that others ought to be sent in their places, and that they would be shot, rather than be forced to march, before their turn came again." I was, notwithstanding, obliged to go softly to work, to avoid a general insurrection, which was on the point of breaking out. You see, then, that this national guard, which I have the policy to boast of, as much as I have real cause to despise it, you see, I say, that it well deserved the treatment to which it has been exposed. Three months are necessary to teach a recruit his exercise. If he is authorised to return home after three months' service, and that he is replaced by another recruit, it is evident that this body will never be in proper discipline, and in an attack will only embarrass, and ever spread panic, by taking flight at the first view of the enemy. Among twenty officers of this guard, it is rare to find one whose heart is with his employ, or who knows his duty. They thought I should make them travel post to arrive quickly on the points most obvious to attack. My first reason for this very expensive measure was to hinder the English spies from seeing the nature of the troops opposed to them. A hundred waggons might be seen, each loaded with ten men, properly equipped with uniforms and guns. It could not be guessed that these pretended soldiers were afraid of their muskets, when they were not loaded, and that a long time was required to get them not to turn their heads when they fired. In the second place, the fatigue of the march was likely to disgust these old and young beginners, and engage them to desert. In despite of the law and of good sense, the mayors have been so cruel as to force children of from 14 to 15 years into the service, and old men from 60 to 67.—I cannot, then, any longer rely on the national guard. I am assured that the English do not hold it in any esteem. After a revolution so turbulent as that which has agitated France for these last ten years, it would be dangerous to follow the laws punctually. I seek only the happiness of the greater part of the nation. To attain this end, I must have the necessary firmness to punish the turbulent, and to put them out of a capacity to do harm. I have, therefore, created eight bastiles by my decree of the 3d March, 1810. I am well aware of the changeable character of my subjects. One or two years stay in a dungeon will have more effect in silencing praters, than all the drownings of Carrier or the massacres of Robespierre. The prisoners shall at length be set free, with an assurance that if they return to their old practices, they shall be arrested and imprisoned for the remainder of their lives. My calculation in this respect will produce more conversions than the sermons of the most pathetic of your orators. When any one is pronounced by his minister to be a bad subject, an enemy of religion, a slanderer of his prince, without delay an officer of the police seizes the turbulent fellow. His companions, frightened out of their wits, disavow, one and all, the shame of having participated in sentiments so criminal. You must, therefore, regard my bastiles and their three hundred prisons of ease, as a refinement upon what I have done for the public education. I hope you do not follow the opinion of Fouché, that shameless terrorist, who, after having in the time of Robes-

pierre, shed, without scruple, torrents of blood, and after having surpassed me in the execution of my diabolical projects to secure my crown, recently took it into his head to insert in his reports of the day, "that the decree of the 8th of March had singularly exasperated public opinion, and that in several circles of the capital, and the principal cities of the provinces, they had gone so far as to call me a tyrant, and assimilate me to Nero. My party was soon fixed upon. This troublesome Mentor is placed upon the Tarpeian rock, whence he will be precipitated at the first signal. I have replaced him by Savary, whose submission is equal to his devotion to my person, and his ability in executing my secret measures.

Cardinal.—You have not yet spoken of what is reported of your connection with Hortensia Beauharnois, Queen of Holland: the malicious public say, that you lived as a husband with her before marriage, that you forced your brother Louis to marry her, when you knew her to be pregnant, that from this epoch she has experienced from you all the attentions that a good husband pays his wife, that you authorised her to oppose the will of her husband, and that you did not break off this adulterous intercourse till you were induced to it by the incessant intreaties of the Archduchess, who, at last, succeeded in having her rival sent from Paris, and deprived of her crown.

Buonaparte.—What the public say is not far from the truth. I never loved Hortensia. I only amused myself with her. It is to the complaisance of the daughter that the widow Beauharnois owes the honour of having been Madame Buonaparte, from the time of my return from Egypt. The wit, the graces, the beauty, and above all, the youth of Hortensia made me forget all the wrongs I was doing her mother. It is false, however, that I obliged Louis to marry my mistress. He knew of my connection, and persisted in his assiduities. He wished to become happy, since it was allowed him to become usefully so, by leading his name. I gave orders his wishes should be complied with, and they were married.—I was obliged to yield to the intreaties of my consort to send Hortensia from Paris, and even to humiliate her by depriving her of her throne. But she shall hereafter be recompensed for present mortifications, to which I am forced by the necessity of circumstances. I am very unfortunate in regard to my family. The love which my Louisa testifies for me is the only consolation I receive in my misfortunes. I think I shall not exaggerate, when I reckon that two millions of victims have perished through me, from the massacres of Toulon, to the month of January in this year. I have not mentioned my furious bursts of passion. I am naturally subject to such sort of fits. What was at first the result of cunning is become a necessity; habit is second nature. I broke a service of Porcelain at Campo Formio, to keep up the farce and to frighten the plenipotentiaries; and at Vienna, in August, 1809, when I learned the reduction of Flushing, I could not restrain myself from breaking all the furniture at hand, blaspheming like a demon. I have forgotten to mention, I am frequently in the habit of striking those around my person, that is to say, my servants, my aides-de-camp, and sometimes even my ministers. The moment after, I am sorry; but the mischief is done, and is not to be repaired but by money. You have now my confession, my lord Cardinal. It is now the turn of your eminence to speak.

The Cardinal was about to obey, when he was interrupted by the Empress.

FINIS.

INDEX

To the Fourth Volume of the New Series of the Royal Military Chronicle.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>A</p> <p>Abdication of the Emperor Napoleon, the nights of the, 77, 181</p> <p>Austria, treaty of peace between France and, 231</p> <p>B</p> <p>Bermudas, or Somer Islands, account of the, 337</p> <p>Biography, Military, 323, 339, 417</p> <p>Bulletins of Buonaparte, 69, 131, 221, 312, 391, 471</p> <p>Buonaparte, diary of his conveyance to England, and thence to St. Helena, 3; official documents of his conveyance and deportation, 11; nights of his abdication, 77, 181</p> <p>C</p> <p>Campaign, history of the memorable Italian campaign of Suworow, 85</p> <p>Campaigns of 1808, and 1809, see Letters</p> <p>Campaign in Germany, see Bulletins</p> <p>Correspondence, Military, 237, 317, 397</p> <p>Cromer, descriptive account of, 317, 407</p> <p>D</p> <p>Details, additional, of the battle of Waterloo, 205, 258</p> <p>Diary of the conveyance of Napoleon Buonaparte to England, and thence to St. Helena, 3</p> <p>Documents, official, of the conveyance and deportation of Napoleon Buonaparte, 11</p> <p>F</p> <p>Field of Waterloo, topography of, 245, 362</p> <p>France, treaty of peace between Austria and, 231</p> <p>Frederic of Prussia, memoirs of the public and private life of, 67; in his youth, 132; in his private and domestic life, 355; old age, infirmities, and death of Frederic, 445</p> <p>G</p> <p>Gazettes, 74, 153</p> <p>Germany, Campaign in, see Bulletins</p> <p>Great Captains, lives of the, of modern history, see Marlborough</p> <p>H</p> <p>Helena, island of St. see Diary</p> <p>History of the war, from 1792 to 1814, see War</p> <p>—, in Spain and Portugal, see Sarrazin</p> <p>History of the Great Captains of modern history, see Marlborough</p> <p>I</p> <p>Italian campaign of Suworow, history of the, see Suworow</p> <p>R.</p> <p>Kinsale, descriptive account of, 241, 320, 416</p> | <p>L</p> <p>Letters, original, written by officers during the several campaigns in Portugal and Spain, 25, 93, 186, 271, 317, 433</p> <p>Lives of the Great Captains of modern history, see Marlborough</p> <p>London Gazettes, 74, 153</p> <p>M</p> <p>Marengo, see Supplement</p> <p>Marlborough, the life of John Duke of, 52, 125, 213, 299, 385, 465</p> <p>Memorials of the public and private life of Frederic of Prussia, 67, 132, 355, 445</p> <p>— for the history of the present times, 77, 181</p> <p>N</p> <p>Narrative, original, of the battle of Waterloo, 157, 254, 347, 420</p> <p>Narrative of my services, in the year 1813, 17, 109, 197, 307</p> <p>Narratives, official, of the Campaigns of Buonaparte, see Bulletins</p> <p>Napoleon, see Buonaparte</p> <p>Ney, Marshal, memoir of the life of, 339</p> <p>Nights of the abdication of Napoleon Buonaparte, 77, 181</p> <p>Portugal, Campaigns in, see Letters; Sarrazin's history of the campaigns in Spain and, 33, 101, 165, 294, 371, 451</p> <p>R</p> <p>Russia, campaign in, in 1812, see Bulletins</p> <p>S</p> <p>Services, My, original narrative of, in 1813, 17, 109, 197, 307</p> <p>Spain, campaigns in, see Letters; Sarrazin's history of the war in, and Portugal, 33, 101, 165, 294, 371, 451</p> <p>Suworow, original history of the memorable Italian campaign of, in 1799, 85</p> <p>T</p> <p>Topography of the Field of Waterloo, 245, 362</p> <p>Treaty of peace between France and Austria, 231</p> <p>U</p> <p>Ufar, battle of, 65</p> <p>W</p> <p>War, the history of the, from the year 1792 to 1814, 44, 117, 189, 290, 379, 459</p> <p>Waterloo, battle of, original narrative of, from the French, 157, 254, 347, 439; topography of the Field of, 245, 362; Collections and Memorials of, and regiments and officers concerned, 397</p> <p>Wellington, the Duke of, Memoir of, 323, 417</p> |
|--|---|

SUPPLEMENTS.

1st Supplement, Dec. 1815.—The Narrative of My Embassy and Personal Attendance on the Emperor Napoleon, during the disastrous campaign in Russia, and the Retreat from Moscow. Translated from the French of the Archbishop of Michlin.

2d Supplement, April, 1816.—The Campaign of Marengo, by an Eye Witness. Translated from the French; and Dialogue of the Tuilleries, from the French of General Sarrazin.

ERRATUM.

Page 163, line 3, *Russian* read *Prussian*.

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FOR CONSULTATION
ONLY

VSM